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Shakespeare's Works
OF THE
NOVELS and HISTORIES,

PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE

Are Founded,

On the Original Authors

CRITICAL REMARKS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY THE

Author of the FEMALE QUIXOTE.



L O N D O N.

Printed for A. MILLAR in the Strand.
MDCCLXXII.

Shakespear Illustrated :
OR THE
NOVELS and HISTORIES,

On which the
PLAYS of SHAKESPEAR
Are Founded,

COLLECTED and TRANSLATED from the
ORIGINAL AUTHORS.

WITH
CRITICAL REMARKS.

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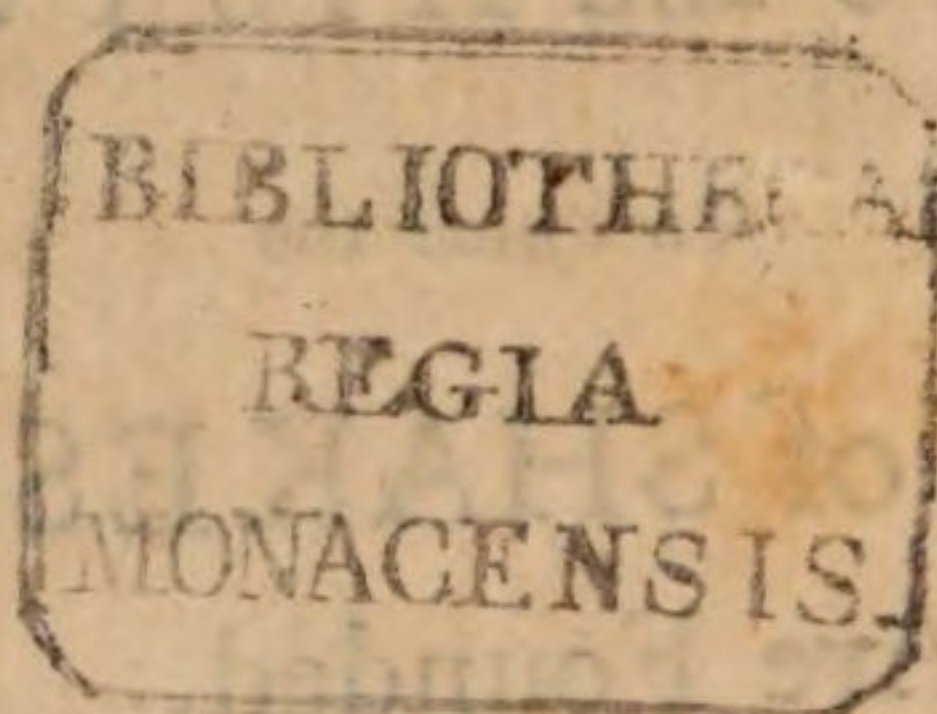
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OR THE

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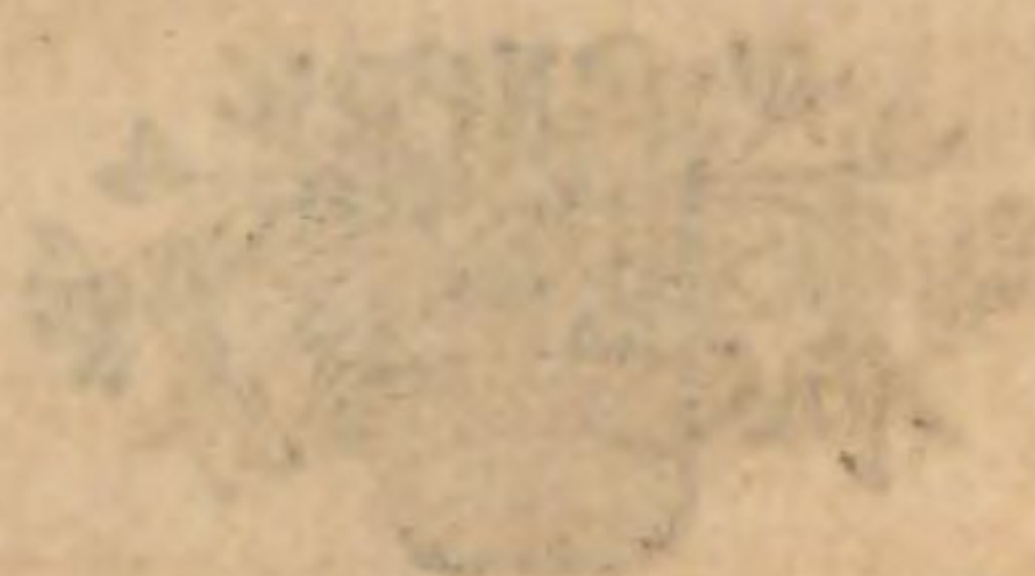
WITH

CRITICAL REMARKS

In TWO VOLUMES

BY THE

Author of the FEMALE QUINOT



L O N D O N :

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T O T H E
R I G H T H O N O U R A B L E
J O H N,
E A R L O F
O R R E R Y.

My LORD,
I Have no other Pretence to the
Honour of a Patronage, so illust-
rious as that of your Lordship, than

A 2 the

the Merit of attempting what has by some unaccountable Neglect been hitherto omitted, though absolutely necessary to a perfect Knowledge of the Abilities of *Shakespear*.

Among the Powers that must conduce to constitute a Poet, the first and most valuable is Invention; and of all the Degrees of Invention, the highest seems to be that which is able to produce a Series of Events. It is easy when the Thread of a Story is once drawn to diversify it with Variety of Colours; and when a Train of Action is presented to the Mind, a little Acquaintance with Life will supply Circumstances and Reflexions, and a little Knowledge of Books, furnish Parallels and Illustrations. To tell over again a Story that has been told already,
and

D E D I C A T I O N. v

and to tell it better than the first Author is no rare Qualification ; but to strike out the first Hints of a new Fable ; hence to introduce a Set of Characters so diversified in their several Passions and Interests, that from the clashing of this Variety may result many necessary Incidents ; to make these Incidents surprizing, and yet natural, so as to delight the Imagination without shocking the Judgment of a Reader ; and finally, to wind up the whole in a pleasing Catastrophe produced by those very Means which seem most likely to oppose and prevent it, is the utmost Effort of the human Mind.

To discover how few of those Writers, who profess to recount imaginary Adventures, have been able to

produce any Thing by their own Imagination would require too much of that Time, which your Lordship employs in nobler Studies. Of all the Novels and Romances that Wit or Idleness, Vanity or Indigence, have pushed into the World, there are very few, of which the End cannot be conjectured from the Beginning; or where the Authors have done more, than to transpose the Incidents of other Tales, or strip the Circumstances from one Event for the Decoration of another.

In the Examination of a Poet's Character it is therefore first to be enquired what Degree of Invention has been exerted by him. With this View I have very diligently read the Works of *Shakespear*, and now presume to
lay

lay the Result of my Searches before your Lordship, before that Judge whom *Pliny* himself would have wished for his Assessor to hear a literary Cause.

How much the Translation of the following Novels will add to the Reputation of *Shakespear*, or take away from it, You, my Lord, and Men learned and candid like You, if any such can be found, must now determine. Some Danger, as I am informed, there is, lest his Admirers should think him injured by this Attempt, and clamour as at the Diminution of the Honour of that Nation, which boasts herself the Parent of so great a Poet.

That no such Enemies may arise against me (though I am unwilling to

viii *D E D I C A T I O N.*

to believe it) I am far from being too confident, for who can fix Bounds to Bigotry and Folly? My *Sex*, my *Age*, have not given me many Opportunities of mingling in the World; there may be in it many a Species of Absurdity which I have never seen, and among them such Vanity as pleases itself with false Praise bestowed on another, and such Superstition as worships Idols, without supposing them to be Gods.

But the Truth is, that a very small Part of the Reputation of this mighty Genius depends upon the naked Plot, or Story of his Plays. He lived in an Age when the Books of Chivalry were yet popular, and when therefore the Minds of his Auditors were not accustomed to balance Probabilities, or to examine nicely the Pro-

Proportion between Causes and Effects. It was sufficient to recommend a Story, that it was far removed from common Life, that its Changes were frequent, and its Close pathetic.

This Disposition of the Age concurred so happily with the Imagination of *Shakespear* that he had no Desire to reform it, and indeed to this he was indebted for the licentious Variety, by which he has made his Plays more entertaining than those of any other Author.

He had looked with great Attention on the Scenes of Nature; but his chief Skill was in Human Actions, Passions, and Habits; he was therefore delighted with such Tales as afforded numerous Incidents, and
ex-

x DEDICATION.

exhibited many Characters, in many Changes of Situation. These Characters are so copiously diversified, and some of them so justly pursued, that his Works may be considered as a Map of Life, a faithful Miniature of human Transactions, and he that has read *Shakespear* with Attention, will perhaps find little new in the crouded World.

Among his other Excellencies it ought to be remarked, because it has hitherto been unnoticed, that his *Heroes are Men*, that the Love and Hatred, the Hopes and Fears of his chief Personages are such as are common to other human Beings, and not like those which later Times have exhibited, peculiar to Phantoms that strut upon the Stage.

It

It is not perhaps very necessary to enquire whether the Vehicle of so much Delight and Instruction be a Story probable, or unlikely, native, or foreign. *Shakespear's* Excellence is not the Fiction of a Tale, but the Representation of Life; and his Reputation is therefore safe, till Human Nature shall be changed. Nor can he who has so many just Claims to Praise, suffer by losing that which ignorant Admiration has unreasonably given him. To calumniate the Dead is Baseness, and to flatter them is surely Folly.

From Flattery, my Lord, either of the Dead or the Living, I wish to be clear, and have therefore solicited the Countenance of a Patron, whom, if I knew how to praise
him,

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him, I could praise with Truth,
and have the World on my Side;
whose Candour and Humanity are
universally acknowledged, and whose
Judgment perhaps was then first to
be doubted, when he condescended
to admit this Address from,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

most obliged,

and most obedient,

humble Servant,

The A U T H O R.



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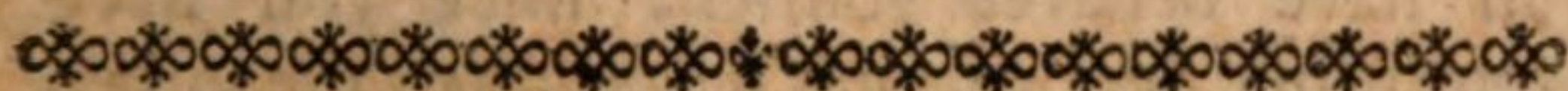
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Shakespear



Shakespear Illustrated.



*The fifth Novel of the eighth Decad of
the Hecatomythi of Giraldi Cinthio.*



HE Roman Empire was at the
Heighth of it's Grandeur and
Power, when *Maximine*, a great
and virtuous Prince, reigned over
it; this Emperor, who desired no-
thing more ardently than the Welfare and Hap-
piness of all his Subjects, was extremely nice in
the Choice of those Persons whom he deputed
to govern the Provinces dependant on the Em-
pire, assigning those Employments only to
Men whose Integrity and Virtue were well
known to him.

It happened, that the Government of *Inspruck*, a rich and populous City, became vacant, which the Emperor resolved to bestow upon one of his Officers, named *Juriste*, a Man whose Fidelity he had often experienced, having been several Years near his Person, and, during that Time, had behaved with so much Wisdom and Prudence, that he had conceived a great Esteem for him.

Having taken this Resolution in Favour of *Juriste*, he ordered his Attendance one Day in his Closet, and spoke to him as follows.

“*Juriste*, the good Opinion I have conceived of you, from the Manner in which you have behaved yourself, since you have been in my Service, has determined me to bestow the Government of *Inspruck* upon you. I might give you many Directions for your Conduct in this high Employment, but I shall confine them all to this one: Do Justice to all Persons without any Distinction; let this be the Rule and Guide of all your Actions. Other Faults, which either through Negligence or Ignorance, you may happen to commit, I possibly may excuse; but any Act of Injustice I will never pardon. Since it is not given to every Man to be able to practise all the Virtues, if you are conscious of any Defect in your Temper, which may incline you to act with less Impartiality than I require, do not accept of this Government, but continue here in my Court, where your Services are very agreeable to me, and do not lay me under the Necessity of doing what will be very painful

ful to me, which is the punishing you severely for any Act against Justice, and thereby acquitting what I myself owe to it."

Furiste, who was greatly pleased with the honourable Employment the Emperor had bestowed upon him, thanked his Majesty for it with much Submission: "Doubt not, my gracious Lord, added he, but that I will most exactly perform what you require, and bend my whole Thoughts towards the Preservation of Justice, and so much the more will I make it my continual Study, as your Words have kindled a glorious Emulation in my Soul, to deserve, if possible, not your Approbation only, but your Praises."

"It is well, said the Emperor, much pleased with this Reply; if your Actions are as good as your Words I shall indeed have great Cause to praise you;" then ordering the Letters Patent to be made out, he invested *Furiste* with full Authority in his Government, and sent him away immediately to take Possession of it.

Furiste, as soon as he arrived at *Inspruck*, applied himself with great Diligence to the Administration of Justice, not only in rewarding Virtue and punishing Vice, but in filling all the inferior Posts and Offices with Men of approved Virtue and Wisdom; so that by this Conduct he increased the Emperor's Esteem of him, and acquired the Love of all the Inhabitants of *Inspruck*.

In the height of his Reputation for Wisdom and Justice, it happened that a young Man, named *Ladovico*, a Citizen of *Inspruck*, ra-

vished a young Maid of the same City; her Relations complaining to *Juriste* of this Injury, he ordered *Lodovico* to be seized, and carried to Prison, who confessing the Fact, was, according to a Law in force there, condemned to lose his Head.

The unfortunate Youth had a Sister, named *Epitia*, a Virgin of most exquisite Beauty, and but just entered into her sixteenth Year; Nature had not only been lavish in the Graces she had bestowed on her Form, but endowed her also with a most excellent Understanding, which had been well improved by the Study of Philosophy, her Father having spared no Expence in the Education of his Children.

This Sentence gave great Affliction to *Epitia*, who loved her Brother with the most tender Affection; reflecting however, that her Sorrow was of no Use to her Brother, she restrained her Tears, and took a Resolution to attempt something to deliver him.

For this Purpose she sent to intreat an Audience of the Governor, which being granted, she appeared before him, and throwing herself at his Feet, thus spoke to him.

“ I come, my Lord, to implore your Compassion for my Brother, my only Brother, who, though he has indeed incurred the Sentence of the Law, yet, through your milder Justice, will, I hope, find it mitigated: Reflect, my Lord, I beseech you, on his early Youth, his Inexperience in Life, and the Force of that unhappy Passion, which caused his Crime; reflect also that his Crime, though great, is not a complicated

plicated one ; the Honour of no Husband has been injured by it ; the violated Virgin is the only Person who has been wronged ; and her Wrong my Brother is willing to repair, by making her his Wife. I know the Law ordains, that the Ravisher, although willing to marry the injured Maid, shall nevertheless die for the Offence he has committed ; yet I cannot think, my Lord, that the Makers of this hard Law designed it to be fulfilled in the very Letter of it ; Justice overstrained is no longer Justice but Cruelty ; the Boundaries of Right and Wrong are so near, that whoever reaches the Extremity of the one, is in Danger of invading the Borders of the other ; if the Excess of Virtue be Vice, the Excess of Justice is Cruelty ; Mercy is as much the Attribute of Heaven as Justice : Here then I beseech you, let them be united ; punish my Brother for his Offence, but let that Punishment fall short of Death, and do not let loose upon him all the Rigour of a Law, that was, perhaps, rather made to inspire Terror, than to be exactly executed ; let your Wisdom correct it's Severity ; you whose delegated Power is our living Law ; and punish not by Death a Crime, which may be better repaired by Life."

The beautiful *Epitia* ended here ; and those Tears which, while she was speaking, she had with Difficulty restrained, now falling fast down her fair Face, Sorrow gave so languishing a Sweetness to her Countenance, that *Juriste* stood like one entranced, his Ears eagerly

taking in the Music of her Accents, while his Eyes wandered o'er all the enchanting Beauties of her Form ; and that he might the longer indulge the Pleasure he felt in hearing and seeing her, he obliged her to repeat her former Arguments in her Brother's Favour. *Epitia* drawing a good Omen from this Willingness in the Governor to hear her Pleas, added many other Persuasions to those she had already used to procure her Brother's Pardon, the Hope she began to entertain giving new Grace and Vigour to her Words.

Juriste, wholly subdued by the Charms of her Person, and the uncommon Strength of her Understanding, in a Youth so blooming, resolved, if possible, to win her to his Desires, and commit the same Fault with her, for which he had condemned her Brother to die.

After pausing a little, as if reflecting upon what she had said, *Epitia*, said he, your Arguments have so far prevailed upon me, that, whereas your Brother, according to the Sentence of the Law, was to lose his Head to-morrow, I will defer his Execution till I have well considered what you have urged on his Behalf ; and if I find your Reasons convincing, I will pardon him ; and so much the more willingly will I do it, as I should have been afflicted to have punished him with that Rigour the Law requires. *Epitia*, full of the pleasing Hope these Words inspired, thanked him with much Submission, telling him, she hoped to find him no less merciful in giving her Brother Pardon, than he had been kind in postponing the Execution of the Sentence ; and
added,

added, that she was persuaded, if he would consider what she had said, he would find Reasons sufficient to induce him to set her Brother at Liberty. *Juriste* replied, he would fully consider of it, and would not fail to comply with her Solicitations, provided he could do it without offending Justice.

Epitia, greatly pleased with her Success, took Leave of the Governor, and went to the Prison to visit her Brother, to whom she related all that had passed between *Juriste* and her, and assured him she did not doubt but she should obtain his Pardon.

The unhappy Youth received this News with Transport, and earnestly begged his Sister to renew her Visit to the Governor, as soon as possible, to know his Resolution, which she promising, they parted, each full of the most pleasing Expectations.

At the End of three Days she returned to *Juriste*, and with a graceful Sweetness, demanded to know what he had resolved concerning her Brother. This second Sight of the charming Maid added Fuel to the unlawful Flames of *Juriste*, who, after gazing on her passionately for some Moments, took her Hand, and thus replied.

Lovely *Epitia*, I have not failed to consider all the Arguments you used in your Brother's Favour, and have also diligently sought for others, to enforce them, that I might be able to comply with your Request, but I find all are insufficient, and your Brother is condemned, not only by a particular, but a universal Law, since he knowingly and wilfully

committed a Crime, the Punishment of which he knew to be Death; his Guilt therefore admits of no Extenuation; and notwithstanding the earnest Desire I have to please you, I must deliver him up to the Rigour of that Law he has offended: There is indeed one Way, and but one Way, by which you may save your Brother; I love you, charming *Epitia*, give me Possession of your Person, and I will change your Brother's Sentence to a Punishment less than Death; if you love him you will not scruple to make this small Sacrifice to save his Life, which I am resolved not to spare on any other Terms.

The fair Face of *Epitia*, which, at the Beginning of this Speech, had been overspread with a languid Paleness, glowed with a rosy Blush at the infamous Conclusion; her Eyes, which had been filled with Tears, now darted forth Rays of mingled Rage and Disdain, and that sweet Voice, that before only uttered the most persuasive Accents, was now changed to a severe and haughty Tone.

“My Brother's Life, said she, with a noble Fierceness, is indeed very dear to me, but my Honour is far dearer; my Life I would willingly lose to save his, but I will not preserve him with the Loss of my Honour; quit then these unworthy Thoughts, and if you can pardon my Brother, make that Benefit such a Gift, as you without Dishonour may bestow, and I without Infamy receive.”

“I have already told you, replied *Juriste*, the Terms upon which I will consent to release your Brother, nor ought you to think them

them hard or dishonourable, since it is possible I may be so charmed with your generous Compliance, that I may afterwards make you my Wife."

"This improbable Hope, replied *Epitia*, shall not delude me, I will not even bring my Honour into Danger." "Why should you so injuriously doubt the Efficacy of your own Charms? replied *Juriste*; there is nothing more likely than that I shall marry you; go then, and consider of my Proposal, and to-morrow I will expect your Answer."

"There is no Necessity to consider upon what I have already resolved, said *Epitia*; I will never be your's on those base Terms; but if you set the Liberty of my Brother at the Price of taking you for a Husband, I will marry you on Condition that you release him immediately."

"I advise you, replied *Juriste*, to reflect well on my first Proposal; it is in my Power not only to give your Brother Pardon, but to be serviceable also to all your Friends and Relations in this Country; my Will here is the Law; and provided you consent to my Desires, you shall command me in all Things."

Saying this, he left her; and *Epitia* finding there was nothing more to be expected from him, oppressed with inconceivable Anguish, went to the Prison, and related to her Brother all that had past between her and the Governor; then melting into Tears, she conjured him to submit patiently to an Evil, which his own ill Fortune, or a sad Necessity, had brought upon him.

The unhappy Youth burst into a violent Passion of Grief at this cruel and unexpected News, and not able to bear the Terrors of approaching Death, with the most ardent Supplications, he begged his Sister not to leave him in that Extremity.

“ Can you, my *Epitia*, said he, the Tears fast streaming down his pale Cheeks as he spoke, can you endure to have your Brother mangled by the Hands of a base Executioner, dragged to a painful Death at these early Years, divided from you for ever; him who lay in the same Womb with you, whom the same Father begot, bred up in Infancy together, the Partaker of all your childish Sports, and in riper Years the Companion of your Studies? Oh my Sister! are these soft Ties so loosened? Does Nature speak so faintly in you, that you can abandon me to a shameful Death? I have erred I confess; you by your superior Wisdom may correct my Errors; but do not, Oh do not deny me your Assistance in this sad Extremity; has not *Juriste* told you, that he may possibly make you his Wife; and why should you doubt but he will do so? Have you not Charms sufficient to engage his Heart to you for ever? Nature has made your Person consummately beautiful, and blessed you with an Understanding superior to all your Sex; every female Grace is yours, and every masculine Virtue, tempered with a Sweetness which gives you irresistible Attractions. Thus adorned, can you, ought you to fear *Juriste* will not marry you? you, whom the Emperor of the World might be proud to call Wife.—
Oh,

Oh, my dear Sister, comply with his Propofal ; and fince you have a reasonable Hope of having your Honour repaired by Marriage, do not, I conjure you, caft away the Life of your Brother."

The miserable Youth, ending with a new Gush of Tears, caft his Arms round the Neck of his weeping Sister, and holding her faft folded to his fobbing Bofom, would not part from her, till, vanquifhed by his Tears and her own Affection, which pleaded too ftrongly for him, ſhe promifed to confent to what *Jurifte* required, on Condition, that he married her afterwards, and gave him a free Pardon.

This being concluded on, ſhe left her Brother, tafting, by Anticipation, the Joy of recovered Life ; and returning the next Day to *Jurifte*, with downcaft Looks and faltering Accents, ſhe told him, that the Defire of delivering her Brother, and the Hope which he had given her of making her his Wife, had induced her to confent to his Defires ; but ſhe required a free Pardon for her Brother ; that he ſhould not only have his Life, but an Exemption from any other Punifhment which he had incurred by his Offence.

Jurifte, who now thought himfelf the happieft Man in the World, fince he had gained the moft lovely and amiable Woman in it to his Will, replied, "that he confirmed the Hope he had formerly given her to marry her, and that if ſhe would pafs that Night with him, her Brother ſhould be ſent home to her in the Morning."

Epitia, reluctantly consenting, as soon as the Morning dawned, impatient to see her Brother at Liberty, disengaged herself from his Arms, and reminding him of his Promise to marry her, demanded the Liberty of her Brother.

Juriste told her, she had obliged him so much by her kind Compliance, and his Gratitude for it was so great, that he would release her Brother immediately, and sent Orders for the Jailer to attend him, whom, in the Presence of *Epitia*, he commanded to send the Brother of that Lady to her House.

The Jailer departing, *Epitia* took Leave of the Governor, eager to embrace her beloved Brother, and congratulate him upon the Freedom she had obtained for him, and returning home, waited for his Arrival with a pleasing Impatience.

At length the Jailer appeared, followed by two Men, who carried a Bier covered with black Cloth, which the Jailer taking off, discovered the Corpse of the unhappy Youth, who had been executed that Morning.

No Language can express, nor Imagination conceive, the Astonishment, Grief and Horror which filled the whole Soul of *Epitia* at that cruel Sight; motionless like a Statue she stood at the Side of the Bier, her Eyes firmly fixed on the still bleeding Trunk, and though her Heart was torn with the most agonizing Grief, yet not a Tear or Sigh escaped her.

After gazing thus for some Moments, she raised her Head, and turning to the Jailer with dry Eyes and composed Voice, "Friend, said

said she, tell thy Lord and mine, that such as he has been pleased to send my Brother, I have received him; and that though he has not gratified my Will, yet I am contented, since he has satisfied his own; thus his Will is mine, and I acquiesce in the Justice of the Deed he has performed: Tell him also that for the future I shall be always ready to devote myself to his Pleasure."

The Jailer returning to *Juriste*, recounted all that *Epitia* had said; adding, that she discovered no Sign of Discontent at the horrid Present he brought her.

Juriste rejoiced extremely at this News, supposing *Epitia* would give him the peaceable Possession of her Person without claiming the Performance of his Promise to marry her, since she had not resented the Death of her Brother.

But that unhappy Maid, whose Thoughts were wholly divided between Grief and the Desire of Revenge, no sooner found herself alone, than falling in an Extasy of Sorrow on the dead Body of her beloved Brother, she shed a River of Tears upon it, and closely embracing it in her Arms, a Thousand Times she cursed the Cruelty of *Juriste*, and her own weak Simplicity, that e'er she resigned her Honour, she did not oblige him to pay the Price of it by delivering her Brother.—Now shrieking aloud, and wildly beating her fair Bosom, that heaved with unutterable Anguish, she contemplated the bleeding Coarse again, and rouzed by that sad Spectacle—"Wilt thou, then *Epitia*, said she, wilt thou suffer this
Traitor,

Traitor, this Barbarian, to triumph in the Spoils of thy ruined Honour, and the Murder of thy unhappy Brother.—Shall the complicated Villain live to boast of the Deceit he has practised on thee—Ah no, *Epitia*, since thy Simplicity opened the Way to this Deceiver to accomplish his infamous Designs, let his guilty Passion afford thee the Means of Revenge. It is true, my dearest Brother, added she, addressing herself with a new Flood of Tears to the pale Coarse, the Death of thy inhuman Murderer will not restore thee to Life, but at least it will be some Alleviation of my Grief, that I did not leave thy Death unrevenged.

Fixing then upon this Thought, and not doubting but *Juriste* would shortly send to her, to pass another Night with him, she resolved to comply, and with a Dagger, that she would take secretly along with her, murder him when he was asleep; and if, without Fear of being discovered, she could do it, to cut off his Head, and carrying it to the Tomb of her Brother, there offer it to his Ghost.

This being resolved upon, she expected a Message from him with much Impatience; but during that Interval, reflecting more maturely upon her Scheme, she thought it better to trust the Revenge of her Wrongs to the known Justice of the Emperor, than suffer a second Violation, and hazard likewise the Success of her Enterprize by undertaking it herself.

Being informed that the Emperor was at *Villaco*, she went thither in a mourning Habit, and

and having easily procured an Audience of him; she threw herself at his Feet all in Tears. “Most sacred Sir, said she, the base Ingratitude, and unequaled Cruelty the Governor of *Inspruck* has used towards me, has brought me hither to implore your Justice”—Then bending her Eyes to the Ground, her fair Face being dyed with Blushes, she told the Emperor, “that her Brother having been condemned to die; to save his Life, she had consented to the loose Desires of *Juriste*, who had made her Compliance the only Condition of his Pardon; but that after he had robbed her of her Honour, instead of repairing it, as he had promised by Marriage, or freeing her Brother, which he had sworn to do, he sent his dead Body to her the next Morning.”

Epitia could not recal this mournful Image to her Mind, without relapsing into so violent an Agony of Grief, that the Emperor, and the Lords who were about him, were at once struck with Astonishment, Horror and Compassion.

Maximine, though he was greatly moved, having given one Ear to *Epitia*, reserved the other for *Juriste*, and raising the fair Mourner from the Ground; he dismiss’d her to repose, and sent immediate Orders to *Juriste*, to appear before him, charging his Messenger, and all who had heard *Epitia*’s Complaint, upon pain of his Displeasure, not to give any intimation of it to *Juriste*.

The cruel Governor, who had not the least Suspicion of what had happened, obeyed the Empe-

Emperor's Commands, with great Chearfulness, and presenting himself before him, with all the Assurance of conscious Innocence; desired to know his sacred Pleasure.

You shall be informed of it immediately, said the Emperor; then turning to some of his Attendants, he ordered them to bring *Epitia* into his Presence.

Juriste when he beheld the unhappy Lady, whom he had so cruelly injured, now subdued for the first Time by the Stings of Conscience, his vital Spirits almost forsook him, an ashy Paleness overspread his Face, and an universal trembling seized his whole Body.

The Emperor, who beheld these Signs of Guilt, no longer doubted, but that all *Epitia* had said was true, and beholding him with a furious Look; "Listen, said he, to the Complaint this Lady has to make against you;" and then commanded *Epitia* to relate her Story.

She accordingly obeyed, and recounted all the Particulars of *Juriste's* Baseness and Ingratitude to her, and concluding with Tears, demanded Justice of the Emperor.

Juriste hearing this Accusation, approached *Epitia*, and thinking to sooth her said, "Could I ever have believed *Epitia*, that you whom I have so much loved, would come hither to accuse me to the Emperor".

Maximine, who would not suffer him to use any of his Arts to soften the injur'd Maid, interrupted him sternly. "This is no Time for you to play the passionate Lover, said he,
Answer

Answer, to the Crimes she charges you with."

Juriste finding that his Blandishments would be of no Use to him, left *Epitia*, and replied, "'Tis true, my Lord, I condemned the Brother of this Lady to lose his Head, for having forcibly violated the Chastity of a Virgin; this being the Punishment the Law had provided for his Crime; and in causing the Sentence to be executed upon him, I only obeyed your Majesty's Commands, who above all Things recommended to me, the strict Administration of Justice, which must have been injured, had I suffer'd him to remain alive."

"Since the Preservation of Justice, was the Motive of your Actions, replied *Epitia*, why did you violate it, by promising to grant my Brother his Pardon, and by means of that Promise, which you did not perform, and the Hope you had given me of taking me for your Wife, which you have neglected to fulfil, rob me of my Honour; if my Brother for a small Crime merited all the Severity of the Law, surely you deserve it, whose Guilt is much greater than his was."

Juriste having nothing to say, in excuse of himself, continued silent—"And is it thus then, said the Emperor to *Juriste*, that thou dost administer Justice? but never more shall it be in thy Power to act such Villanies, nor shalt thou escape unpunished, depend upon it."

Juriste now began to implore Mercy, while *Epitia* on the other Hand, loudly demanded Justice—The Emperor, who had well considered the Simplicity of *Epitia*, and the
great

great Wickedness of *Juriste*, cast in his Mind, how he might repair her Honour, and yet do Justice on the Governor, and after some Pause, he declared his Intention of obliging *Juriste* to marry her.

The Lady however refused to consent to it, saying, "she could not think of becoming the Wife of a Man, who had murdered her Brother, and betrayed her;" but the Emperor would be obeyed, and they were immediately married.

Juriste now thought he had no more to fear, when the Emperor, permitting *Epitia* to retire to her Lodgings, turned towards *Juriste*, who still remained in his Presence, and said. "Two Crimes hast thou committed, each of which deserves a most rigorous Punishment. First, by a most detestable Artifice violating the Chastity of an unhappy Girl, and Secondly, breaking the Faith, thou hadst given her, by putting her Brother to death. For the first Injury I have provided some Recompence by making thee marry the deceived Lady, and for the Second, I condemn thee to lose thy Head, as thou madest her Brother to lose his."

The Horror of *Juriste* at this unexpected Sentence may be easier imagined, than described; it was in vain for him to sue for Mercy, the Emperor was determined, and he was led away to Prison, in order to be executed the next Morning.

Juriste, no longer hoping for Pardon, disposed himself to meet patiently the Death he had so well deserved; when *Epitia*, being informed of the Sentence that had been past up-
on

on him, hastened to Court, and intreating another Audience of the Emperor; as soon as she was admitted to his Presence, throwing herself at his Feet, she said, "Most sacred Sir, the Cruelty and Injustice *Juriste* used towards me, moved me to come to your Majesty, and implore Justice for the double Wrong I received from him, which you have most graciously granted; my violated Chastity you have repaired by obliging him to marry me, and for my Brother's Death, contrary to his solemn Promise, you have condemned him to die. As a violated Maid, as an injured Sister, I then demanded Justice on him, but as his Wife I now implore Mercy. Consider, sacred Sir, this new Obligation was imposed on me, by you; his Death was before due to my Wrongs, his Life is now become my Care, through the Engagements you have made me enter into with him. To repair my Honour you gave him to me for a Husband; if he dies by my Accusation, your Majesty's most generous Intentions will not avail me, since the World will brand my Name with Infamy and Cruelty! Oh! let not the Sword of Justice, thus miserably cut the Knot you have so lately tied; grant my Husband's Life to my Prayers; let your Clemency equal your Justice, and in the Use of both be like the Immortals themselves."

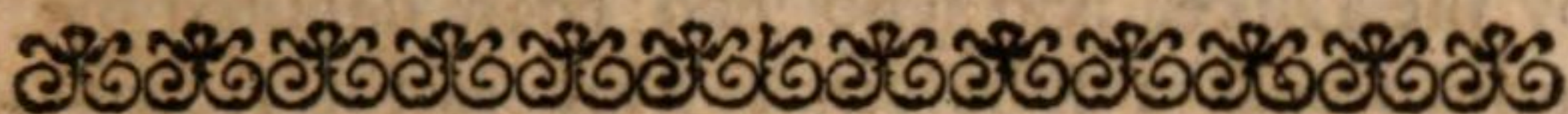
Epitia ended here, and the Emperor, seiz'd with Astonishment and Admiration at the Greatness of her Mind, thought he could do no less than grant the Demand she so generously made, and sending immediately for *Juriste*,

Juriste, he said, “Wickedly as thou hast acted towards this Lady, yet such is her Generosity and unequalled Goodness, that she has solicited no less ardently for thy Pardon than if thou hadst never offended her; I give thee Life then; but know thou owest that Life to her Mediation; and if she is willing, since I have made thee her Husband, to live with thee as such, I consent it should be so; but take care to treat her with the utmost Tenderness; for if I ever hear that thou dost otherwise, thou shalt feel the severest Effects of my Displeasure.”

The Emperor, in finishing these Words, took *Epitia*'s Hand and gave it to *Juriste*, who, with his Wife, falling at *Maximine*'s Feet, gave him Thanks for the great Goodness he had shewn them; and *Juriste* reflecting on the unmerited Kindness and Generosity of *Epitia*, ever loved her with the most ardent Affection, and lived happily with her to the End of his Days.



From



From the foregoing Story of Juriste and Epitia, Shakespear took the Plot of Measure for Measure. The Incidents in the Novel are fewer, and less complex than in the Play, but the Subject in both is the same.

The Fable of MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

VINCENTIO, Duke of Vienna, being resolved to have some severe Edicts revived, which had lain dormant during a great Number of Years, declares his Intention of leaving his Dominions for some Time ; and makes *Angelo*, a Nobleman of severe Life, and austere Manners, his Deputy in his Absence. — The Duke, instead of leaving *Vienna*, privately repaires to a Convent ; and there disclosing his Design of spying into the Actions of the Deputy and People to a Friar, he engages him to procure a Habit of the Order for his Disguise, and instruct him, as he phrases it, *How he may formally in Person bear like a true Friar.*

Angelo begins his Administration by causing *Claudio*, a young Gentleman, who had deduced a Virgin, to be arrested on an old Act, by which it was provided, that the Man who committed such a Crime should die ; and accordingly he signs a Warrant for his Execution.

Escalus, an old Lord, very much beloved by the Duke, and who had been deputed by him to bear a subordinate Part in the Administration, endeavours to prevail with *Angelo* to soften the Severity of this Sentence, but in vain.

The Sister of *Claudio*, a beautiful young Virgin, and a Novice in the Convent of *St. Clair*, solicits *Angelo* for her Brother's Pardon; he denies her; but afterwards being enamoured of her Beauty, promises to grant her Request, upon Condition, she gives him Possession of her Person.

Isabella with great Disdain, refuses to purchase her Brother's Life upon these shameful Terms; goes to the Prison and acquaints *Claudio* with her ill Success; the Youth, fond of Life, intreats her to save him, and comply with the Deputy's Request: She, after reproaching him severely for his Baseness, quits him in great Rage.

The Duke, who, in the Disguise of a Friar, was come to visit and exhort the Prisoners, having overheard all that had passed between *Isabella* and her Brother, intreats some private Discourse with her; she consents; and he informs her, that *Angelo*, some Years before, had been contracted in Marriage to a young Lady, named *Mariana*, whom he forsook because her Fortune was lost at Sea; and to colour his Perfidy, gave out, that he left her on Account of her Unchastity; he then advises her, in order to save her Brother's Life, to go to the Deputy, and tell him that she will consent to the Conditions he had proposed to her; and

and in the mean Time he would prevail upon *Mariana*, who still loved *Angelo*, secretly to supply her Place, by which Means her Brother's Pardon would be obtained, without the Loss of her Honour.

This Contrivance is put in Execution ; but *Angelo*, notwithstanding his Promise to the contrary, sends a new Order to the Provost of the City for the Execution of *Claudio*, and commands him to bring him his Head.

The Duke, wholly taken up with the Affairs of the Prison, is soon informed of this unexpected Event ; he prevails with the Provost to delay the Execution of *Claudio*, and to deceive the Deputy, by cutting off the Head of a Pirate who died in the Prison, and presenting it to him for *Claudio's*.

Isabella coming to the Prison, to know if her Brother's Pardon had been sent, is told by the disguised Duke, that he was executed early that Morning, pursuant to a new Order from *Angelo*.

Isabella raves and threatens ; the counterfeit Friar advises her to complain of *Angelo* to the Duke, who was that Day expected to return to *Vienna*.

The Duke then, shifting his Dress, enters the City, attended by *Angelo* and *Escalus*, whom he had commanded to meet him ; *Isabella* falling on her Knees, demands Justice on *Angelo*, for having deluded her of her Honour, under Pretence of saving her Brother's Life, and afterwards causing him to be executed.

The Friar, who was in the Secret, declares, *Isabella* spoke an Untruth, for that she was absolutely unviolated by *Angelo*.

Mariana

Mariana is then introduced, who, in an enigmatical Manner, declares herself to have been the Person who supplied *Isabella's* Place with *Angelo*, and claims him for her Husband. *Angelo* denies all.

The Duke then slipping away, resumes the Habit of a Friar, and, after some Reflexions on the Government, he is ordered by the Deputy to be carried to Prison, and being seized by a wild young Fellow, his Hood falls off, and he is discovered to be the Duke.

Angelo hereupon confesses his Crime; the Duke orders him to marry *Mariana* immediately, which being done, he condemns him to Death. At the Intercession of *Mariana* and *Isabella* he is pardoned; and the Duke, charmed with the Virtue and Beauty of *Isabella*, offers himself to her for a Husband.

The rest is all Episode, made up of the extravagant Behaviour of a wild Rake, the Blunders of a drunken Clown, and the Absurdities of an ignorant Constable.

There are a greater Diversity of Characters, and more Intrigues in the Fable of the Play, than the Novel of *Cinthio*; yet I think, wherever *Shakespear* has invented, he is greatly below the Novelist; since the Incidents he has added, are neither necessary nor probable.

The Story of *Juriste* and *Epitia*, of itself, afforded a very affecting Fable for a Play; it is only faulty in the Catastrophe. The Reader, who cannot but be extremely enraged at the Deceit and Cruelty of *Juriste*, and very desirous of his meeting with a Punishment due to his Crime, is greatly disappointed, to find him

in

in the End, not only pardoned, but made happy in the Possession of the beautiful *Epitia*.

Shakespear, though he has altered and added a good deal, yet has not mended the Moral; for he also shews Vice not only pardoned, but left in Tranquility.

The cruel, the vicious and hypocritical *Angelo*, marries a fair and virtuous Woman, who tenderly loved him, and is restored to the Favour of his Prince.

I said before, that the Story of *Juriste* and *Epitia* afforded an affecting Subject for a Play; and it is to be wished, since *Shakespear* thought proper to found one upon it, that he had left the Fable simple and entire as it was, without loading it with useless Incidents, unnecessary Characters, and absurd and improbable Intrigue.

Thus it would have stood by keeping close to the Novelist: A young Gentleman, vanquished by the Force of a too violent Passion, ravishes a Virgin, whom he is afterwards willing to marry, but is seiz'd and condemn'd to die for his Crime; his Sister a beautiful Maid, who tenderly loves the unfortunate Youth, solicits the rigid Governor for his Pardon, which he refuses, unless she sacrifices her Honour to him. The Lady rejects his Proposal with Disdain, but subdued by the affecting Tears and Prayers of a Brother, whose Life is dearer to her than her own, she reluctantly consents to the Governor's Proposal, on Condition, that he should give her Brother a free Pardon, and repair her Honour hereafter by Marriage.

The Governor binds himself by Oath, to perform both these Conditions ; which Oath he breaks ; after the unfortunate Lady had paid the Price of them, and sends an immediate Order for her Brother's Execution.

The Lady in the violence of her Grief and Rage, resolves to murder him with her own Hands, but reflecting that she could not take this Revenge on him, without subjecting herself to a second Violation, she complains of her Wrongs to her Sovereign, and demands Justice on the impious Perpetrator of them.

The Emperor in order to repair her Honour, obliges the perfidious Governor to marry her, and then commands him to be led to Execution, which she by an exalted Piece of Generosity opposes, and as his Wife kneels and solicits ardently for his Pardon ; which the Emperor at last grants.

Here the Novelist should be dropt, and the Catastrophe, according to poetical Justice, might be thus wound up.

The Lady having performed her Duty, in saving the Life of a Man, who, however unworthy, was still her Husband, should devote herself to a Cloister, for the remainder of her Life ; and the wretched *Juriste*, deprived of his Dignity, in Disgrace with his Prince, and the Object of Universal Contempt and Hatred, to compleat his Miseries, he should feel all his former Violence of Passion for *Epitia* renewed, and falling into an Excess of Grief, for her Loss, (since the Practice is allowed by Christian Authors) stab himself in De'pair.

The

The Fable thus manag'd, takes in as great a Variety of Incidents, as with Propriety can be introduced in a Play, and those Incidents naturally rising out of one another, and all dependant on the principal Subject of the Drama, forms that Unity of Action, which the Laws of Criticism require.

This Fable also, would not be destitute of a Moral, which as *Shakespear* has managed it, is wholly wanting. The fatal Consequence of an irregular Passion in *Claudio*; the Danger of endeavouring to procure Good by indirect Means in *Isabella*, and the Punishment of lawless Tyranny in the Governor, convey Instruction equally useful and just.

Since the Fable in *Cinthio* is so much better contrived than that of *Measure for Measure*, on which it is founded, the Poet sure cannot be defended, for having altered it so much for the worse; and it would be but a poor Excuse, for his want of Judgment, to say, that had he followed the Novelist closer, his Play would have been a Tragedy, and to make a Comedy, he was under a Necessity of winding up the Catastrophe as he has done.

The comic Part of *Measure for Measure* is all Episode, and has no Dependance on the principal Subject, which even as *Shakespear* has managed it, has none of the Requisites of Comedy, great and flagrant Crimes, such as those of *Angelo*, in *Measure for Measure*, are properly the Subject of Tragedy, the Design of which is to shew the fatal Consequences of those Crimes, and the Punishment that never fails to attend them. The light Fol-

lies of a *Lucio*, may be exposed, ridiculed and corrected in Comedy.

That *Shakespear* made a wrong Choice of his Subject, since he was resolved to torture it into a Comedy, appears by the low Contrivance, absurd Intrigue, and improbable Incidents, he was obliged to introduce, in order to bring about three or four Weddings, instead of one good Beheading, which was the Consequence naturally expected.

The Duke, who it must be confess'd, has an excellent plotting Brain, gives it out that he is going *incog.* to *Poland*, upon weighty Affairs of State, and substitutes *Angelo* to govern till his Return; to Friar *Thomas* his Confidant, however, he imparts his true Design, which is, in his Absence, to have some severe Laws revived, that had been long disused: Methinks this Conduct is very unworthy of a good Prince; if he thought it fit and necessary to revive those Laws, why does he commit that to another, which it was his Duty to perform?

The Friar's Answer is very pertinent.

It rested in your Grace

T' unloose this tied-up Justice when you
pleas'd;

And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in Lord *Angelo*.

The Duke replies,

I do fear, too dreadful.

In

In short, the poor Duke is afraid to exert his own Authority, by enforcing those Laws, notwithstanding he thinks them absolutely necessary, and therefore as he says,

I have on *Angelo* imposed the Office ;
Who may in the Ambush of my Name strike
home.

However, in Fact, it is the Duke who strikes in the Ambush of *Angelo's* Name ; for it is he who causes *Angelo* to put those severe Laws in Execution, while he skulks in Concealment to observe how they are received ; if ill, *Angelo* must stand the Consequence ; if well he will enjoy the Merit of it. And in order to discover how Things are carried on in the Commonwealth, he makes the Friar procure him a Habit of the Order, and thus disguised, where does he go ? Why, to the common Jail, among the condemned Malefactors. His Speculations are wholly confined to this Scene.

Here, entirely taken up with the Affairs of the Prisoners, his Highness ambles backwards and forwards, from the Prison to *Mariana's* House, fetching and carrying Messages, contriving how to elude those very Laws he had been so desirous of having executed ; corrupting one of the principal of his Magistrates, and teaching him how to deceive his Delegate in Power.

How comes it to pass, that the Duke is so well acquainted with the Story of *Mariana*,

to whom *Angelo* was betrothed, but abandoned by him on Account of the Loss of her Fortune? She speaks of the Duke as of a Person she had been long acquainted with.

Mariana. Here comes a Man of Comfort,
whose Advice
Hath often still'd my brawling Discontent.

Yet this could only happen while he assumed the Character of a Friar, which was but for two or three Days at most; he could not possibly have been acquainted with her Story before; if he had, the Character of *Angelo* would have been also known to him; and consequently it was unnecessary to make him his Deputy, in order to try him further, which was one of his Reasons, as he tells Friar *Thomas*, for concealing himself.

If it is granted, that the Duke could not know *Mariana's* Affair before his Disguise; what Opportunities had he of learning it afterwards? For, notwithstanding what *Mariana* says, which intimates a long Acquaintance, it is certain it could have been but a very short one; some extraordinary Accident therefore must have brought her Story to his Knowledge, which we find was known to no one else; for *Angelo's* Reputation for Sanctity was very high, and that could not have been, if his Wrongs to *Mariana* were publickly known.

But why does not the Poet acquaint us with this extraordinary Accident, which happens so conveniently for his Purpose? If he is accountable

able to our Eyes for what he makes us see, is he not also accountable to our Judgment for what he would have us believe? But, in short, without all this Jumble of Inconsistencies, the Comedy would have been a downright Tragedy; for *Claudio's* Head must have been cut off, if *Isabella* had not consented to redeem him; and the Duke would have wanted a Wife, if such a convenient Person as *Mariana* had not been introduced to supply her Place, and save her Honour.

As the Character of the Duke is absurd and ridiculous, that of *Angelo* is inconsistent to the last Degree; his Baseness to *Mariana*, his wicked Attempts on the Chastity of *Isabella*, his villainous Breach of Promise, and Cruelty to *Claudio*, prove him to be a very bad Man, long practised in Wickedness; yet when he finds himself struck with the Beauty of *Isabella*, he starts at the Temptation; reasons on his Frailty; asks Assistance from Heaven to overcome it; resolves against it, and seems carried away by the Violence of his Passion, to commit what his better Judgment abhors.

Are these the Manners of a sanctified Hypocrite, such as *Angelo* is represented to be? Are they not rather those of a good Man, overcome by a powerful Temptation? That *Angelo* was not a good Man, appears by his base Treatment of *Mariana*; for certainly nothing can be viler than to break his Contract with a Woman of Merit, because she had accidentally become poor; and, to excuse his own Conduct, load the unfortunate Innocent with base Aspersions, and add Infamy to her

other Miseries : Yet this is the Man, who, when attacked by a Temptation, kneels, prays, expostulates with himself, and, while he scarce yields in Thought to do wrong, his Mind feels all the Remorse which attends actual Guilt.

It must be confessed indeed, that *Angelo* is a very extraordinary Hypocrite, and thinks in a Manner quite contrary from all others of his Order ; for they, as it is natural, are more concerned for the Consequences of their Crimes, than the Crimes themselves, whereas he is only troubled about the Crime, and wholly regardless of the Consequences.

The Character of *Isabella* in the Play seems to be an Improvement upon that of *Epitia* in the Novel ; for *Isabella* absolutely refuses, and persists in her Refusal, to give up her Honour to save her Brother's Life ; whereas *Epitia*, overcome by her own Tendernefs of Nature, and the affecting Prayers of the unhappy Youth, yields to what her Soul abhors, to redeem him from a shameful Death. It is certain however, that *Isabella* is a mere Vixen in her Virtue ; how she rates her wretched Brother, who gently urges her to save him !

Isabella. Oh, you Beast !
 Oh faithless Coward ! Oh dishonest Wretch !
 Wilt thou be made a Man out of my Vice ?
 Is't not a Kind of Incest, to take Life
 From thine own Sister's Shame ? What shou'd
 I think ?
 Heav'n grant my Mother play'd my Father
 fair :

For

For such a warp'd Slip of Wilderness
Ne'er issued from his Blood. Take my De-
fiance ;

Die ; perish : Might my only bending down
Reprieve thee from thy Fate, it should pro-
ceed.

I'll pray a thousand Prayers for thy Death ;
No Word to save thee.

Claudio. Nay, hear me, *Isabella.*

Isabella. Oh fie ! fie ! fie !
Thy Sin's not accidental, but a Trade ;
Mercy to thee wou'd prove itself a Bawd :
'Tis best that thou dy'st quickly.

Is this the Language of a modest tender
Maid ; one who had devoted herself to a re-
ligious Life, and was remarkable for an exalt-
ed Understanding, and unaffected Piety in the
earliest Bloom of Life ?

From her Character, her Profession, and
Degree of Relation to the unhappy Youth,
one might have expected mild Expostulations,
wise Reasonings, and gentle Rebukes ; his De-
sire of Life, though purchased by Methods he
could not approve, was a natural Frailty,
which a Sister might have pitied and excused,
and have made use of her superior Understand-
ing to reason down his Fears, recal nobler
Ideas to his Mind, teach him what was due to
her Honour and his own, and reconcile him
to his approaching Death, by Arguments
drawn from that Religion and Virtue of which
she made so high a Profession ; but that Tor-

rent of abusive Language, those coarse and unwomanly Reflexions on the Virtue of her Mother, her exulting Cruelty to the dying Youth, are the Manners of an affected Prude, outrageous in her seeming Virtue; not of a pious, innocent and tender Maid.

I cannot see the Use of all that juggling and Ambiguity at the winding up of the Catastrophe; *Isabella* comes and demands Justice of the Duke for the Wrongs she had received from his Deputy, declaring she had sacrificed her Innocence to save her Brother's Life, whom *Angelo* had, notwithstanding his Promise to the contrary, caused to be executed.

Upon the Duke's telling her, that he believed her Accusation to be false, she goes away in Discontent, without saying a Word more: Is this natural? Is it probable, that *Isabella* would thus publicly bring a false Imputation on her Honour, and, though innocent and unstained, suffer the World to believe her violated?—She knows not that the honest Friar who advised her to this extraordinary Action, is the Duke to whom she is speaking; she knows not how the Matter will be cleared up.

She who rather chose to let her Brother die by the Hands of an Executioner, than sacrifice her Virtue to save his Life, takes undeserved Shame to herself in public, without procuring the Revenge she seeks after.

Mariana's evasive Deposition; Friar *Peter's* enigmatical Accusation of *Isabella*; the

the Duke's winding Behaviour; what does it all serve for? but to perplex and embroil plain Facts, and make up a Riddle without a Solution.

The Reader can easily discover how the Plot will be unravelled at last; but the unnecessary Intricacies in unravelling it, still remain to be accounted for.

The Play sets out with the Moral in the Title, *Measure for Measure*; but how is this made out? the Duke speaking of *Angelo* to *Isabella*, says,

————— but as a Judge,
Being doubly Criminal, in Violation
Of sacred Chastity, and of Promise Breach,
Thereon dependant for your Brother's Life,
The very Mercy of the Law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper Tongue.
An *Angelo* for *Claudio*; Death for Death.
Haste still pays Haste, and Leisure answers
Leisure;
Like doth quit Like, and *Measure* still for
Measure.

Thus it should have been, according to the Duke's own Judgment to have made it *Measure for Measure*; but when *Angelo* was pardoned, and restored to Favour, how then was it *Measure for Measure*?

The Case is not altered, because *Claudio* was not put to death, and *Isabella* not violated; it was not through *Angelo's* Repentance, that both these Things did not happen; a Woman

he was engaged to, supplied the Place of *Isabella*, and the Head of another Man, was presented to him instead of *Claudio's*. *Angelo* therefore was intentionally guilty of perverting Justice, debauching a Virgin, and breaking his Promise, in putting her Brother to death, whose Life she had bought by that Sacrifice. *Isabella* when pleading for him, says,

My Brother had but Justice,
 In that he did the Thing for which he dy'd ;
 For *Angelo*, his Act did not o'ertake his bad
 Intent,
 And must be buried but as an Intent,
 That perish'd by the Way ; Thoughts are no
 Subjects :
 Intents, but meerly Thoughts.

This is strange Reasoning of *Isabella* ; her Brother deserved Death, she says, because *he did the Thing for which he died* ; he intended to do it, and his doing it was the Consequence of his Intention.

Angelo likewise intended to debauch her, and murder her Brother, and he did both in Imagination ; that it was only Imagination, was not his Fault, for so he would have had it, and so he thought it was. It is the Intention which constitutes Guilt, and *Angelo* was guilty in Intention, and for what he knew, in fact, therefore, as far as lay in his Power, he was as guilty as *Claudio*.

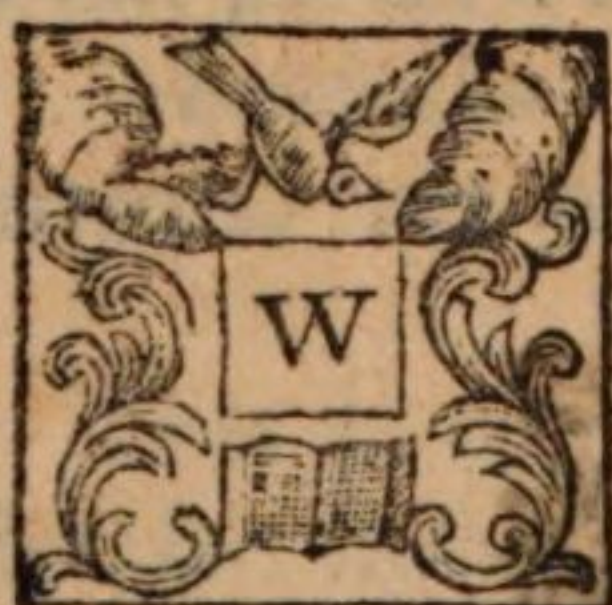
This Play therefore being absolutely defective in a due Distribution of Rewards and Punish-

Punishments ; *Measure for Measure* ought not to be the Title, since Justice is not the Virtue it inculcates ; nor can *Shakespear's* Invention in the Fable be praised ; for what he has altered from *Cinthio*, is altered greatly for the worse.





*The Ninth Novel of Bandello.
Volume the Second.*



WHEN the *Scaligers* were Lords of *Verona*, a fierce and bloody Enmity subsisted between two noble Families of that City, of greater Dignity and Riches than the rest; the Name of the one was *Montecchio*, the other *Capellet*: This violent Hatred was the Cause of frequent bloody Engagements between the Relations and Dependants of those two Lords; and the Numbers that were killed of both Parties on these Occasions, kept up and augmented the Fury of their several Descendants.

Bartholomew Scaliger, then at the Head of this Republic, laboured with the utmost Diligence to suppress these Disorders; but all his Cares could never wholly prevent them, so deeply was their Hatred of each other rooted in their Bosoms.

Finding

Finding it impossible to entirely reconcile them, in order to put an End to the Affronts, which each Party gave and received from the other, and which was always followed by the Deaths of some amongst them, he commanded that the youngest of one Faction should always give Way to the eldest of the other, whenever they happened to meet, by which Means many Disorders were avoided.

About this Time, *Romeo*, the young Heir of the *Montecchio* Family, was violently enamoured of a Lady in *Verona*, who, notwithstanding the extraordinary Beauty and Accomplishments he was possess of, treated him with great Disdain.

Romeo, during two Years, pursued the inexorable Beauty, employing all the Rhetoric of Sighs, Tears, Presents and Entertainments, to move her Heart; but all in vain; his Friends, who saw him languish out his Days in a hopeless Passion, were greatly alarmed; but neither their Remonstrances or Intreaties were able to effect his Cure.

One of his Companions, who was dearer to him than the rest, greatly afflicted to behold him losing thus the Vigour of Youth in following a Woman without Hopes of obtaining her, often took Occasion to blame his Perseverance.

Romeo, said he, one Day to him, I love you as my Brother; and it gives me great Pain to see you thus consume away like Snow melting in the Sun; don't you see you waste your Time and spend your Fortune, without obtaining either Honour or Advantage: Your Endeavours

Endeavours to win this Woman are all ineffectual; the more you solicit her, the more rigid she becomes; certainly it is a great Folly to attempt a Thing which is not only difficult to do, but impossible; you may be convinced she neither cares for you, or any Thing you can do to please her; perhaps she has some other Lover, who is so dear to her, she would not quit him for an Emperor: You are young, my dear *Romeo*, your Person is more lovely than any Youth's in this City; you are, (let me speak it, since it is Truth, to your Face,) you are generous, virtuous and elegant; to these amiable Qualities are added the more solid Advantages of Learning and Wit: You are the only Son of one of the greatest and richest of our Noblemen; does he restrain you in your Expences; does he controul you in your Pleasures? Is he not your Factor only to take Care of your Affairs, while you spend your Time as you please? Awake, I conjure you, and begin to reflect at length upon the Error you have been guilty of; remove from your Eyes the Veil which blinds you, and hinders you from seeing the Path you are pursuing; resolve to place your Affection on some Person more deserving, and chuse a Lady who will better reward your Love; a just Indignation is often more powerful in the Heart than Love itself: Now when Assemblies and Masquerades are held all over this great City, mix with the Company every where, and when you meet the ungrateful Woman you have solicited so long, gaze not on her Face, but reflect on her Injustice, her Cruelty and her Pride; do not doubt but the many Injuries

juries you have suffered will excite an Indignation so just and reasonable, that your Passion will in Time yield to its Force, and you, by Degrees, regain your Liberty.

To these Reasons, the faithful Friend of *Romeo* added many others, to engage him to quit his unsuccessful Pursuit: *Romeo* listened to him with Attention, and took a Resolution immediately to put his wise Councils in Practice.

The Feast being now begun, he had frequent Opportunities of meeting the scornful Maid; but he always carefully avoided looking at her, gazing on the other Ladies, and anxiously examining the Beauties of every one, to chuse her who was most agreeable to him.

About this Time, *Antonio Capellet*, the Head of that Family, made a magnificent Feast, to which he invited a great many of the chief Nobility and Ladies, most of the Youth of Quality being there; *Romeo*, notwithstanding the long continued Hatred between their Families, came thither also at Night, being masqued like the rest of the Company; but soon after throwing it off, as all the others did, he seated himself at one Corner of the Hall, which, by the great Number of Torches, being made as light as Day, he could conveniently behold the whole Assembly.

Romeo soon drew the Eyes of the Company upon him, and of the Ladies particularly, who, struck with his Boldness in coming to that House, could not conceal their Admiration of it; his Enemies, however, on Account of his Youth, his extraordinary Beauty, the Sweetness

ness of his Manners, and the almost universal Love he had acquired, forbore to give him any Disturbance, which, perhaps, had he been elder, and less amiable, they might have done.

Romeo therefore, having leisure to consider the Beauty of the Ladies that were at the Feast, began to praise them more or less, according to his Taste, and, without dancing himself, took a Pleasure in looking upon those that did: While he was thus employed, he saw a young Lady of most exquisite Beauty, whose Name was unknown to him; his Heart immediately confessed this Object to be more charming than any he had ever seen; he gazed on her attentively, and the longer he gazed, the more Beauty and Graces he discovered in her. Finding an unusual Pleasure in contemplating her, he was not able for a Moment to remove his Eyes from her Face, but darting a thousand passionate Looks at the young Beauty, he secretly resolved to exert his utmost Endeavours to gain her Affections.

Thus was his former Passion vanquished by this new one, and gave Place to a Flame that was never extinguished but by his Death: Not daring in that suspected House to enquire the Name of the young Beauty that had charmed him, he contented himself with feeding his Eyes with her Sight, and finding new Graces in every Look and Action drank in large Draughts of the sweet Poison of Love.

Romeo being, as was said before, seated in a Corner of the Hall, had a full View of all the Company, who, in returning to their
Places

Places after Dancing, passed close by him; *Julietta*, so was the young Lady called, who had charmed him, not having observed him before, was struck with Admiration of his Person, as she went by the Place where he sat: This fair One was Daughter to *Capellet*, the Master of the House, who had given the Feast, and ignorant of the Name and Quality of *Romeo*; yet he appearing to her the most beautiful Youth she had ever seen, she could not resist the Pleasure she took in gazing on him; but secretly snatching stolen Glances at him every Moment, an unusual Softness took Possession of her Heart, and filled it with all the sweet Inquietudes and tender Perplexities of a beginning Passion: Not satisfied with gazing on him at a Distance, she ardently wished he would mix among the Dancers, that she might have an Opportunity of hearing him speak, not doubting but her Ears would take in as much Pleasure from the Agreeableness of his Discourse, as her Eyes did Sweetness from his Sight, but *Romeo* wholly lost in the Pleasure he took in looking upon her, shewed no Inclination to join the Company; and *Julietta* was equally incapable of any Delight, but looking at him.

Their Eyes being thus frequently directed to each other, their passionate Glances often met; the Sighs which accompanied those Glances, betrayed the Emotions of their Hearts, and both were sensible that an Opportunity of discovering their mutual Flame was equally desired by each.

While

While they were thus taken up in exchanging tender and passionate Looks, the Ball broke up, and the Company mixing promiscuously together, began the concluding Dance, called *the Dance of the Torch*, otherwise *the Dance of the Hat*.

Romeo, in the midst of the agreeable Confusion of this Dance, was snatched up by a Lady, who forcing him into the Croud, he performed his Part, and giving the Torch, as was the Custom, to another Lady, he drew near to *Julietta*, and took her by the Hand, to the inconceivable Transport of them both.

Julietta then seating herself between *Romeo* and *Mercutio*; the latter, who was a Courtier, gay; witty, and agreeably satirical, was as remarkable for the extraordinary Coldness of his Hand, as for the uncommon Sprightliness of his Disposition; and he holding one of *Julietta's* Hands, as *Romeo* did the other; she, who ardently desired to hear him speak, turning towards him with an enchanting Smile, said softly and in a trembling Voice, gently pressing his Hand at the same Moment—
“Blessed be the Time, Sir, that you seated yourself near me.”

Romeo, who well knew how to make use of Advantages, straining her Hand passionately in return, with Eyes which seemed to implore her Pity; and an Accent as if his Life hung suspended on her Answer, asked her the Meaning of such a Benediction.

“Gentle Youth, replied *Julietta* with a Smile, I bless the Time of your coming hither, because Signior *Mercutio*, whose Hand
is

is as cold as Ice, froze me all over by his Touch, and you, for which I am much obliged to you, by the kindly Warmth of yours, have restored me again."

"Madam, replied *Romeo* immediately, I should think myself superlatively happy in being able to do you any Service, and blest beyond Measure if you will deign to command me as the meanest of your Servants; permit me however to tell you, that if my Hand has warmed you, the Fire of your bright Eyes has kindled such Flames in me, that unless you afford me some Assistance, I shall soon be consumed to Ashes."

Scarce had he finished these last Words, when the Dance being ended, the Company began to disperse; and *Julietta* transported with the Excess of her new Passion; breathing an ardent Sigh and tenderly straining his Hand, replied in haste as she parted from him, "Alas! what can I say, but that I am more yours than my own!"

Romeo, in Hopes of knowing who she was, continued still in the Hall; but he had not waited long, 'till he was informed by a Friend, that she was the Daughter of the Lord *Capellet*, who had given the Feast.

This News threw him into great Affliction, foreseeing the Difficulty and Danger there would be in pursuing his Passion; but the Wound was already given, and his whole Soul was now infected with the sweet Venom of Love.

On the other Side, *Julietta* equally desirous of knowing the Name of him who had conquered

quered her Heart; calling an old Woman, who had nursed her, to a Window, which looked into a Street, through which the Company was passing, by the Light of a great Number of Torches, she began to enquire the Names of several of the Masquers as they went along; and at last directing her Eyes to *Romeo*, asked her who that fine Youth was who carried his Masque in his Hand. The good Woman who knew him very well, told her it was *Romeo*, Son of the Lord *Montecchio*.

Julietta, struck with the Sound of that Name, as with a Thunderbolt, began now to despair of ever gaining the Object of her Affections for a Husband: Concealing however her Confusion from the Observation of her Nurse, she retired to Bed; but her Mind was agitated with so many different Thoughts, that she could take no Repose: Love and Despair bred a cruel Conflict in her Soul, yet Love had taken so full and absolute Possession of it, that her Desire increased with the Impossibility of gratifying it. “Ah! cried she to herself, how have I suffered my Affections to be thus transported! how do I know (credulous Fool as I am) whether *Romeo* really loves me? Perhaps the artful Youth means only to delude me, with a dissembled Passion, that by robbing me of my Honour, he may revenge himself of my Family, and encrease the rooted Hatred between our Fathers; but can it be, that a Soul so generous as his, should form a Design to ruin one who loves and adores him? Ah! if the Face be the Index of the Mind,
his

his is all Loveliness and Beauty, Cruelty and Deceit can never harbour in so sweet a Dwelling; from a Form so enchanting nothing can be expected but Truth, Gentleness and Love: But suppose, added she, that he loves me honourably, have I not Reason to believe that my Father will never consent to our Union; and yet, who knows but our mutual Passion may be the Means of procuring a firm and perpetual Peace between our Families; I have often heard that not only the Peace of private Families has been procured by Marriages, but that warring Nations have been made Friends by that Means; ought I not then to hope that our two Houses may be reconciled by such an Event." Resting then upon this soothing Thought, whenever *Romeo* went through the Street where she lived, she always shewed herself at a Balcony, giving him such bewitching Smiles as he passed, as filled his whole Soul (which like hers, had been tost between Hope and Fear) with inexpressible Delight.

It was not without great Danger to his Person, that he thus haunted the Street, where she dwelt, both Night and Day; but *Julietta's* Smiles inflaming his Desires, he could not resist the sweet Violence that drew him continually thither; the Chamber of this fair Maid had a Window in it, which looked into a narrow Lane. *Romeo* when he had passed the great Street, and arrived to the Head of this Lane, often beheld her at this Window, to which she would come very obligingly when she saw him; and by her
Looks

Looks express the Pleasure she took in seeing him. One Night when *Romeo* came, as he was wont, to this Place, *Julietta* seeing him, opened the Window; the Moon shone so bright, that though he retired, upon her looking out into an old ruinous Building which fronted the Window, yet she distinguished him plainly, and no Person being with her in the Chamber, she ventured to call out to him. “*Romeo*, said she, what do you do here alone, at such an Hour? should you be discovered, I tremble for your Life; are you ignorant of the cruel Enmity there is between our Families, and how many Lives have been lost by it on both Sides? certainly if you are taken, you will be barbarously murdered; why will you thus endanger your own Life and my Honour?”

“The ardent Passion you have inspired me with, answered he, is the Cause of my coming hither; I know if I am discovered by your Relations, they will endeavour to kill me, but I shall defend myself as well as I am able, and though I may be overpowered by superior Force, yet I will not dye alone; to dye near you will take off the Bitterness of Death; yet be assured, Madam, I never will be the Occasion of bringing any Stain upon your Honour; but will with Pleasure sacrifice my Life, to preserve it inviolate.”

“But what is it you require of me, interrupted *Julietta*?”

“That you would permit me to enter your Chamber, Madam, replied *Romeo*, that I may with less Danger make known to you the Great-

Greatness of my Passion, and the cruel Torments I suffer for your Sake."

Julietta, a little offended at this Demand, replied in some Confusion, "*Romeo*, you know the Extent of your own Passion, and I know that of mine; I know that I love you, as much as it is possible for a Person to love, and perhaps more than is consistent with my Honour; however, I must tell you, that if you hope to possess me by any other Means than Matrimony, you are much deceived; and because I am sensible you expose yourself to great Danger by coming hither so frequently, I am willing to bring this Affair to a speedy Conclusion; therefore, if you desire to be mine, as I wish to be eternally yours, you will make me your Wife, and for that Purpose I will be ready to meet you at any convenient Place, whatever Time you shall appoint me; but, if you have any dishonourable Intentions towards me, go away I conjure you, and suffer me to live in Peace."

Romeo, who only wished to possess her with Honour, heard this Proposition with Transport, and told her, "that he would marry her at any Time, and in any Manner she pleased."

" 'Tis well, replied *Julietta*, let our Nuptials then be celebrated, by the Reverend Friar *Lorenzo* of *Reggio*, who is my spiritual Father." To this *Romeo* readily agreed, the good Friar being very intimate in his Family; and it was resolved between them, that *Romeo* should speak to him the next Day upon that Affair.

Friar *Lorenzo*, in whom the Lovers chose to confide upon this Occasion, was of the Order of the Minors, a learned Theologician and Philosopher; had great Knowledge of Herbs, and was well skilled in the Magic Art; and that he might maintain himself in the good Opinion of the Vulgar, and quietly enjoy those Pleasures, for which he had a Taste, he endeavoured to procure the Friendship of all Persons of distinguished Rank and Reputation: In this he succeeded so well, that he had many Friends among the Nobility of *Verona*, particularly the Father of *Romeo*, a Nobleman in great Credit and Esteem, who had a high Opinion of his Sanctity and Wisdom.

Romeo also held him in great Esteem, and the Friar, who knew him to be a prudent and generous Youth, had a tender Affection for him. The Reverend Father, who confessed almost all the Persons of Quality of both Sexes in the City, was also very intimate in the Family of the *Capelletti*, and was therefore intrusted with the spiritual Direction of *Julietta*.

Romeo, the next Day after his Conference with his Mistress, went to the Church of St. *Francis*, and related to Friar *Lorenzo* the whole Story of his Passion for *Julietta*, and the happy Conclusion to which he had brought it, entreating at the same time his Assistance to unite them for ever.

The Friar hearing this Account, promised to do all he required, as well because he was not able to deny *Romeo* any thing, as he hoped this Marriage would reconcile the two Houses

Houses of the *Montecchi* and *Capelletti*, and by that Means acquire to himself the Favour of Signor *Bartholomew*, who passionately wished to compose the Disorders their Enmity created in his City.

The two Lovers, now only waiting for some Occasion of going to Confession, in order to effect their Design, *Julietta*, for the greater Conveniency, resolved to trust her Nurse, who slept with her, with her Love for *Romeo*; his extreme Affection for her, and their intended Marriage.

The good Woman greatly concerned at such a precipitate Design, endeavoured to dissuade her from it, but to no Purpose; and moved with the affecting Arguments of *Julietta*, was at last prevailed upon to carry a Letter to *Romeo*.

The Lover was transported with Joy at the Contents; which directed him to come, at five o'Clock that Night, to the Window in the Lane; bringing with him a Ladder of Ropes, by which he might ascend to the Top.

Romeo, committing the Care of providing the Ladder to a faithful Servant of his, named *Pietro*, they both, at the appointed Hour, went to the Place where *Julietta* expected them.

As soon as she saw *Romeo*, she let down a Cord from the Window, which they fasten to one End of the Ladder, she drew it up, and with the Assistance of her Nurse fixed it securely at the Top, while *Romeo* and his Servant took Care to fasten it well below.

Romeo then boldly ascending the Ladder, *Pietro* retired into the old ruinous House, till his Master had Occasion for him: The iron Bars before the Window were set so close, that it was with Difficulty the passionate *Romeo* could pass his Hand through to clasp that of his adored *Julietta*.—"Oh! *Romeo*, cried the transported Maid, dearer to me than the Light of my Eyes, I desired to see you here, that I might inform you I have ordered Matters so as that I can go to Confession with my Mother on *Friday* next; we shall come to the Church about the Time that the Sermon begins; take Care to acquaint Father *Lorenzo*, that he may have every Thing in readiness."

Romeo assuring her that the Friar was disposed to do whatever they desired, they began to enter into a tender Conversation, which the Necessity of parting for Fear of a Discovery interrupting the Lover descending the Ladder, took Leave of his dear *Julietta*, who, though excessively pleased with the past Interview, thought every Moment an Age till she could call *Romeo* her own; and *Romeo*, who was almost transported out of himself, spent the Time in discoursing with his Confidant on his approaching Happiness.

The destined Day being arrived, Lady *Giovanni*, the Mother of *Julietta*, taking with her her Daughter and some of her Women, went to the Church of St. *Francis*, which was then in the Citadel; the old Lady, as soon as she entered, calling for Friar *Lorenzo*, told him, she had come early with *Julietta* to Confession, because she knew he would be much hurried that Day,

Day, having so many spiritual Children to confes.

The Friar, who had been instructed before by *Romeo*, and had him then concealed in his Confessionary, giving the Ladies the Benediction, went into the Convent, and entering the Confessionary where *Romeo* was, made *Julietta*, who first presented herself, go into the other Cell, which was slightly partitioned off from that which he and *Romeo* were in, having also a Grate between; as soon as she was entered, he gave the Sign that *Romeo* was within, and removing the Grate, after the first Salutation, said to her,—“ Daughter, *Romeo* has informed me, that you are willing to take him for a Husband, and he also is desirous of having you for a Wife, do you both continue to be thus disposed?”

The Lovers making Answer, that they wished for nothing else; the Friar, after a short Discourse in Praise of holy Matrimony, pronounced the accustomed Form of Words ordained by the Church, and gave them the nuptial Benediction.

Romeo then presenting his beloved *Julietta* with a Ring, which she received with unspeakable Pleasure, he consulted with her on the Means he should use to gain Access to her at Night, and tenderly saluting her, went cautiously out of the Church.

The Friar, replacing the Grate, heard the Confession of the happy *Julietta*, and dismissing her, heard also those of her Mother, and the Women who attended them, and they returned again to their House.

Night being come, *Romeo*, with his Servant, went to the Garden belonging to the Lord *Capellet's* House, and ascending the Wall by the Help of his faithful *Pietro*, he got easily over to the other Side, where he found his Bride; who, together with her Nurse, was expecting him.

Romeo, as soon as he saw her, ran to her with open Arms, and *Julietta* eagerly flying to him, threw herself on his Neck, and embraced him with inexpressible Transport; they passed the whole Night in the Garden without Fear of being discovered; and when the Morning approached, *Romeo*, after consulting with his fair Spouse on the Methods they should use to reconcile their Parents, took Leave of her with a tender Embrace, and returned to his House, looking upon himself to be the happiest of all Men in the Possession of so beautiful a Creature; and *Julietta*, who thought the whole World could not produce so lovely and accomplished a Youth as her *Romeo*, had no other Allay to her Happiness but the ardent Desire she felt to have their two Families reconciled, that her Marriage might no longer be concealed.

While the new married Couple were obliged to content themselves with short and stolen Interviews, Friar *Lorenzo* was secretly practising Means to reconcile their two Houses, and had put Matters in such a Train, that he had some Hopes of accomplishing it.

When the Feast of *Easter* was celebrated, it happened that great Numbers of Coaches were assembled at the Gate of the *Borsori*, near
the

the Castle *Vecchio*, or *Old Castle*, and many of the *Capelletti* and *Montecchi* meeting in that Place, assaulted each other furiously with their Arms: Among the *Capelletti* was a noble Youth, named *Tibbald*, a first Cousin of *Julietta's*, who being possessed of great personal Courage, animated his People against the *Montecchi*, and urging them to have no Consideration for any Person whatever among their Enemies, the Fray grew very bloody, both Parties being continually encreased by other of their Partizans who joined them.

Romeo, who was going through the City on some Diversion with several of his Companions, and a few Attendants, happened to pass by while the Combatants were engaged; this Sight gave him great Affliction, as he had Hopes from the Friar's Endeavours, that Peace would have been made between their Families; being desirous therefore of putting an End to the Fight, he turned to his Companions and Servants, and speaking so loud that he was heard by many in the Street; "Brothers, said he, let us thrust ourselves between them, and try, if by any Means we can oblige them to lay down their Arms:" With these Words he pressed in among the Combatants, followed by his Friends and Servants, labouring both with Words and Actions to prevail upon them to cease their Contention; but his Entreaties and Endeavours were all ineffectual; their Fury had risen to such Excess, that they minded nothing but how to be revenged on each other, many of each Party lying dead upon the Ground.

While *Romeo* was thus generously employed in endeavouring to calm their Rage, the furious *Tibbald* drew near him, and gave him a thrust with his Sword in the Side, which, by Reason of a net-work of Steel he wore beneath his Cloaths, did him no Harm.

Romeo, notwithstanding this Outrage, turning towards him, said, with a friendly Accent, “*Tibbald*, if you believe I came hither with any Intention to fight with you, or any of your Party, you are much deceived: I passed this Way by Chance, and have no other Design in mixing among you, but to make those who belong to me retire.”

Tibbald, either not understanding these Words, or seeming not to understand them, cried out, “Ah Traitor, thou shalt die! and furiously throwing himself upon *Romeo*, struck him with great Violence on the Head, but the Force of the Blow, though weakened by the steel Head-piece he wore, yet so enraged *Romeo*, that, wrapping his Cloak about his Arm by Way of Shield, he turned the point of his Sword towards his Enemy, which piercing his Throat, went quite through his Neck, and came out behind, so that the unhappy *Tibbald* fell dead immediately on the Earth.

The Guards approaching at the Report of this Battle, the Combatants dispersed different Ways; and *Romeo*, full of Grief for having killed *Tibbald*, fled to the Church of *St. Francis*, followed by a great many of his Friends and Servants.

Father *Lorenzo* was much affected at the News of *Tibbald*'s Death, which put it out of
his

his Power to accomplish the Peace he meditated between them ; however, he received *Romeo* with great Kindness, and concealed him in his Chamber at the Convent.

The *Capelletti* assembling together, went to complain to Signor *Bartholomew* of the Injury they had suffered from *Romeo*; and the Father of *Romeo*, together with all the Persons of Quality among the *Montecchi*, went also to prove that *Romeo* had not engaged in the Fight, but sought only to part the Combatants, and being basely wounded by *Tibbald*, killed him in his own Defence.

Although it was made very clear, that the *Capelletti* assaulted the *Montecchi* first, and also proved by many Witnesses, that *Romeo* endeavoured to part them, and was wounded by *Tibbald* while he was thus employed, yet Signor *Bartholomew* banished him from *Verona*, and ordered the rest to forbear such Hostilities for the future.

The Death of *Tibbald* caused great Affliction in the Family of the *Capelletti* ; but *Julietta* wept not for her Cousin's Death, but for the Banishment of *Romeo* ; having however that Excuse for her Sorrow, she gave free Vent to her Tears, and losing all the Hopes she had formerly entertained of being happy with her beloved *Romeo*, she wholly abandoned herself to Grief.

Understanding that he was concealed in Father *Lorenzo's* Convent, she wrote a Letter to him, filled with moving Complaints of their miserable Fortune, intreating him with the most tender Instances of Affection, that he

would allow her to accompany him in his Banishment.

Romeo received this Letter by the Hands of the old Woman who was the Confidant of their Marriage; and in his Answer, he conjured his dear *Julietta* not to afflict herself; that in a proper Time he would do all she desired; but at present he had not fixed upon the Place of his Exile, though he was resolved it should be as near her as possible; and concluded with earnestly desiring her to give him an Opportunity of seeing her before he went away.

Julietta naming the Garden for the Place of this last sad Interview, *Romeo*, at the appointed Hour, came secretly out of the Convent by the Assistance of Father *Lorenzo*, and, attended by his faithful *Pietro*, came to the Place where he was expected.

Julietta received him with a Flood of Tears, and Grief so totally possessed their Souls, that they continued a long Time unable to speak to each other; recovering a little from this silent Excess of Sorrow, they flew into each others Arms, mingling Tears with their Embraces, and bitter Complaints against the Cruelty of their Fortune.

Great Part of the Night being wasted in this Manner, *Julietta*, with the most earnest and affecting Intreaties, urged her beloved *Romeo* to permit her to go with him into Banishment.

“Do not, my Lord, cried she, do not leave me behind you; I will cut off this long Hair, and dressed in the Habit of a Boy, follow you wherever you go; my tender Cares shall soften the Rigour of your Exile; can you have
I a more

a more faithful Servant than me? Oh, my dearest Husband, grant me this Favour, I conjure you; let me share your Fate whatever it be; I cannot be unhappy if I am with you."

Romeo, with the tenderest Language that Love could dictate, endeavoured to comfort his afflicted Wife; he assured her that his Sentence of Banishment would be shortly revoked; the Prince had given his Father some Reason to expect it; "But happen what will, said he, my lovely *Julietta*, not in the Habit of a Page can I consent to see you; no, when you do come, it must be in a Manner suitable to the Dignity of your Birth, and the Quality of your Husband: Depend upon it, continued he, my Banishment will not continue more than a Year; in that Time our Parents may be reconciled: the Prince himself will labour to make Peace between them; but if these Hopes fail me, I will then take another Course, for it is impossible I should be able to live long without you."

Julietta, yielding to the Force of these Reasons and Persuasions, they began to settle the Method of corresponding by Letters; and the Morn now breaking, amidst a thousand Sighs, Tears, and tender Embraces, they took Leave of each other; *Romeo* returned to the Convent, and *Julietta* to her Chamber.

In two or three Days, every Thing being prepared for his Departure, *Romeo* left the Convent, and, disguised like a foreign Merchant, went privately out of *Verona*: Several of his most faithful Friends conducted him safely to *Mantua*; where he hired a magnifi-

cent House, and having large Appointments from his Father, lived with a Splendor befitting his Quality.

Julietta, in the mean Time, gave herself wholly up to Sorrow; she loathed her Food; Sleep fled from her Eyes; she passed the Days in Sighs and Tears, and the Nights in Complaints and Lamentations. Her Mother observing her continual Grief, reproved her for it many Times; telling her, she had wept enough for the Death of her Cousin, and that it was Time to put an End to her Affliction upon his Account.—*Julietta* replied, that she knew no Cause for Affliction; nevertheless she continued to fly from all Company and Diversion, and gave herself up entirely a Prey to Sadness and Tears; her fixed Melancholy making so great an Alteration in her lovely Face, that she no longer had any Resemblance of the once gay and beautiful *Julietta*.

Romeo never failed to make Use of every Opportunity to write to her, always comforting her in his Letters with Hopes of being soon together, and tenderly intreating her to moderate her Affliction, and become easy and chearful as she was wont to be; but all was in vain; the Absence of *Romeo* was the Cause of her Unhappiness, and till that was removed she was incapable of receiving any Comfort.

Her Mother at last, supposing the Sadness of her Daughter proceeded from her Discontent at seeing so many of her young Companions married, while she had no Husband proposed to her, acquainted her Spouse, the Lord *Capellet*, with her Suspicions:—"Our Daughter,

ter, said she, does nothing but sigh and weep ; I have frequently asked her the Cause of this immoderate Affliction ; she answers me always in the same Tone, that she knows of no Cause ; yet every one in the House perceives her continual Melancholy ; certainly some violent Uneasiness preys upon her Heart ; and if she is suffered to go on thus, she will consume away insensibly like Wax before the Fire : I have imagined a thousand Reasons for this her Sorrow ; but what seems to me to be the most probable is, that having since last Carnival, seen all her Companions become Wives, she is afflicted because a Husband has not yet been proposed to her ; she will be eighteen Years of Age St. *Euphemia's* Day next, and in my Opinion it is now Time we should procure her a good and honourable Husband, for a young Virgin is not Merchandize that will keep long in a House."

"Since it is your Opinion, replied the Lord *Antonio* to his Wife, that this Melancholy of our Daughter is caused by her not having a Husband proposed to her, I will endeavour to procure one suitable to the Dignity of our House ; but let it be your Care to find out whether her Affections are yet engaged, that I may propose such a Match to her as may be agreeable to her Inclinations."

Giovanni replied, that she would do all in her Power to satisfy him in this Particular ; and accordingly she again questioned all *Fu-lietta's* Attendants, and every other Person in the House, who she thought was likely to give her any Information ; but could discover nothing. Some

Some Time after this, a Match was proposed to Lord *Antonio*, between the young *Paris*, Count of *Lodrona*, and his Daughter.

Lord *Antonio* was extremely well pleased with the Proposal, the Count being young, handsome and very rich; and desired his Lady to acquaint her Daughter with the advantageous Offer that was made her.

Lady *Giovanni* did as she was directed; but *Julietta* received this News with such apparent Grief, that her Mother, after long endeavouring in vain to find out the Cause, said at last, “By what I can understand then, my Daughter, you are not willing to be married.”

“It is true, Madam, replied *Julietta*, I never intend to marry any one; and if you love me, and have any Regard for my Peace, you will not think of giving me a Husband.”

“Will you be a Nun then, replied the Mother, in great Amazement; tell me what are your Intentions?”—“I will not be a Nun, said *Julietta*; I know not what I would be; but I long to be in my Grave.”

Lady *Giovanni*, equally surprized and offended at this Answer, was at a Loss what to say or do.—She again enquired of her Daughter’s Attendants if they knew the Cause of her extreme Melancholy.—They replied, that ever since her Cousin *Tibbald*’s Death, she had wholly abandoned herself to Sorrow, was always in Tears, and sought all Occasions of being alone.

Giovanni relating all this to her Husband: He ordered *Julietta* to be called, and, after some little Discourse with her, “Daughter, said

said he, you are now old enough to be married ; I have found a Husband for you, who is young, handsome, noble and rich ; it is the Count of *Lodrona* ; dispose yourself therefore to comply with my Will in this Affair, such Matches offer but seldom."

Julietta, with more Spirit than became one of her Years, replied boldly, that she would not marry.

Her Father, greatly enraged, was ready to beat her ; but checking his Fury a little, he contented himself with threatening her with the most cruel Effects of his Displeasure, if she continued disobedient, and concluded with telling her, that whether she was willing or not she must prepare in a few Days to go with him, her Mother, and other Relations to *Villa Franca*, to meet the young Count, who would be there with a great Retinue on Purpose to see her ; adding, that if she made any Reply, or Resistance, he would break her Head, and make her the most miserable Creature that ever was born.

Julietta remained like one Thunder-struck, at this cruel Language, and, not daring to reply, she retired to her Chamber, and there wrote an Account of all that had passed to *Romeo*.

In a short Time she received an Answer from her beloved Husband, who earnestly conjured her not to afflict herself, but to depend upon the Promise he made her, to come soon to *Verona*, and take her away privately to *Mantua*.

While

While she waited the Effect of this Promise, the Day approached on which she was to go to *Villa-Franca*, where her Father had a fine Seat. Notwithstanding her great Reluctance, she was obliged to go, and the young Count of *Lodrona*, who first saw her at Church, was so struck with her Charms, though now a little impaired by her continual Grief, that he immediately concluded the Marriage Treaty with her Father; who returned with *Julietta* to *Verona*. Here he informed her, that her Marriage with the Count was absolutely resolved upon, exhorting her to be chearful, and submit to his Will with a good Grace.

Julietta made no Answer, but retired to her Chamber, in order to conceal her Affliction, being informed that her Nuptials with Count *Paris* were to be celebrated in a few Weeks. Not knowing what to do in this terrible Extremity, she at last resolved to go to Father *Lorenzo*, and consult with him upon Means to avoid this detested Husband.

Accordingly the next Saint's Day she went to her Mother's Chamber. "My dear Mother, said she at her Entrance, I cannot imagine how this strange Melancholy has grown upon me, but ever since the Death of my Cousin *Tibbald* I have been able to take no Pleasure in any Thing, and my Dejection encreases every Day; I think I will go on this blessed Saint's Day to Confession; perhaps I may receive some Consolation by that Means. What say you, my sweet

sweet Mother, are you pleased with this Proposition? Shall I go?"

Lady *Giovanni*, who was a very pious Woman, greatly approved of her Daughter's Intention, and went with her to the Church of *St. Francis*; where, ordering Father *Lorenzo* to be called, she permitted *Julietta* to go into the Confessionary, and being entered; "My Father, said the afflicted *Julietta*, no one knows better than yourself, what has passed between *Romeo* and me, therefore it is needless to repeat it; you have no doubt read the Letter, which I put into your Hand to be sent to him; in which I informed him, that my Father had promised me to *Paris*, Count of *Lodrona*. *Romeo* writes to me, that he will shortly come and take Measures to prevent this ever happening; but alas! Heaven knows when he will perform his Promise; the Day of my Nuptials is now fixed; I see no Way to avoid the hated Count, who appears to me as a Robber and Assassin. You know that I am the Wife of *Romeo*, and that I cannot be another's; no, I will be my dear *Romeo's* eternally, this is my fixed Resolution; to you therefore I come for Advice and Assistance; hear first, however, what I propose. You shall, my dear Father, provide me a Suit of Boys Cloaths, in which I will leave my Father's House very early in the Morning, and thus disguised travel to *Mantua*, and keep myself concealed in the House of my dear *Romeo*."

The Friar, who was not at all pleased with this Proposition, replied—"My dear Daughter,

ter, it is impossible to execute, with Safety, the Design you have formed, the Dangers are too great; you are very young, your Person and Constitution extremely delicate; you could not endure the Fatigue of such a Journey; you have never been accustomed to walk, and not being acquainted with the Way, would wander here and there, without knowing whither to go: Your Father would no sooner miss you, than he would send People to the City Gates, and into all the Streets to find you, it would be impossible to escape the Search. When you are brought back, will not your Father, by Threats, and perhaps Blows, force you to declare the Reason of your Flight, disguised like a Boy? and when he shall understand, that you was going to *Romeo*, will not he effectually prevent your ever seeing him more?

Julietta, acquiescing in these Reasons of the good Father, replied, "Since you do not approve of what I have proposed, which I am now convinced is not practicable, give me your Advice what to do; teach me how to untye this cruel Knot, by which, miserable that I am, I find myself bound; assist me if possible to get to my dear *Romeo*, for without him I can no longer live; but if you cannot do that, help me at least to the Means of keeping myself entirely his; my Husband has told me of your Knowledge of Herbs, and that you can distil a Water which in two Hours time will steal away Life, from the Person who takes it, without giving any Pain.—Give me such a Quantity of this Water,

Water, as will deliver me from this Count, and make me able to keep my Faith with *Romeo*: If he loves me as I love him, he will rather see me in the Arms of Death, than in those of any other Person; by helping me to this quiet Death, you will deliver me and my Family from great Disgrace, for if I am driven to Despair, and find no other Way to avoid the Miseries that wait me, I will cut my Throat in the Night, for I am determined to dye, rather than violate my Faith to *Romeo*."

Father *Lorenzo*, who was one of the greatest Chemists in his Time, and was well acquainted with the Virtues of Herbs and Stones, among other wonderful Secrets he was posselt of, he had found out and composed with many somniferous Simples a certain Paste, which being reduced to Powder, and a small Quantity of it mixed with Water, would put the Person who drank it into a Sleep so like Death, that the most skilful Physician in the World might be deceived by it, holding them in this sweet Trance forty Hours or more, according to the Quantity of the Powder, or the Constitution of the Patient. He understanding, therefore, the fixed Determination of the unhappy *Julietta*, was so moved with Compassion, that it was with Difficulty he restrained his Tears.

"My Daughter, said he, you must not think of giving yourself Death, because you may depend upon it there is no returning to Life, until the Day of universal Judgment, when together, with all the Dead, you shall
be

be raised again; be patient, and resolve to live as long as God pleases, he gave you Life, he preserves it, and in his own good Time he will resume it. Banish these melancholy Thoughts from your Mind; you are young, and ought to be fond of Life, that you may enjoy your *Romeo*; do not doubt, but we shall find a Remedy for the Evils you are afraid of—You see in what great Credit and Reputation I am in this magnificen City, should it be known that I was privy to your Marriage with *Romeo*, what Disgrace would it not bring upon me! I will my dear Daughter so manage Matters, that, without drawing you into any Danger, you shall preserve your Faith to *Romeo*; but you must be courageous and resolved, and punctually observe all my Directions.’

He then related to her the extraordinary Virtues of the Powder before mentioned, assuring her that it had been often tried, and always found perfect. “My Daughter, added he, this precious and valuable Powder, will, as I have said, put you into so sound and quiet a Sleep, that if *Galen, Hippocrates, Mesue, Avicenna*, and all the Colleges of the most excellent Physicians that are, or ever were, were to see you, and feel your Pulse, they would with one Voice declare you dead. When you have drank the Mixture you will in a few Moments fall asleep; at your usual Hour of rising your Attendants will come to awake you, but not be able; and you being cold as Ice, without Pulse, or any Signs of Life, your Parents, Relations, and all who see you, will

will believe you to be dead, and you will be carried to the Monument of your Family, there you will quietly repose the Night and Day: I will take care to dispatch a Messenger to *Romeo*, and he and I will come the Night following that which you are interred to the Monument; and when the Dose is fully digested, you will awake from this artificial Death as fresh and lovely as when you rise in a Morning from your Bed, after a quiet Rest; we will then take you from the Monument, and you shall return with *Romeo* secretly to *Mantua*, and there remain concealed till the blessed Peace I am meditating reconciles your two Houses; but I must again repeat to you that Secrecy and Courage is absolutely necessary for our Design, otherwise you will ruin both yourself and me."

Julietta, who would have passed through a glowing Furnace to get to *Romeo*, gave absolute Credit to the Friar's Words, and replied, "Father, I will put myself entirely into your Hands, and perform whatever you require with the greatest Secrecy."

The Friar then going to the Chamber, returned in a few Moments with a sufficient Quantity of the Powder; which he directed her to mix in a Glass of Water. *Julietta*, with many Thanks, received it, and put it into a Purse, which she carefully concealed in her Bosom.

The Friar, who could with Difficulty believe so young a Creature had Fortitude enough to suffer herself to be interred living in a Sepulchre with putrefied Carcasses, said to her:

"But

“But my Daughter, tell me sincerely, do you not tremble at the Thoughts of being intombed amongst mouldering Bodies; where also the Corse of your Cousin *Tibbald*, newly slain, is interred?”

“Father, replied the determined *Julietta*, do not trouble yourself about my Fears; if I thought I should find my *Romeo* by passing through the Midst of infernal Flames, I would without trembling dare the everlasting Fires.”

“In the Name of God then, said the Friar, go on with your Enterprize.” Then taking leave of her, he went back to his Chamber, and *Julietta* joined her Mother, who was waiting for her in the Church; and as soon as they were at home, “Certainly, my dear Mother, said *Julietta*, Father *Lorenzo* is a most holy Man; he has comforted me so much by his pious Discourse, that the terrible Melancholy I have so long laboured under, begins already to abate of its Force.”

Lady *Giovanni*, who already perceived an agreeable Change in the Countenance of her Daughter, was extremely pleased, and thanked God and the good Friar for it a thousand Times; telling her Husband they ought, in Gratitude for such a Service from Friar *Lorenzo*, to make a present to his Monastery.

Julietta's Chearfulness persuading both her Father and Mother that there was no Cause for the Suspicion they had entertained of her being secretly in Love, they began to repent they had entered into such strict Engagements with the Count of *Lodrona*, because the extreme Youth of their Daughter made them willing to
keep

keep her unmarried two or three Years longer; but the Match having been concluded upon on both Sides, they could not break it off without great Scandal.

The Night before the Day on which the Nuptials were to be celebrated, *Julietta*, who thought every Moment a Year till she drank the Potion, mixed it with some Water in a Phial, and placed it secretly at her Bed's Head; the Nurse who lay with her, falling asleep soon after she was in Bed.

Julietta, who could not take any Repose, passed the Night in various and affecting Thoughts; the Dawn approaching, put her in Mind that it was Time to drink the Potion; when the Image of *Tibbald*, dead as she had lately seen him, with the Blood flowing from his Wound, rose to her Imagination, and reflecting that she would soon be inclosed in a dark Monument amidst so many dead Bodies and mouldering Bones, her Blood froze in her Veins, a cold Sweat hung upon all her Limbs, and she began to tremble like a Leaf shaken by the Winds.—“Alas! said she, softly sighing, what am I going to do? Where shall I suffer myself to be carried? If I should awake before the Friar and *Romeo* come to take me out of the Monument, what will become of me? How shall I be able to endure the Stench of the dead Body of *Tibbald*! I, who cannot suffer any disagreeable Smell to approach me! who knows how many Serpents and horrid Worms there may be in that Sepulchre! Creatures I so much fear and abhor; and if I am terrified only at the Sight of them, how shall I endure to have them

them stinging and crawling about me? how often have I heard horrid Stories related of dreadful Things which happen in the Night in Churches and Churchyards !”

These, and many more Thoughts of the like Nature, so tormented her Imagination, that she began to deliberate with herself whether she should not throw away that terrible Potion.

Continuing thus irresolute a long Time, her fervent Love for *Romeo* at last got the better of her Fears, and the Day now shining through her Window, she took the Phial from her Pillow, and courageously drank off the Liquor, which, in a few Moments, producing its usual Effects, she fell in a profound Sleep.

Her Nurse, who had been sensible she had slept but little in the Night, thinking she was now reposing, rose softly for Fear of disturbing her, and went about her usual Business; and when it was Time to awake her, she returned to her Chamber, saying as she entered, “Up, up you Slug-a-bed, its Time to rise;” then opening the Window, and perceiving *Julietta* did not yet move, she approached the Bed, crying “Rise, rise you lazy ones;” but the good old Woman was calling to the Deaf;—then raising her Voice, she called her aloud, shaking her to dissipate her Sleep; but all her vital Faculties were so bound up, that the loudest and most horrible Thunders would not have been able to awake her.

The poor old Woman believing her now to be certainly dead, burst into Tears and Complaints,

Complaints, and went to acquaint the unhappy Mother with the News, who, flying with distracted Pace to *Julietta's* Chamber, and beholding her stretched breathless upon the Bed, she filled the Air with dreadful Shrieks, uttering such moving Expressions of Sorrow as might have softened the Rage of Tygers themselves. The Tears and Groans of the Nurse, and piercing Cries of the wretched Mother, brought all the Family to the Chamber, and among the rest the Lord *Antonio*, who approaching the Bed, and finding his Daughter without Sense or Motion, and cold as Ice, Astonishment and Grief made him for some Moments immoveable as a Statue.

The sad News being spread through the City, all the Relations and Friends of the Family hastened to Lord *Antonio's* House, and filled it with Tears and Lamentations; the most famous Physicians were immediately sent for; but all their Art proved ineffectual, and they declared she was absolutely dead.

At this cruel Confirmation of their Fears, their Weepings and Lamentations redoubled; the whole City took Part in the Grief of this Family, and every one bewailed the unexpected Death of the young and beautiful *Julietta*.

But what Words can express the deep Distress, the wild Affliction of the wretched Mother! deaf to all the Consolation that was offered to her, she gave a Loose to Despair: Now in the wild Agony of Grief she tore her Hair, and shrieking, pierced the Skies with her Complaints; now sinking under the Load of unutterable Sorrow, with Eyes streaming

with Tears, and Sighs which seemed to shake her whole Frame, she silently bewailed her Loss; three Times she threw herself upon the Bed, and clasping the cold *Julietta* to her sobbing Bosom, fell breathless on the Body, and was with Difficulty brought back to Life.

Lord *Antonio*, who had tenderly loved his Daughter, was no less afflicted for her Death, than his Wife; but strove with manly Fortitude to conceal his Anguish in his own Breast in order to quiet her's.

In the mean Time, Father *Lorenzo* wrote to *Romeo* all that had passed between him and *Julietta*; he desired him to come the next Night, disguised, to *Verona*, and assist him in taking his Wife from the Tomb, and carry her with him to *Mantua*.

This Letter he gave to a faithful Brother of the Order, strictly charging him to hasten with it to *Mantua*, and give it to *Romeo Montecchio*, and no other Person whatever.

The Friar accordingly departed for *Mantua*; and arriving there in good Time, alighted at the Convent of St. *Francis*, with an Intention to desire the Superior to let one of the Brothers accompany him into the City, where he had some Business to transact.

It happened, that a Friar of that Convent was just then dead; and because it was suspected, from some Marks on his Body, that he died of the Plague, the Deputies of Health, the same Moment that the *Veronese* Friar arrived, came to the Superior, with Orders from the Lord of the City, that he should not suffer any one belonging to his Convent to stir out

out upon any Occasion whatever, for fear of spreading the Contagion.

The *Veronese* Friar, in vain represented to the Deputies, that he was but just arrived from *Verona*, and had not yet spoke with any Person in the Convent; they obliged him to remain shut up with the other Friars, by which Means he could not deliver the Letter to *Romeo* himself, and would not, according to his Orders, send it by any other Person.

While this passed at *Mantua*, in *Verona* they were making great Preparations for the Funeral Obsequies of *Julietta*, which, agreeable to the Custom of the Place, were to be performed the Day on which she died.

Pietro, the faithful Confident of *Romeo*, being then at *Verona*, and hearing that *Julietta* was dead, was almost out of his Wits for Grief; at first he was for going directly to *Mantua*, but upon Reflexion he resolved to stay till she was buried, that he might be able to say to his Master, he had really seen her dead. *Julietta* then was carried with great Pomp to the Monument of the *Capelletti*, amidst the Sighs and Tears of all the Inhabitants of *Verona*. *Pietro* at this Sight was so lost in Affliction, reflecting how ardently she was beloved by his Master, that he never thought of going to Father *Lorenzo* to consult with him, as he was accustomed; but, having seen *Julietta* entombed, he mounted his Horse, and rode hard, till he got to *Villa-Franca*, where he stopt to refresh himself, and after a short Sleep, rising two Hours before Day, he remounted his Horse, and reached *Mantua* at Sun-rise.

Romeo was still in Bed, when he entered his Chamber ; and poor *Pietro* was so much affected with the sad News he brought, that for some Moments he was unable to utter a Word ; but his Sighs, and the Tears which ran down in great Abundance from his Eyes, persuaded his Master, that some ill Accident had happened, though he was far from guessing at the real one ; yet with some Impatience, he asked him, “ If his Father, and all his Friends at *Verona* were well ” “ Speak,” added he, beginning to be more alarmed ; finding he still continued silent and weeping, “ Keep me no longer in Suspence, but tell me what is the Cause of that Affliction I see you in.”

Pietro with a faltering Voice, then told him, that *Julietta* was dead, that he had seen her laid in the Monument of the *Capelletti*, and that it was reported in *Verona*, that Grief was the Cause of her Death.

Romeo, struck as with a Thunder-bolt at this dreadful News, remained for some Time in a speechless Agony of Grief ; then furiously springing out of his Bed, “ Ah Traitor ! cried he aloud, cruel, perfidious and ingrateful *Romeo*, it was not Sorrow that killed thy Wife, Grief is not so quick a Murderer ! Ah ! no, it was thy Cruelty that killed her : Did she not tell thee in her Letters, she would dye rather than be the Wife of any other, and earnestly entreat thee to come, and take her from her Father’s House, and thou, unworthy lingering Lover, amused her with vain Promises, but had not Resolution enough to perform them, and dost thou now
stand

stand idly weeping, and *Julietta* dead!—Oh my *Julietta*! cried he, raising his Voice, art thou dead, and do I live!—Ah Wretch! how often have I told her, that I could not live without her, and yet I live, I breathe, and she is dead!—Where is she, added he, gazing wildly round the Room, is she not here, here hovering about me, expecting me to follow her!—Hark; she calls me; behold, she says, behold me here, deceitful Lover and unfaithful Husband. Oh pardon me! my dearest Wife; I own my Guilt, and since Grief is not powerful enough to deprive me of Life; my own Hand shall perform that Office, and do what Grief is not able to do.”---This said, he suddenly snatched his Sword from the Head of his Bed and turned the Point of it to his Bosom; but *Pietro* springing hastily to him pushed the Sword out of his Hand, endeavouring by all the soft Persuasions he was Master of to prevail upon him to change his dreadful Purpose.

Romeo, overwhelmed with unutterable Anguish, stood silent and motionless all the Time he was speaking, resembling more a Marble Statue than a living Man; at last the stubborn Sorrow found a vent, and his Eyes, at once unlocking all their Springs, poured out a River of Tears.

Though the Frenzy of his Sorrow was by this Means somewhat allayed, yet Despair had taken such Possession of his Soul, that he was fixed in his Resolution not to live, but carefully concealing his Design, lest he should be prevented from executing it, he charged

Pietro, with a dissembled Calmness in his Looks and Voice, not to mention the Death of his Wife, and the fatal Error he had like to have been guilty of, to any Person whatever, but to mount a fresh Horse, and set out immediately for *Verona*, whither he would follow him--“Let not my Father know, continued he, that I am coming, but provide me some Instruments for opening the Sepulchre, where my *Julietta* is interred, and wait for me at the Out-House behind our Garden; I will meet you there, and we will go together to the Monument of the *Capelletti*, for I must once more have a Sight of my dearest Wife, pale and cold as she now lies in Death, then early in the Morning I will return to *Mantua*, and you may follow a little Time after.”

Pietro, not suspecting his Intention, departed immediately to perform his Commission, and *Romeo*, as soon as he was gone, wrote a Letter to his Father, in which he entreated his Pardon for having married without asking his Consent, and related at large his Love for *Julietta*, their Marriage, and the fatal Consequences; he conjured him also, since *Julietta* had been his Daughter to have perpetual Masses said for her Soul, and in order to reward the Fidelity of his Servant *Pietro*, he desired that a handsome Provision might be made for him out of the Estate which had been bequeathed him by an Aunt lately deceased, and since he had yet received no Part of it, he ordered the first Rents to be given to the Poor; having declared this to be his last Will, he earnestly entreated his Father, to fulfil it in every particular; then closing the Letter, he sealed it, and put it

it in his Bosom. This done, he gave Orders to have a Horse made ready, and, telling his Servants he would return the next Day, he put on the Habit of a *German* Soldier, and, taking with him a Phial full of Mortal Poison, he mounted his Horse, and took the Road to *Verona*. Having rode pretty fast, he arrived there in the Evening, and went to the House where he had appointed to meet *Pietro*, who having provided every Thing that he had been commanded, they went together at four o'Clock in the Morning to the Churchyard, which was in the Citadel, and got to the Monument of the *Capelletti* without being discovered.

The Vault being opened, without much Difficulty, with the Instruments they had brought with them, they propt up the Top with Poles, and *Romeo* taking a dark Lanthorn, which *Pietro* had also provided, he descended into the Vault: Here he beheld his Wife dead as she appeared, and stretched out upon her Bier.

Romeo at this Sight fell fainting upon her Breast, and continued for some Moments in a Death more real than hers; recovering at last to a painful Sense of agonizing Woe, he took his Wife in his Arms, and holding her close prest to his Bosom, bathed her cold Face with his Tears, which flowed in such Abundance, that for a long Time he was not able to utter a Word; but when he recovered the Use of Speech, he broke into such moving Complaints, as might have softened the fiercest and most impenetrable Souls to Compassion. Continuing still fixed in his Resolution to dye, he took the Phial out of his Pocket, and drank off the fatal Draught in a Moment, then ascend-

ing a few Steps, he called to *Pietro*, who was standing in a Corner of the Church-yard.—
“ *Pietro*, said he, when he approached, behold here my Wife, how much I did and do love her, thou partly knowest; thou knowest also, that it is as much impossible for me to live without her, as it is for a Body to live without a Soul; I therefore brought with me a Poison, which in less than half an Hour procures a certain Death; this I have gladly drank this Moment, that dying near her, whom in Life I so passionately adored, I may remain with her dead, since my cruel Destiny would not permit us to live together.— See, there is the Phial, which I have emptied, it was given me thou may’st remember by a Mountebank in *Mantua*, who came from *Spoletta*, and brought with him living Aspicks and other Serpents, the Water it contained was distilled from those Creatures and other Serpents. God of his infinite Mercy pardon me this Act, since I did not destroy myself to offend him, but because it was not possible for me to live without my dearest Wife.— Think not, *Pietro*, added he, wiping away the Tears that flowed from his Eyes, while he was speaking, think not because thou seest me weep, that I lament my Death at these early Years. No, my weeping proceeds from the Anguish I feel for the untimely Death of her, who was worthy of a much longer, and much more happy Life. Here, said he, pulling out the Letter, give this to my Father, it contains some particular Requests, which I have desired him to perform after my Death, as well concerning

cerning my Interment in this Monument, as my Servants in *Mantua*, and you in particular: I am persuaded my Father will faithfully execute all I have required in this Letter—Farewel—I can no more—I feel already the Approach of Death—The powerful Poison wanders through all my Limbs, and will shortly enter the last Retreat of Life—I shall expire in half an Hour—Take away the Props from the Vault, and leave me to breathe my Last in the Bosom of my adored Wife.”

Pietro, at these Words of his Master, seemed to feel his Heart tore from his Breast; such was the Excess of his Sorrow: Fain he would have done something to assist him, but it was now in vain; there was no Remedy for that fatal Poison.

Romeo, descending again, took *Julietta* in his Arms, and after calling *Pietro* to close up the Vault, fixed his dying Lips on the Mouth of his Wife, and holding her fast folded to his Breast, waited for Death in that Posture.

Julietta, who had now digested the sleeping Powder, began to awake, and, her Senses, perfectly returning, feeling herself fast embraced, she suspected the Friar was going to carry her to his Cell with some impure Design. Possessed with this Thought, “Ah! Father *Lorenzo*, said she, is this the Fidelity you owe to *Romeo*? Do you thus abuse the Trust he reposed in you?” Endeavouring then to free herself from those suspected Embraces, and opening her Eyes at the same Time, she saw and knew

her *Romeo*, though disguised in the Habit of a *German Soldier*.

“And are you here my Love, said she? Where is Father *Lorenzo*? Why don't you take me out of this Monument? Haste, let us go, I beseech you.”

Romeo, when he saw her open her Eyes, and heard her speak, was sensible immediately that she was really alive, and feeling in the same Moment an Excess of Joy and Sorrow, he strained her eagerly to his Bosom, and weeping, cried, “Oh Life of my Life, and by far the dearest Part of me, what Man ever felt the extatic Joy I feel this Instant, which brings me the full Confirmation that thou art not dead but alive, and well in my Arms: But Oh! was ever Anguish equal to mine? at the same Time, since this happy, this miserable Moment, I feel myself going to be tore from thee by Death; now when Life would be most welcome to me; a quarter of an Hour is all the Time I can possibly live: Was there ever, Oh cruel Heaven! an Object at one and the same Moment, so exquisitely happy and so transcendently miserable: How can I do otherwise than rejoice, my sweetest, my most lovely Wife, when I behold you living, whose sudden and unexpected Death I have so bitterly wept; but Oh my Sorrow is also extreme, that now, when Life would be dear to me, since, in possessing you, I have all for which I wish to live, now to be torn from you! How severe, how beyond Measure cruel, is my Destiny!”

Julietta

Julietta hearing *Romeo* speak in this Manner, being now quite awakened, replied—
 “What Words are these you speak to me, my dearest Lord ; is this all the Comfort you intend to give me ; and did you come from *Mantua* to bring me this fatal News ?

Romeo then, in a few Words, telling her what he had done, and the Cause of it—
 “Alas ! alas ! cried the miserable *Julietta*, what do I hear!—Oh what is it you tell me!—By what I understand then, Father *Lorenzo* did not write you an Account of the Measures he and I had taken, though he promised me faithfully to do so.”

Here *Julietta*, weeping, sighing, and bitterly complaining, amidst interrupting bursts of Sorrow, recounted all that the Friar and she had done to avoid being married to the young Nobleman her Father had provided for her.

Romeo, hearing this, felt his Grief and Agony redoubled ; and while *Julietta* with Heart-piercing Groans lamented their unhappy Fate, calling the Heavens, the Stars, and all the Elements most cruel and unmerciful, her dying Husband, observing the Corpse of *Tibbald* lying near him, turned towards it—

“Oh *Tibbald*, said he, if in thy present State thou art capable of knowing any Thing, thou must know that I sought not to offend thee ; but that my Intention, by mixing in the Combat, was to persuade thy Party to retire, and mine to lay down their Arms ; but thou, possessed by long hereditary Hatred against me, assaulted me cruelly with most untameable Malice ; then losing all Patience, I scorned to

move one Step to avoid thee, and thy ill Destiny made me kill thee: Now then I ask thee Pardon for that Offence; so much the greater, as thou wert then become my Kinsman by my Marriage with thy Cousin: If thou desirest Vengeance on me, behold the fatal Consequences of thy Death; could'st thou wish for a more compleat Revenge than that thy Murderer should here in thy Presence come to give himself a voluntary Death, and dying, seek a Corner of thy Sepulchre to remain interred beside thee; so that, though in Life we were Enemies, yet in Death one Grave may hold us peaceably together."

Pietro, at this piteous Discourse of the dying Husband, and the piercing Cries and bitter Complaints of the wretched Wife, stood motionless with Horror and Grief, almost doubting if the melancholy Scene he beheld was real; and not knowing what to say or do, remained fixed like a Statue on the Side of the Monument.

"Oh, *Romeo*, said the exquisitely distressed *Julietta*, since it is not the Will of God that we should live together, I may at least be permitted to remain with you here; for Oh! be assured I will never, never forsake you."

Romeo then taking her in his Arms, began with the gentlest and most tender Soothings to calm her Sorrow, and persuade her to live, telling her he could not die in Peace, unless he was assured she would preserve her Life; but while he was speaking, he felt his Strength forsake him by Degrees, his Eyes grew dim, and all the Powers of his Body so weakened, that he

he was no longer able to stand, but letting himself gently sink on the Ground, and looking piteously in the Face of his afflicted Wife, “Alas! said he, my Love,—I am dying.”

Friar *Lorenzo*, who, for what Reason is unknown, was not willing to take *Julietta* out of the Monument, and carry her to his Chamber the Night she was interred, the following Night finding *Romeo* did not appear, accompanied by a faithful Brother of the Order, he came to the Monument with Instruments to break open the Vault, and arrived there the same Moment that *Romeo* sunk down upon the Earth, and seeing it already opened, and *Pietro* standing by it, he asked him where *Romeo* was.

Julietta hearing the Voice, and knowing it to be the Friar’s, raising her Head, and weeping, said, “Heaven pardon you, how well you sent the Letter to *Romeo*!”

“I sent it, replied he, by Friar *Anselmo*, with whom you are acquainted; wherefore then do you speak to me in this Manner?”

“Descend, replied *Julietta*, (redoubling her Tears) and see.”

The Friar going down, immediately perceived *Romeo* stretched out, having yet some small Remainder of Life; “Oh, my Son! Oh, *Romeo*! cried he, what does this mean?”

Romeo, opening his languishing Eyes, and knowing the Friar, with Tears which ran fast down his dying Cheeks, recommended *Julietta* to his Care, and devoutly asked Pardon of God and him for the Offence he had been guilty of in hastening his own Death.

It

It was with great Difficulty the unhappy Lover pronounced these last Words, which, as soon as he had finished, he expired—*Julietta*, shrieking aloud, and calling many Times on the Name of her loved Husband, oppressed at last with agonizing Grief, fell fainting on his Body, and continued so long in that State of Insensibility, that the two Friars and *Pietro*, who were busied in giving her all the Assistance they were able, thought she was dead: Recovering however to a painful Sense of Woe, she wildy wrung her Hands, tore off her Hair, and bathed the lifeless Body with her Tears; then clasping him to her throbbing Bosom—“ Oh thou loved Center of all my Wishes, said she, my dear, my only Lord, once the sole Bliss of my Life, now, ah! now my only Misery!—How art thou cut off in the Spring of Youth, and early Bloom of Beauty!—Thou, at a Time when all are fondest of Life, hast willingly shortened thy Course; and me, me, the unhappy Cause!—Yes, my dearest Lord, thou didst come to finish thy Days in the Arms of her, who, in Life, thou hadst loved most, and who loved thee above all earthly Things—Hither thou didst come to breathe thy last Sighs, and to be interred near me; not suspecting these bitter Tears would have bewailed thee dead—Where art thou now, my Love?—Art thou not still with me?—I know thou art—Thou can’st not stay in a Place where I am not—Thy dear Spirit still wanders about me—I see—I hear thee—Thou wonderest at my long Stay—Fear not, my dearest Lord, but I will follow thee: The
most

most painful Death that could be inflicted on me would not equal the Torments of living without thee—I come then, I come, my only Love—Stay one Moment for me; that my freed Soul may mount with thine, and be with thee for ever.”

The two Friars and *Pietro*, wholly subdued by Grief, wept excessively at this dismal Scene; yet they used their utmost Endeavours to comfort her, but all in vain.

“My Daughter, said Father *Lorenzo*, what is done cannot now be undone: If Tears could recal thy *Romeo* to Life, ours should flow as fast as thine; but there is no Remedy for what is past; comfort thyself then and resolve to live; and if thou art not willing to return to thy Father’s House, I will place thee in a holy Monastery, where thou may’st spend the Remainder of thy Life in serving God, and praying for the Soul of *Romeo*.”

Julietta, whose Thoughts were wholly swallowed up in the blackest Despair, heard with gloomy Silence all the Friar had been saying, and, obstinately bent on Death, collecting her whole Force of Grief, and violently restraining all the Powers of Life, she expired, holding her *Romeo* fast locked in her Arms.

While the two Friars and *Pietro* were endeavouring to recover her, some Soldiers passing that way by Chance, alarmed by the Light they saw in the Monument, ran hastily thither; being informed of what had happened to the unfortunate Lovers, they left the Friars under a good Guard, and took *Pietro* along

along with them to the Prince, to whom he minutely related their whole History.

The Morn being now come, the whole City was filled with Grief and Consternation at this melancholy Adventure; the People ran in Crouds to the Monument of the *Capelletti*; and the Prince being resolved that one Grave should hold the faithful Lovers, their Funeral Obsequies were performed with great Pomp by the two distressed Families of the *Montecchi* and *Capelletti*, between whom there was afterwards a transient Peace. The Friar and *Pietro* were pardoned, and the Father of *Romeo*, in every Particular, fulfilled the dying Requests of his beloved Son.





OBSERVATIONS on the Use Shakespear has made of the foregoing Novel in his Tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*.

ON the Incidents in the foregoing Novel, *Shakespear* has formed the Fable of his *Romeo and Juliet*, one of the most regular of all his Tragedies. How closely he has followed the Story may be partly seen by this Translation, which is literal from the Original *Italian* of *Bandello*; yet I think it will not be difficult to prove, or at least to make it appear highly probable, that he never saw, and did not understand the Original, but copied from a *French* Translation extant in his Time; or, what is equally probable, from an *English* Translation of that *French* one, both very bad, in some Places rather paraphrased than translated; in others, the Author's Sense absolutely mistaken, many Circumstances injudiciously added, and many more altered for the worse, or wholly omitted. The Story of *Romeo and Juliet* may be found translated in a Book, entituled, *Histoires Tragiques extraictes des Oeuvres de Bandel*, printed in *Paris*, in the Year 1571, seven Years after *Shakespear* was born. A literal Translation of this

this Story, from the *French*, is in the second Tome of the *Palace of Pleasure*, printed at *London* in the Year 1567, which is a Collection of Novels, translated into *English* by *William Painter*, from several *Greek*, *Latin*, *Spanish* and *Italian* Authors (as the Title Page says) but some of them are taken from Translations of those Authors into *French*, of which *Romeo and Juliet* is one.

Had *Shakespear* ever seen the original Novel in *Bandello*, he would have been sensible that the Translation of it is extremely bad: That he did not see it, must be owing to nothing else than his not understanding *Italian*; for can it be supposed, that having resolved to write a Tragedy upon the Subject of an *Italian* Story, he would rather chuse to copy from a bad Translation of that Story, than follow the Original.

This Supposition would be as absurd as to imagine a Man would slake his Thirst with the muddy Waters of a polluted Stream, when the clear Spring, from whence it issues, is within his Reach. That *Shakespear* consulted the Translator, appears from his having followed him in all the Alterations he has made in the Original; some few of which I shall take notice of, and shew that in some Places he has not only taken Circumstances from the Translator, but also made Use of his Thoughts and Expressions.

In *Bandello* the Lovers pass the Night after their Nuptials in the Garden; the Translator makes *Romeo* ascend the Chamber of *Julietta*,

Julietta, in which he is followed by *Shakespear*.

The Translation makes them both complain of the Tedioufness of the Day, with the Sun to hasten his Course, or that they were able to add Wings to his Speed ; *Bandello* is silent upon the Subject, but *Shakespear* puts almost the same Words in the Mouth of *Juliet*.

The Translator makes *Juliet*, upon hearing that her Cousin is slain by *Romeo*, break into Complaints and Reproaches against her Husband, and after she has for some Time given a Loose to her Resentment, her returning Tenderness for *Romeo* forces her to repent of the injurious Words which, in the first Emotions of her Grief and Rage, she had uttered against him ; she condemns herself for her too hasty Censure, and begs Pardon of the absent *Romeo* for her unkind Reproaches.

There is not the least Foundation for all this in the Original. *Bandello* every where shews *Juliet* so much engrossed by her extreme Passion for *Romeo*, that all other Affections, all Tyes of Consanguinity, all filial Duty and Obedience is swallowed up in the Immensity of her Love ; and therefore when the News of *Tibbald's* Death and *Romeo's* Banishment is brought to her at the same Time, she does not weep for the Death of her Cousin, but for the Banishment of her Husband. *Shakespear* has indeed the same Thought : *Juliet* being told by her Nurse, that her Parents were weeping over the dead Body of *Tibbald*, replies,

“ Wash

“ Wash they his Wound with Tears ; mine
shall be spent
When their’s are dry, for *Romeo’s* Banish-
ment.”

Her superior Affection for *Romeo* is also painted by *Shakespear* in that Speech wherein she laments his Banishment, and acknowledges it is a greater Misfortune to her than the Death of all her Relations would be ; but both these Circumstances the Translator has in common with *Bandello* : He differs from him in making *Juliet* complain of her Husband’s Cruelty in killing her Cousin, and *Shakespear* has exactly followed that Hint.

When the Father of *Juliet* is informed of his Daughter’s Sorrow for having offended him in refusing Count *Paris* for her Husband, *Shakespear* makes him praise the good Friar, by whom he supposes all this Alteration was brought about, in almost the same Words of the Translator.

“ Now ’fore God, this reverend holy Friar,
Our whole City is much bound to him.

This is not the first Benefit we have received from this holy Man, to whom every Citizen in this Commonwealth is dearly bound.”

But in *Bandello* the Mother of *Juliet* only says, “ That in Gratitude for the Friar’s successful Admonitions they ought to make a
Present

Present to his Monastery, which was very poor."

In *Bandello*, the Friar, who is sent with the Letters to *Romeo*, is detained at a Monastery in *Mantua*: The Translator makes him be stopped at his own Convent in *Verona*; which last is followed by *Shakespear*.

There is no Mention made in the Original of the Apothecary, of whom *Romeo* buys the Poison; there we are only told that he had mortal Drugs in his Possession, which was given him by a *Spoletto* Mountebank in *Mantua*, long before.

The Translator makes him walk through the Streets in *Mantua* in order to find a Person that would sell him such a Composition, and accordingly he goes into the Shop of an Apothecary, whose Poverty is observable from the miserable Furniture of it; and he for a Bribe of fifty Ducats furnishes him with a strong Poison.

Shakespear has not only copied this Circumstance from the Translator, but also borrowed some Hints from him in his celebrated Description of the miserable Shop.

These few Instances are sufficient to prove that *Shakespear* took the Incidents on which he has founded his Tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet* from the Translation; and consequently that he did not peruse, because he did not understand, the original *Italian*.

His Management of the Tomb Scene, and the Death of the two Lovers, is entirely copied from the Translator, who differs greatly from the Original in those Circumstances.

The

The plain and simple Narration of that melancholy Event in *Bandello* is more natural, more pathetic, and fitter to excite the Passions of Pity and Terror, than the Catastrophe of the Tragedy, as managed by *Shakespear*, who has kept close by the Translator.

In *Bandello*, when *Pietro* informs his Master of *Juliet's* Death, Astonishment and Grief for some Moments deprive him of Speech; recovering a little, he breaks into Complaints and Self-Reproaches; then, wild with Despair, he flies to his Sword, and endeavours to kill himself, but being prevented by his Servant, he sinks into an Excess of silent Sorrow, and, while he weeps, calmly deliberates on the Means he should use to die in the Monument with *Juliet*.

The Translator makes *Romeo*, upon receiving the fatal News, resolve immediately to poison himself; and for that Purpose *Romeo* dissembles his Affliction, and tells his Servant he will go and walk about the Streets of *Mantua* to divert himself; but his real Design is to procure some Poison, which having purchased of a poor Apothecary, he goes immediately to *Verona*.

Shakespear has here copied the Translator exactly, and makes *Romeo* in the Midst of his Affliction for the Death of his Wife, and while the horrible Design of killing himself was forming in his Mind, give a ludicrous Detail of the miserable Furniture of a poor Apothecary's Shop; a Description, however beautiful in itself, is here so ill timed, and so inconsistent with the Condition and Circumstances

stances of the Speaker, that we cannot help being shocked at the Absurdity, though we admire the Beauty of the Imagination.

There appears so much Contrivance and Method in *Romeo's* Design of buying Poison, and going to *Verona* to drink it in the Monument of his Wife, that he might expire near her, that we can hardly suppose it to be the spontaneous Effect of a sudden and furious Transport of Grief. In the Original therefore we see him not taking this Resolution till the first violent Sallies of his Sorrow are abated; till after, in a sudden Transport of Despair, he had ineffectually endeavoured to fall upon his Sword; but while he forms that fatally regulated Design, he is dissolved in Tears, and plunged in a calm and silent Excess of Sorrow.

The *French* Translator makes *Romeo*, when he breaks open the Monument where *Juliet* lies, command his Servant to be gone and leave him alone, fiercely menacing him with Death if he disobeys.

Shakespeare does more than imitate him here; for in the Play *Romeo* injudiciously adds a Reason for that Command; which so far from forcing Obedience, ought rather to have prevented it.

“The Time and my Intents are savage wild;
More fierce, and more inexorable far
Than empty Tygers, or the roaring Sea.”

Yet *Romeo*, a few Lines above in the same Speech, condescends to dissemble with his
Servant

Servant as to the Cause of his going into the Monument.

“ Why I descend into this Bed of Death,
Is partly to behold my Lady’s Face;
But chiefly to take thence from her dead
Finger

A precious Ring, a Ring which I must use
In dear Employment.”

To pass by the Absurdity of those Contradictions, let us only compare this wild and inconsistent Behaviour of *Romeo* in the Translation and the Play, with the calm, sedate, yet fixed Despair of *Romeo* in the Original.

As soon as he has determined upon the Manner of his Death, he writes an affecting Letter to his Father, in which he relates the History of his Love and Marriage with *Julietta*; entreats his Pardon for disposing of himself without consulting him; provides handsomely for all his Servants, particularly his Confident, *Pietro*; and earnestly entreats that he may be interred in the Monument with *Juliet*, where he goes to die.

This done, taking the Letter and Poison with him, he goes to *Verona*, opens the Monument by the Help of *Pietro*, and desiring him to watch in the Church-yard lest any Person should surprize him, he descends into the Vault; there, after tenderly gazing on his Wife, and giving some Moments to the Tears and Complaints which that sad Object drew from him, he drinks off the Poison; then ascending a few Steps, and leaning on the Side
of

of the Monument, he calls his Servant; tells him what he had done; gives him the Letter to his Father; assures him he will be well provided for, at his dying Request; then taking Leave of him, descends again into the Vault, and clasping the Body of his Wife in his Arms, calls out to *Pietro* to close the Monument upon him, and leave him to expire.

There is something extremely affecting in this determined, yet calm, and (if the Expression may be permitted) gentle Despair of *Romeo*, in the Original: His desiring to have the Monument closed upon him, while he is yet alive, that he may expire in the Arms of his beloved *Juliet*, is also beautifully pathetic, and consistent with that violent Passion he had for her when living.

Romeo, in the *French* and *English* Translations, dies before *Juliet* awakes, and the Friar and *Peter* enters the Monument the same Moment that he expires; then *Juliet* awaking, they press her to leave the Monument, but she refusing, and they both being alarmed at the Approach of some Soldiers, cowardly run away, and *Juliet*, left alone, stabs herself with a Dagger.

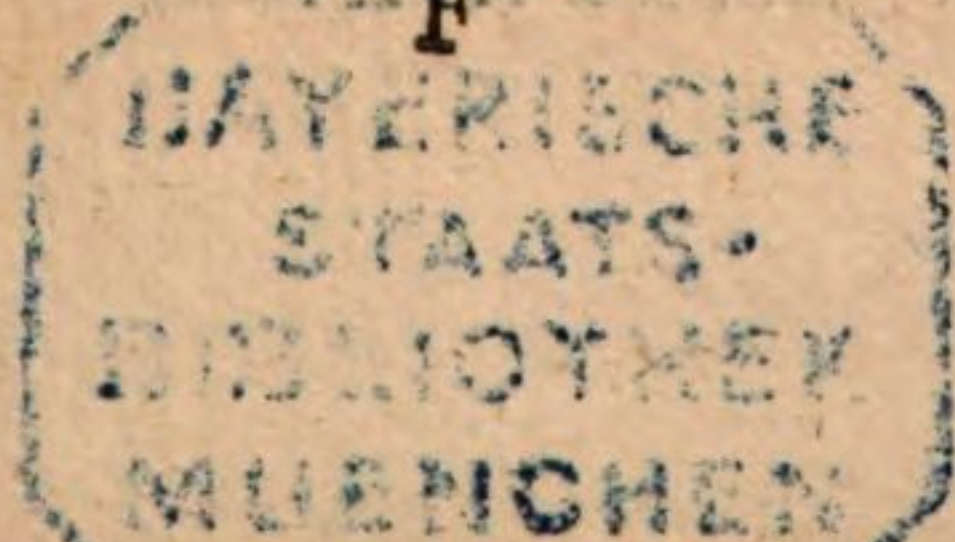
Shakespear has copied all these Circumstances from the Translator. *Romeo* dies in the Play before *Juliet* awakes; the Friar fearing to be discovered by the Watch, as he calls it, but there is no such Establishment in any of the Cities of *Italy*, presses her to leave the Monument; she refuses; he runs away; and she stabs herself with *Romeo's* Dagger.

In *Bandello*, while the dying Husband is holding her lifeless Body, as he supposes, in his

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Arms,



Arms, and shedding his last Tears for her Death, she awakes ; she opens her Eyes, gazes on him, and entreats him to carry her out of the Monument.

Romeo is for some Moments lost in a Transport of Surprize and Joy to see her alive, but reflecting that he is poisoned, that he must shortly die and leave her, his Agonies return with double Force: How pathetically does he complain of his miserable Destiny ! With what tender Extasy does he congratulate her Return to Life ! With what affecting Sorrow lament his approaching Death, which must tear him from her ! nor is the Astonishment, the Grief, and wild Despair of the wretched *Juliet* less beautifully imagined.

The Speech of *Romeo* to the dead Body of *Tibbald* is very moving, and expressive of the Gentleness and Candour of his Disposition: His sinking from the Arms of his Wife when the Poison begins to exert all its Force ; his falling extended at her Feet ; gazing on her with a Look that seemed at once to give and ask Compassion ; and gasping out “ Alas ! my Love, I die,” is pathetic to the last Degree.

The Friar the same Moment arrives at the Monument ; *Juliet* hearing his Voice, passionately upbraids him with not sending to *Romeo* ; he justifies himself ; descends into the Vault, and beholding *Romeo* extended almost lifeless on the Earth, breaks into an Exclamation of Surprize and Grief. *Romeo* then opening his Eyes for the last Time, recommends *Juliet* to
his

his Care, and asking Pardon of Heaven for his Offence, expires.

The tender Expostulations of the Friar with *Juliet* after *Romeo* dies ; her gloomy Silence ; her fixed Despair ; and lastly, her Death, occasioned by the Violence of her stifled Grief, are Circumstances truly tragical, and wrought up with all the Force of a poetic Imagination.

Had *Shakespear* ever seen the *Italian* Author, these striking Beauties would not have escaped him ; and, if by copying the Translation only, he has given us a very affecting Tragedy, what might we not have expected, had he drawn his Hints from the beautiful Original.

How little *Shakespear* owed to his own Invention in his Tragedy of *Romeo* and *Juliet*, may be seen by comparing that Play with the foregoing Novel: What Variations he has made, he was led into by copying from the *French* Translation, or perhaps from the *English* one, in the *Palace of Pleasure*, which is literal from the *French* ; and since it is pretty clear he did not understand the *Italian*, it is probable he took many more of his Plots from that Book, in which a great Number of the *Italian* Novels are translated ; some from *French* Translations ; as *Romeo* and *Juliet*, and others from the original Authors.

There is not one Incident of *Shakespear's* Invention in his Play of *Romeo* and *Juliet*, except the Death of *Paris* by *Romeo* : This Character might have been very well spared in the Drama ; his Appearance is of little Use, and his Death of still less, except to divert

our Compassion from the two principal Persons in the Play, whose Deaths make up the Catastrophe of the Tragedy.

Paris seems only introduced to fall by the Hands of *Romeo*; and why must our Compassion of the unfortunate *Romeo* be suspended by the undeserved Fate of *Paris*? What Necessity is there for making *Romeo*, who is all along represented as an amiable and virtuous Character, imbrue his Hands in the Blood of an innocent Youth, (whose Death is of no Consequence) just before he expires?

This Incident, however, is the only one of the Poet's Invention throughout the Play: The Fable and all the Characters, except *Mercutio* were formed to his Hands.

Mr. *Pope*, in his Preface to his Edition of *Shakespear's* Plays, tells us, that “*Shakespear's* Characters are Nature herself; and that it is a Sort of Injury to call them by so distant a Name as Copies of her.”

It is certain, that all the Characters in *Romeo*, excepting, as I said before, *Mercutio's*, are exact Copies of those in the Novelist; and since he copied them from the Translator, and not the Original, in this Instance Mr. *Pope's* Observation of other Authors, may be applied to *Shakespear*, that “His Picture, like a mock Rainbow, is but a Reflexion of a Reflexion.”



The seventh Novel of the third Decad of the Hecatomythi of Giraldi Cinthio.



IN *Venice* there was a *Moor*, who for his extraordinary Valour, and the many Proofs he had given of his consummate Prudence and superior Genius for War, was extremely dear to that Republic, which, more than any other, delighted in rewarding great and virtuous Actions.

A *Venetian* Lady of wonderful Beauty, named *Disdemona*, not subdued by the irregular Sallies of a female Appetite, but struck with the great Qualities and noble Virtues of the *Moor*, became violently enamoured of him; and he, no less charmed with the Greatness of her Mind, than with the extreme Beauty of her Person, burnt in the most ardent Flames for her.

Fortune so far favoured their mutual Passion, that, notwithstanding the united Endeavours

vours of all the Lady's Kindred to prevent it, they found Means to get their Marriage solemnized ; and during their Abode in *Venice* they lived together in the greatest Harmony and Tranquility imaginable.

It happened, that the Senate of *Venice* recalled their Forces which were at *Cyprus*, and gave the Command of those which were to be sent thither in their stead to the *Moor*.

This Dignity was never conferred upon any but Persons of unquestionable Courage and Fidelity.

The *Moor* therefore, considering this Command as a Reward for that Valour he had shewn in the Service of the Republic, received it with great Joy ; but when he reflected on the Length and Danger of the Voyage, the Necessity there seemed of leaving *Disdemona* behind him filled him with inconceivable Concern.

Disdemona, whose Felicity wholly centered in the *Moor*, was transported to find the Senate, by the public Dignity they bestowed on him, had given a Sanction to her Choice ; and having resolved to accompany her Husband in so honourable an Expedition, waited for the Time of their Departure with the utmost Impatience.

The secret Grief which prey'd on the Heart of the *Moor*, beginning, as the Time of parting approached nearer, to spread a Gloom on his Countenance, and give an Air of Restraint to his Behaviour ; *Disdemona*, extremely alarmed, entreated him to tell her the Cause of that Change she observed in him :

“ What

“What is the Reason, said she, that I see you melancholy and dejected at a Time when the Honours you have received from the Senate give you most Reason to rejoice?”

“The Excess of my Love for you, replied the *Moor*, sighing, prevents me from enjoying those Honours as I ought; since they force me to the sad Necessity of suffering one or other of two Things, both equally insupportable; for either I must expose you to the Dangers of the Sea, by taking you with me to *Cyprus*, or else leave you behind me at *Venice*: The first cannot but be a most heavy Misfortune to me, since every Fatigue you will suffer, every Danger you are exposed to, will bring me the extremest Affliction; and as for the second, parting with you is more terrible than parting with my Life.”

“Ah! my dearest Husband, said *Disdemona*, what Thoughts are these which you have suffered to afflict you? Did you imagine I would consent to a Separation from you? How could you wrong my Love so much? That Love, which, to be with you, would impel me to pass even through Flames; well may I then resolve to accompany you to Sea, in a secure and well mann'd Ship: If there are Dangers and Fatigues to be endured, you shall not endure them alone: I will share your Fortune whatever it be, and nothing but Death shall divide me from you.”

The *Moor*, in a Transport of grateful Tendernefs, throwing his Arms round her Neck, and pressing her to his Bosom, cried out, “Heaven long preserve you, my most dear,

my lovely Wife, in these affectionate Sentiments for me."

Some little Time after, the necessary Preparations for their Voyage being ready, the *Moor*, with *Disdemona* and their Attendants, entered a Galley, and set sail for *Cyprus*; whither, after a pleasant and easy Voyage, they arrived, together with all the Forces under the *Moor's* Command.

Among the Officers in these Troops was a Lieutenant, very dear to the *Moor*: Nature had given him a most beautiful and graceful Person, but a Mind replete with all Manner of Wickedness; however, he knew so well how to conceal his vicious Inclinations under an apparent generous and noble Behaviour, that his Hypocrisy, assisted by the Speciousness of his Form, procured him the Esteem and Friendship of all his Companions.

The *Moor*, who had conceived a particular Friendship for him, took great Pleasure in his Conversation, and invited him frequently to his House, and *Disdemona*, fond of every Occasion of gratifying the Humour of her Husband, treated him with equal Civility.

The Lieutenant had married a young Woman at *Venice*, whom he brought with him to *Cyprus*; *Disdemona*, fond of this Woman, because she was an *Italian*, and also an agreeable Companion, went often to her House, and passed great Part of the Day with her.

The villainous Lieutenant having, by these Means, frequent Opportunities of seeing *Disdemona*, became violently enamoured of her; and neither restrained by the Fidelity he owed
his

his Wife, or the Respect and Gratitude due to his Friend and Commander, resolved to use his utmost Endeavours to gratify his infamous Passion.

Well knowing that Death would be the Consequence of his presumptuous Attempt if it came to the Knowledge of the *Moor*, he durst not discover his Flame to *Disdemona* any other Way than by Sighs and passionate Glances, hoping in Time to inspire her with Desires like his own.

But the Lady, whose Thoughts were wholly engrossed by the *Moor*, took so little Notice of those silent Addresses, that her Indifference persuading him some other Lover possessed her Heart, Rage, Jealousy and Despair produced the Effects of the most violent Hatred, and he resolved to be revenged both on her and the Lover she favoured.

A young Gentleman, who was Captain of a Troop at *Cyprus*, and greatly beloved by the *Moor*, was suspected by the Lieutenant to be the happy Rival who enjoyed the Affections of *Disdemona*; his Death therefore he determined to procure; and by accusing the Lady to the *Moor* of Adultery, prevent any other from possessing her, since he could not.

His Design thus laid, he waited only for some favourable Opportunity to put it in Execution; the *Moor's* passionate Affection for his Wife, and the great Affection which subsisted between him and the young Captain, making the Villain apprehend his Enterprize would be very hazardous and doubtful.

Fortune however assisted his wicked Intentions, and when he least expected it afforded him the Means of effecting them.

The Captain happening indiscreetly to draw his Sword upon a Soldier and wounding him, the *Moor* was so much offended that he deprived him of his Command.

Desdemona, who only regarded this young Gentleman because he was beloved of her Husband, was greatly concerned that he had fallen under his Displeasure, and often solicited for his Pardon.

“I am so pressed, said the *Moor* one Day to the Lieutenant, with my Wife’s Entreaties in Favour of the Captain, that I believe I must comply with her Desire, and pardon him.”

“She has Reason, said the Villain, seizing this Occasion to execute his Scheme, that she may see him as usual.”

“What is it you say?” replied the *Moor* hastily.

“Do not insist upon my speaking plainer, resumed the Lieutenant: Far be it from me to sow the Seeds of Discord between Man and Wife; yet methinks if you would open your Eyes, some Things would not escape your Observation.”

The *Moor*, roused to Attention by these Words, and greatly disturbed at the latent Meaning of them, earnestly entreated the Lieutenant to explain himself more clearly; but the artful Villain absolutely refused; and though the *Moor* used his utmost Endeavours to persuade him to give him the Satisfaction he desired, yet he persisted in an obstinate Denial:

nial: Nevertheless, the Hints he had thrown out fixed a thousand Stings in the Breast of the wretched Husband; he ruminated Night and Day on the Purport of those fatal Words, and the more he reflected on them, the more his Disquiet encreased.

Disdemona, ignorant of the Cause of his Melancholy, did not neglect to solicit still for the Captain;—"Why, said she to him one Day, will you suffer a small Fault to cancel the Friendship which has subsisted so many Years between the Captain and you? Must all his Services and long-experienced Fidelity be wholly forgot for the Sake of one inconsiderate Action? The Soldier he wounded is no longer at Enmity with him; they are reconciled; and why should you continue inexorable?"

The *Moor*, no longer able to suppress the Emotions with which his Heart had been long agitated, replied in a Rage.

"It is strange, *Disdemona*, it is very strange, that you should be so extremely concerned about this Man; if he was your Brother, or some other Relation, his Interests could not be dearer to you."

The Lady answered in a soft and humble Accent: "Heaven forbid, my Lord, that I should incur your Displeasure by soliciting for the Captain's Pardon, to which nothing has induced me but the Concern I am under to see you deprived of so good a Friend; a Friend whose Fidelity you have so often praised to me; the Fault he has committed is not great enough to merit your Hatred; but you *Moors* are by

Nature so furious, that every little Thing moves you to Anger, and a Desire of Revenge."

"And that, answered the *Moor* (excessively enraged at her Words) some Persons, who little think of it, shall prove; yes, they shall see me take a severe Vengeance for the Injuries I have suffered; and then, and not till then, shall I be satisfied."

*Disdemon*a, full of Fear and Wonder at these ungentle Words, and unaccustomed Rage of her Husband, trembling and pale, replied, "Although my only Inducement to plead for the Captain was the Consideration of your Ease and Satisfaction, yet since my Solicitations are displeasing to you, I will never more speak to you on this Subject."

To this humble and submissive Answer the *Moor* made no Reply; but comparing his Wife's earnest Entreaties for the Captain with the Lieutenant's Insinuations, a thousand black Suspicions rose in his Mind, tortured with Doubts of her Fidelity, and wishing, yet dreading, to be freed from his distracting Suspence.

He quitted her with a gloomy Silence, and sending for the Lieutenant, renewed his Entreaties, that he would speak more openly concerning his Wife and the Captain.

The Villain, who had resolved to effect the Ruin of these two Innocents, after long resisting the *Moor's* Solicitations, as if unwilling to give him Pain, feigning at last to be overcome by his repeated Prayers, said, "I cannot deny, my Lord, but that my extreme Reluctance to give you Uneasiness has prevented me thus long

long from telling you what must afflict you more than any other ; but since you command me to speak plain, the Regard I have for your Honour as my Friend, and the Duty I owe you as my General, will not permit me to disobey you : Know then, that your black Colour is become distasteful to your Wife ; she is passionately in love with the Captain, and her Impatience at finding herself deprived of the Pleasure she took in his Company, is the Cause of her continual Solicitations for his Pardon, that she may converse with him as usual."

These Words gave mortal Agonies to the Soul of the wretched *Moor* ; and though he was but too well convinced of the Truth of them, yet, dissembling his Conviction in order to try him further, " I know not, said he, with a furious Countenance, why thou hast dared to load my Wife with these infamous Aspersions ?"

" This Rage, replied the Lieutenant, is the Reward I expected for my friendly Information ; but since my Duty, and the Desire of preserving your Honour, has carried me this Length, I will not now go back : What I have told you is but too certain ; and if your Wife, with a counterfeited Tenderneſs, has so blinded your Eyes, that you will not see your Dishonour, there is no Reason why I should not declare the Truth to you : The Captain himself has owned to me the Favours he has received from her ; not satisfied with possessing her in Secret, he must have a Confident in his Happiness ; but had I not been
I afraid

afraid of your Resentment, I would that Moment have rewarded his presumptuous Confession with the Death he merited."

The *Moor*, racked with unutterable Pangs, cried out, "Give me the Means of seeing with my own Eyes the Truth of what you have said, or else be sure I will make thee wish thou hadst been dumb."

"It would have been easy to do this, replied the Villain, while the Captain and you continued in Friendship, and he had free Access to *Disdemona*; but now that you have punished him for a slight Fault, instead of taking Vengeance for an irreparable Injury, it will be difficult to satisfy you; but though I am persuaded that he enjoys *Disdemona*, whenever you give him an Opportunity, yet, it is certain, since he is in Disgrace with you, he is obliged to act more cautiously than before, when, through your Friendship for him, he came to your House every Day; however, added he, taking Leave of him, I do not despair of being able soon to give you an Opportunity of seeing what you will not believe without it."

The unhappy *Moor* then returned to his House, carrying a poisoned Arrow in his Breast, and impatiently waited for the Day in which the Lieutenant was to prove the Truth of what he had told him, and confirm him in eternal Misery.

Nor was the Villain himself wholly at ease, when reflecting on the known Chastity of *Disdemona*, he was sensible he could not give
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the *Moor* such a convincing Proof of her Disloyalty as he demanded.

After long deliberating with himself on the Methods by which he might best execute the horrid Scheme he had begun, he at last thought upon a Stratagem which seemed to promise Success.

Desdemona, as has been already said, went often to visit the Lieutenant's Wife; the Villain, when she was one Day at his House, observed a Handkerchief at her Girdle, finely wrought in *Moresco* Work, which, because it was presented her by the *Moor* when he married her, she had a particular Value for it; it being also highly prized by the *Moor* himself: This Handkerchief the Lieutenant determined to steal, and with it accomplish her absolute Ruin.

Disdemona being extremely fond of a little Child of his, about three Years of Age, he took her in his Arms and carried her to the Lady, who receiving her from him, kissed her several Times, and pressed her close to her Breast.

The Villain, in the mean while, drew her Handkerchief gently from her Girdle, and concealing it in his Pocket, went away transported with Joy at his good Success.

Disdemona, wholly ignorant of her Loss, returned to her House, and did not miss her Handkerchief till some Time after, when happening to have Occasion for it, and not being able, after diligent Search, to find it, she concluded it lost; and remained extremely terrified

fied lest the *Moor* should ask for it, as he often did.

The Lieutenant, who had all this while been watching for an Opportunity to dispose of it where it might produce the Mischief he had projected, found Means at last to leave it on the Captain's Bed, whom he visited one Morning before he was up for that Purpose.

The Captain rising soon after he went away, the Handkerchief fell upon the Floor, and he finding something under his Feet, stooped to take it up, and seeing the Handkerchief, knew it to be *Disdemona's*, but was not able to imagine how it came there; resolving however to return it to her, he put it in his Pocket, and going out, was informed that the *Moor* was not at home; taking this Opportunity therefore to deliver it, he went to a back Door, and knocked softly; Fortune, as it should seem, conspiring with the cruel Lieutenant to ruin the innocent *Disdemona*, brought the *Moor* back just in that Moment, who, hearing somebody knock in that cautious Manner, full of tormenting Distrust, he ran to a Window, and opening it, enquired in a surly Accent, who was there?

The Captain, hearing the *Moor's* Voice, and fearing that he intended to do him a Mischief, ran away without speaking a Word.

The *Moor* ran eagerly down Stairs, and rushed into the Street to seek him, but he was already out of Sight; then returning full of Rage and Grief, he went to his Wife's Apartment, and asked her if she knew who it was that had knocked below?

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The Lady replied, “that she could not tell who it was;” which indeed was true.

“I think, said the *Moor*, it seemed to be the Captain.”

“I know not, replied *Disdemona*, whether it was him or any other.”

The *Moor* supposing she did not answer him truly, with Difficulty restrained his Rage from breaking into Reproaches and Menaces; but resolving to act nothing against her till he had consulted his wicked Confidant; and to prevent her discovering his Disorder, left her suddenly, and went to the Lieutenant, to whom he related what had happened, entreating him to go to the Captain and endeavour to make some more Discoveries.

The Villain, secretly exulting at this Accident, promised him to do as he required; and placing the *Moor*, where unseen himself, he might see them together, though not hear their Discourse, he artfully contrived to bring the Captain near the Place, and began to talk with him on indifferent Things, using at the same Time such Gestures with his Head and Hands, as persuaded the *Moor* they were talking about *Disdemona*, and making a Jest of his Dishonour and her Incontinence.

When they parted, the *Moor* eagerly quitted his Concealment, and came to the Lieutenant to know what they had been saying.

The subtle Villain, suffering himself to be long entreated before he would discover what he had heard, at length confessed, that the Captain told him, “he had often enjoyed *Disdemona*, when, by his being abroad, they had
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an Opportunity to meet ; and added, that the Captain had told him also, that the last Time he was with *Disdemona*, she gave him that Handkerchief which he had presented her the Day of their Marriage."

The *Moor* thanked the Lieutenant for this Intelligence, and told him, "that he would ask *Disdemona* for that Handkerchief, and if she could not produce it, he should be convinced all that he had told him concerning her Infidelity was true."

Accordingly, one Day after Dinner, discoursing freely with *Disdemona* on indifferent Things, he took Occasion to speak of the Handkerchief, and asked to see it.

The Lady, who had long dreaded this Demand, blushed excessively, and thinking to conceal her Confusion, which was well observed by the *Moor*, rose and pretended to seek for it ; and after she had employed herself in this Manner some time, "I cannot find it, said she (returning to her Husband) perhaps you have it yourself."

"Is it probable, replied he, that I would desire you to give it me if I had it in my Possession ; however, look for it no more at present ; you will find it perhaps some other Time."

Then leaving the Room, he began to consider in what Manner he should murder his Wife and the Captain without bringing on himself the Suspicion of being the Author of their Deaths.

These gloomy Thoughts employing him Night and Day, *Disdemona*, who perceived his

his Behaviour to her much altered, often endeavoured to discover the Cause.

“What ails you, my Lord, said she to him many Times? Why do I behold you always disturbed and uneasy? You who used to be the gayest Man in the World, are now become the most peevish and melancholy.”

The *Moor*, continuing to dissemble his Resentment, returned her evasive Answers, with which she was but ill satisfied; conscious she had given him no Cause for treating her unkindly, she concluded Possession had abated his Flame, and Disgust had succeeded to his once violent Passion for her; full of these melancholy Apprehensions, she went to the Lieutenant's House, in order to unburthen her Heart to his Wife, with whom she lived in great Familiarity.

“Alas! said she, weeping, as soon as she saw her, I know not what to think of my Lord; he, who was once all Love and Tenderness towards me, is become so altered within these few Days, that I am persuaded he no longer loves me; and I fear I shall prove a sad Example to all young Ladies who presume to marry against the Consents of their Parents; and a Warning to the *Italian* Women never to join themselves to Men, between whom and them Nature and Heaven have placed such wide Distinctions.—I know, added she, sighing, that my Lord is fond of your Husband, and communicates to him all his Affairs; if through him then you are acquainted with the Cause of the *Moor's* unaccustomed Coldness

ness to me, I entreat you to let me know it, and do not refuse me your Assistance in this Distress?"

The Lieutenant's Wife was indeed well acquainted with the whole Affair; her Husband having often pressed her to join with him in his cruel Schemes against the innocent *Disdemona*; but though she never would consent to the being accessary to her Ruin, yet, dreading her Husband's Resentment if she betrayed his Secret, she only replied, "I advise you, Madam, to beware of giving the General any Suspicions of your Fidelity, and let it be your continual Study to persuade him of your Truth and Affection."

"All this I do, replied the weeping *Disdemona*, but all is in vain."

In the mean time the *Moor*, restless, unresolved, and seeking Occasion to be convinced of what he wished not to know, entreated the Lieutenant to contrive it so, that he might see *Disdemona's* Handkerchief in the Captain's Hands.

This, although the Villain thought very difficult, yet he promised to perform, and watched all Opportunities of keeping his Word.

The Captain had a Woman in the House who was very skilful in Works of Embroidery; she having seen *Disdemona's* Handkerchief, and understanding that it was to be returned to her, resolved to work one like it.

The Lieutenant being informed of this, and one Day knowing that Woman was seated at a Window working, with the fatal Handkerchief before her for a Pattern, he carried the
Moor

Moor through the Street, who perceiving his Wife's Handkerchief in that Woman's Possession, had no longer any Doubt of her Infidelity, and took a firm Resolution to murder her and the no less injured Captain.

Conferring therefore with the Lieutenant upon the Means of executing his horrid Purpose, he earnestly entreated him to undertake to murder the Captain, assuring him that he would never forget the Obligation.

The Lieutenant excusing himself from complying, as well for the Wickedness of the Deed, as for the great Danger in attempting it, the Captain being a very brave and courageous Man; the *Moor* added to his Entreaties the Present of a large Sum of Money, which at last fixed him in a Resolution to obey him.

The Lieutenant had not waited long for an Opportunity of executing his impious Design, before Fortune presented him with a very favourable one.

The Captain coming late one Night out of the House of a Courtezan, whom he kept, the Lieutenant, who was watching for him, rushed suddenly, and with one Stroke of a Scymetar cut off his Leg.

The unhappy Captain fell to the Ground, and the Lieutenant upon him, who sought to finish the Murder; wounded as he was, however, he drew his Sword, and endeavoured to defend himself, crying out aloud for Help.

Some Soldiers who were quartered near the Place, came running to his Assistance; so that the Lieutenant, fearing to be discovered, left him and ran away; yet he did not go far, but
taking

taking a little Compass, joined some other Persons, who, drawn by the Captain's Cries, were hastening to him, and mixing among the Crowd who were about him, he saw that his Leg was cut off, and did not doubt but he would die of the Wound; nevertheless, concealing his inward Joy at his Success, under an Appearance of great Concern for the Captain's Misfortune, he lamented it as if it had happened to his Brother.

In the Morning the News of this Accident was spread all over the City, and coming to the Knowledge of *Disdemona*, she, who was naturally tender and compassionate, expressed great Sorrow for it.

The *Moor*, distracted with Rage at this Confirmation (as he thought it) of her Affection for the Captain, went hastily to his wicked Confidant:—"Dost thou know, said he, trembling with Fury, that my Wife is in such Grief for the Captain's Misfortune, that she is almost distracted?"

"How can it be otherwise, replied the Lieutenant, when he is her Soul."

"Her Soul, repeated the furious *Moor*, Ah I will tear her Soul from her Body!—I should be unworthy the Name of a Man if I suffered such a Wretch to live."

Then consulting together how they should dispatch her, whether by Poison, or a Dagger, the Lieutenant pausing, said, "I have thought of a Method by which you may kill her, without giving Suspicion to any one that you had any Hand in her Death, and this it is: The House in which you live is very old,
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and the Cieling of your Chamber has many Cracks in it; 'tis my Advice that we should beat *Disdemon*a with a Bag of Sand till she dies, that no Mark of Violence may appear on her Body; when she is dead we will throw down Part of a rotten Beam from the Cieling, and having broke her Scull, pretend she was killed by the Fall of the Beam as she lay in Bed.

This cruel Contrivance pleased the *Moor* extremely, and having agreed to execute it the following Night, he found Means secretly to convey the Lieutenant into a Closet within the Bed-Chamber.

The unhappy *Disdemon*a retired at her usual Hour to Bed, and the *Moor* with her; they had not lain long before the Lieutenant making some little rustling in the Closet, the *Moor* asked his Wife if she heard any Noise?

She answering in the affirmative, rise then, said the *Moor*, and see what it is?

The Lady got up immediately, and the Lieutenant that Moment rushing out of the Closet, gave her a furious Blow with a Bag of Sand on her Back; the wretched *Disdemon*a fell on the Floor almost breathless, yet faintly calling her Husband to help her, he throwing himself out of the Bed, replied, infamous Woman, thou now receivest the Reward of thy Unchastity, thus ought all Adulteresses to be treated, who deluding their Husbands with a feigned Affection, load them with Shame and Grief.

The wretched Lady hearing these Words, and feeling herself near her End, by another Blow which the cruel Lieutenant had given her,

her, fighed out with a broken and interrupted Voice—Since Justice has been denied me in this World, Oh, let the Divine Justice bear Witness to my Innocence, and receive my Soul to Mercy.

The remorseless Villain, unmoved with this pathetic Exclamation, striking her a third Time with all his Force, she expired immediately.

When they were convinced she was dead, the Lieutenant took her off the Floor, and crassing her Scull laid her in the Bed, then with the *Moor's* Assistance, broke down Part of a Beam, and placed it so as to give it an Appearance of having fallen upon her Head.

The Lieutenant then went cautiously out of the House; and the *Moor* with loud Cries, began to call for Help, saying the House was tumbling down; the Servants and Neighbours ran in to his Assistance, and some of them approaching the Bed, found *Disdemon*a within it dead, and, as they supposed, murdered by the Fall of the Beam.

This piteous Spectacle drew Tears and Complaints from all who beheld it, and the next Day the Corpse of the injured Lady was buried, amidst the universal Grief of all the Inhabitants of *Cyprus*, to whom her Virtues had rendered her extremely dear.

The Manner of her Death not being suspected by any one, the villainous Perpetrators of it thought themselves absolutely secure, but the Almighty Justice would not long permit such a Crime to remain unpunished.

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The *Moor*, who had loved the unhappy Lady with the utmost Excess of Passion, finding himself deprived of her for ever, and not able to endure the Loss, his whole Soul was filled with the most torturing Anguish, and in the Frenzy of his Grief, he would search for her in every Apartment of the House, and call incessantly on her Name; then reflecting, that by the Lieutenant's Accusations he had lost this beloved Wife for ever, and with her all the Comfort and Happiness of his Life, he conceived so violent a Hatred of him, that he could not endure to have him in his Sight, and had he not feared the inviolable Justice of the *Venetian* Senate, he would have put him to Death; but not being able to do this, without hazarding his own Life, that he might in some Measure gratify his Revenge, he deprived him of his Post.

The Lieutenant enraged as this Treatment, resolved to effect his Ruin; and for that Purpose went to the Captain, who was now recovered, but with the Loss of his Leg, having been obliged to have a wooden one in its stead "The Time is now come, said the diabolical Villain, in which you may take Vengeance on the Man who was the Occasion of the Loss of your Leg; if you will go with me to *Venice*, I will there discover him to you and the Senate, and prove the Truth of what I now say; but here, for many Reasons, I dare not speak plainer."

The Captain, who wished for nothing so much as to be revenged on this secret Enemy, thanked the Lieutenant for his Information,

and a few Days after they both embarked for *Venice*.

When they arrived, the Lieutenant told him that it was the *Moor* who had cut off his Leg, through an Opinion that he had dishonoured his Wife, and that for the same Cause he had also murdered her, and made it be reported that she was killed by the Fall of a Beam.

The Captain hereupon accused the *Moor* to the *Venetian* Senate, of having deprived him of his Leg, and murdering his Lady, producing the Lieutenant for a Witness to both these Facts.

The Lieutenant then related the Manner in which it had been executed, adding, that the *Moor* had communicated this whole Scheme to him, and offered him great Rewards to assist him in it, which because of the Wickedness of the Deeds, he had absolutely refused.

The Senate, enraged at the Cruelty which had been practised by a Barbarian upon two of their Citizens, sent Orders to have the *Moor* arrested at *Cyprus*, and brought with a strong Guard to *Venice*.

Soon after his Arrival he was publicly tried, but persisting in a Denial of the Crimes with which he was accused, he was put to the Torture, but such was his extream Obstinacy and Contempt of Pain, that all the different Torments which were inflicted on him, were not able to force a Confession from his Lips.

He was therefore sent back to Prison, and some Time after banished from *Venice* for ever, but though he had escaped Death by the Law,

Law, yet the Relations of *Disdemona* procured him to be murdered in the Place to which he had retired.

The Lieutenant returned to his own Country, and continuing still in his wicked Practices, he accused one of his Companions of having offered him a Reward to kill his Enemy; the Gentleman was seized and racked, but he denied the Fact so resolutely, and spoke so much against his wicked Accuser, that he also was put to the same Torture, so that being miserably mangled, he died as they were taking him down from the Rack, to carry him to his own House.

The Lieutenant's Wife, after her Husband's Death, returning to *Venice*, related all the foregoing Particulars to the Senate. And thus by the especial Providence of God was the Death of the innocent *Disdemona* revenged.





OBSERVATIONS on the Use Shakespear has made of the foregoing Novel in his Tragedy of Othello, or the Moor of Venice.

OTHELLO, or the *Moor of Venice*, the Plot of which is drawn from the foregoing Novel of *Giraldi Cinthio*, has always been esteemed one of the best of Shakespear's Tragedies.

'Tis confessed the Fable is more regular, the Incidents less numerous and closer connected, and the Subject more of a Piece than any other of his Plays, except *Romeo and Juliet*.

The Fable Shakespear found already formed to his Hands, some few Alterations he has made in it, and generally for the better.

Thus it stands in the Poet.

Othello, a Moor descended of Royal Blood, eminent for his great Valour, and the Services he had done the *Venetians* in their Wars, is preferred by the Senate to the Government of the Island of *Cyprus*, which was threatned with an Invasion by the *Turks*.

Othello, being commanded to go immediately to his Government, takes with him, at her earnest Request, his Bride *Desdemona*, a young Lady of great Beauty, Daughter to a Senator

of *Venice*, who had married him unknown to her Father.

Iago, Ancient to *Othello*, being jealous that the Moor had had an Intrigue with his Wife, and desirous of procuring the Post of Lieutenant for himself, which was possessed by *Cassio*, a young Officer very dear to the Moor, to gratify his Revenge and Ambition at once, he entertains a Design of making *Othello* jealous of *Desdemona* and *Cassio*, so to bring about her Death, and the Removal of *Cassio*.

To effect this, by various Arts he raises Suspicions in the Mind of *Othello*, and to confirm them prevails on his Wife, who attended *Desdemona*, to steal a Handkerchief which the Moor had given her.

This Handkerchief he drops in *Cassio's* Apartment, and *Othello* accidentally seeing it in his Hand, is convinced of his Wife's Infidelity, orders *Iago* to kill his Rival, promising to make him his Lieutenant in his stead, and himself smothers *Desdemona* in her Bed.

Cassio escapes only with a slight Wound.

Emilia, the Wife of *Iago*, finding her Mistress murdered, and hearing *Othello* declare he had killed her through her Husband's Informations that she had wronged him with *Cassio*, in whose Possession he had seen the Handkerchief he had given her; she confesses she had stolen the Handkerchief at her Husband's Request.

Iago, finding himself discovered, stabs his Wife, and in Part confesses his Villany.

Othello, in Despair, falls upon his Sword and dies, and the Punishment of *Iago* is left to
Cassio,

Cassio, who before *Othello's* Death was ordered by the Senate to take upon him the Government of *Cyprus*.

In *Cinthio* the Moor is mentioned without any Mark of Distinction; *Shakespear* makes him descended from a Race of Kings, his Person is therefore made more considerable in the Play than in the Novel, and the Dignity which the *Venetian* Senate bestows upon him is less to be wondered at.

In the Play, *Cassio*, the Person of whom *Othello* is jealous, is represented to be a young amiable Officer, remarkable for the Agreeableness of his Person, and the Sweetness of his Manners, and therefore likely enough to inspire *Desdemona* with a Passion for him.

In the Novel, these Qualities are all ascribed to the Villain who betrays the Moor to the Murder of his Wife; and the suspected Rival is no more than an ordinary Person.

Cinthio might perhaps think it necessary to give his Villain a pleasing Person and insinuating Address, in order to make his Artifices less suspected; but to give Probability to the Jealousy of the Moor, was it not also as necessary to make the suspected Rival possess some of those Qualities with which the Minds of young Ladies are soonest captivated.

Shakespear therefore paints *Cassio* young, handsome, and brave; and *Othello*, who feeds his Jealousy, by reflecting that he himself is neither young nor handsome, by the same Train of Thought falls naturally into a Suspicion, that what he loses, for want of those

Qualities, will be gained by another who possesses them.

But on the other Hand *Shakespear* has made a very ill Use of the Lieutenant's Wife.

Cinthio shews this Woman privy, much against her Will, to the Design on *Desdemona*; and though she dares not discover it to her, for fear of her Husband's Resentment, yet she endeavours to put her upon her Guard, and gives her such Advice, as she thinks will render all his Schemes ineffectual.

Shakespear calls this Woman *Emilia*, and makes her the Attendant and Friend of *Desdemona*, yet shews her stealing a Handkerchief from her, which she gives to her Husband, telling him at the same Time that the Lady will run mad when she misses it; therefore, if it is not for some Purpose of Importance that he wants it, desires him to return it to her again.

If her Husband wants it for any Purpose of Importance, that Purpose cannot be very good; this Suspicion however never enters her Mind, but she gives it him only upon that very Condition, which ought to have made her refuse it.

Yet this Woman is the first who perceives *Othello* to be jealous, and repeats this Observation to her Mistress, upon hearing him so often demand the Handkerchief she had stolen, and fly into a Rage when he finds his Wife cannot produce it.

Emilia pronounces him jealous, perceives the Loss of that fatal Handkerchief, confirms some Suspicions he had entertained, and though

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ſhe loves her Miſtreſs to Exceſs, chuſes rather to let her ſuffer all the bad Conſequences of his Jealouſy, than confeſs ſhe had taken the Handkerchief, which might have ſet all right again; and yet this ſame Woman, who could act ſo baſe and cruel a Part againſt her Miſtreſs, has no greater Care in dying, than to be laid by her Side.

Mr. *Rymer*, in his Criticiſms on this Play, ſeverely cenſures the Characters as well as the Fable, and Conduſt of the Incidents.

That of *Emilia* though more inconfiſtent than any, he has taken no Notice of; and moſt of the Charges he brings againſt the others have little or no Foundation.

The Character of *Iago*, ſays this Critic, is againſt common Senſe and Nature. “*Shake-
“ ſpear* would paſs upon us a cloſe, diſſem-
“ bling, falſe, inſinuating Rascal, inſtead of
“ an open-hearted, frank plain dealing Sol-
“ dier; a Character conſtantly worn by them
“ for ſome Thouſands of Years in the
“ World.”

The Soldiers are indeed greatly obliged to Mr. *Rymer* for this Aſſertion, but though it may in general be true, yet ſurely it is not abſurd to ſuppoſe that ſome few Individuals amongſt them may be cloſe diſſembling Villains.

Iago was a Soldier, it is true, but he was alſo an *Italian*; he was born in a Country remarkable for the deep Art, Cruelty, and revengeful Temper of its Inhabitants. To have painted an *Italian* injured, or under a Suſpicion of being injured, and not to have ſhewn him revengeful,

vengeful, would have been mistaking his Character.

It is with Justice indeed that Mr. *Rymer* condemns *Shakespear* for that unnecessary and diabolical Cruelty he makes *Iago* guilty of in urging *Othello* to the Murder of the innocent Lady who had never offended him ; his Point was gained by making *Othello* jealous, and procuring his Consent to the Death of *Cassio*, who stood in his Way to Preferment: But the Murder of *Desdemona* was such an Excess of wanton Cruelty, that one can hardly conceive it possible a Man could be so transcendently wicked.

Cinthio indeed makes *Iago* not only urge *Othello* to the Murder of his Wife, but is himself the Perpetrator of it ; this seems still more absurd ; but he tells us, that he had been violently in love with *Desdemona*, and the Indifference she had discovered towards him converted his Love into a settled Hatred.

Shakespear injudiciously copies *Cinthio* in making *Iago* confess a Passion for *Desdemona*, as it rendered his urging on her Murder less probable ; since in the Play *Iago* had no Opportunity of declaring that Love to her, and consequently could not be stimulated by her Contempt of him to act so cruel a Part against her.

But he has greatly improved on the Novelist by making him jealous of the Moor with his own Wife ; this Circumstance being sufficient, in an *Italian* especially, to account for the Revenge he takes on *Othello*, though his Barbarity to *Desdemona* is still unnatural.

Upon

Upon the whole, there is very little Difference between the Character of the Lieutenant as it is drawn in the Novel, and *Iago* as managed in the Play; his ambiguous Questions, dark Hints, and villainous Arts to raise Suspicions in the Mind of *Othello* are the same in the Novel as in the Play; and the Scene where *Othello* is made to observe the Gestures of *Cassio* while he is talking to *Iago*, is exactly copied from *Cinthio*; as is likewise a preceding one, where *Othello*, tormented with Doubts about his Wife, threatens *Iago* with Destruction, unless he gives him ocular Proof of her Dishonesty.

This Demand, with *Iago's* Expostulations, Arguments, and satisfactory Replies, are also the same with those in the Novel.

The Character of *Desdemona* fares no better in Mr. *Rymer's* Hands, than that of *Iago*; her Love for the Moor, he says, is out of Nature.

Such Affections are not very common indeed; but a very few Instances of them prove that they are not impossible; and even in *England* we see some very handsome Women married to Blacks, where their Colour is less familiar than at *Venice*; besides the *Italian* Ladies are remarkable for such Sallies of irregular Passions.

Cinthio, it is true, says, that *Desdemona* was not overcome by a womanish Appetite, but represents her, as *Shakespear* does likewise, subdued by the great Qualities of the Moor.

Courage in Men has always had an invincible Charm for the Ladies; *Desdemona* ad-

mired the Moor for his Valour, and the Transition from extreme Admiration to Love is very easy in a female Mind.

Mr. *Rymer* alledges, that *Shakespear* makes *Desdemona* a Senator's Daughter instead of a simple Citizen; and this he imputes to him as a Fault, which is perhaps a great Instance of his Judgment.

There is less Improbability in supposing a noble Lady, educated in Sentiments superior to the Vulgar, should fall in love with a Man merely for the Qualities of his Mind, than that a mean Citizen should be possessed of such exalted Ideas, as to overlook the Disparity of Years and Complexion, and be enamoured of Virtue in the Person of a Moor.

However, it is not true, that *Shakespear* has changed a simple Citizen into a Lady of Quality, since *Desdemona* in the Novel is mentioned as a Woman of high Birth.

Cinthio calls her *Cittadina*, which Mr. *Rymer* translates a simple Citizen; but the *Italians* by that Phrase mean a Woman of Quality.

If they were, for Example, to speak of a Woman of the middle Rank in *Rome*, they would say, *Una Romana*; if of a noble Lady, *Una Cittadina Romana*: So in *Venice* they call a simple Citizen *Una Venitiana*; but a Woman of Quality, *Una Cittadina Venitiana*.

That Simplicity in the Manners of *Desdemona*, which Mr. *Rymer* calls Folly and Meanness of Spirit, is the Characteristic of Virtue and Innocence.

Desdemona

Desdemona was conscious of no Guilt, and therefore suspected no Blame : She had so lately given the Moor an incontestable Proof of her Affection, that it was not unnatural for her to impute his sudden Starts of Passion to some other Cause than Jealousy.

The whole Strefs of the Proof against *Desdemona* is laid upon the Handkerchief, as well in the Novel as the Play ; though I think in the Novel it is more artfully managed ; there the Moor insists upon seeing it in the Captain's Possession e'er he will resolve any Thing against his Wife, and the Lieutenant contrives to give him this Satisfaction.

Othello, in the Play, has not the least Appearance of Proof against his Wife, but seeing the Handkerchief in the Lieutenant's Possession ; yet this is brought about by mere Accident.

Bianca, to whom *Cassio* had given it to have the Work copied, (which, by the way, was an odd Whim for a Soldier) comes to him while he is engaged in a private Discourse with *Iago* ; and *Othello* observing them concealed, and in a Fit of Jealousy, throws the Handkerchief at his Head.

This happens well for *Iago*'s Plot ; but as he did not, and indeed could not foresee, this lucky Accident, methinks it would have been more natural, since every Thing depended upon that, to have made it the Effect of some Contrivance of his.

The Outlines of *Iago*, *Desdemona*, and *Cassio*'s Characters are taken from the Novel ; but that of *Othello* is entirely the Poet's own.

In

In *Cinthio* we have a Moor, valiant indeed, as we are told, but suspicious, sullen, cunning, obstinate and cruel.

Such a Character married to the fair *Desdemona* must have given Disgust on the Stage; the Audience would have been his Enemies, and *Desdemona* herself would have sunk into Contempt for chusing him.

With what Judgment then has *Shakespear* changed the horrid *Moor* of *Cinthio* into the amiable *Othello*, and made the same Actions which we detest in one, excite our Compassion in the other!

The Virtues of *Shakespear's Moor* are no less characteristic than the Vices of *Cinthio's*; they are the wild Growth of an uncultivated Mind, barbarous and rude as the Clime he is born in; thus, his Love is almost Phrensy; his Friendship Simplicity; his Justice cruel; and his Remorse Self-Murder.





*The ninth Novel of the second Day of
the Decamerone of Boccaccio.*



SOME Italian Merchants meeting at *Paris*, whither their different Affairs had brought them, they went, as was their Custom, to sup together at a Tavern; and, towards the Close of the Entertainment, their Spirits being raised by the Wine, of which they drank pretty freely, they began, after having discussed several other Subjects, to speak of their Wives, whom they had left behind them in their Houses; and one of them, laughing, said:

“I know not how my Wife employs herself in my Absence, but this I am certain of; that when I am at a Distance from her, I freely indulge myself in the Pursuit of any young Girl that pleases me, and never fail to make myself Master of her Person, if I possibly can.”

Another replied, “that he did the same; because, added he, whether I believe my Wife unfaithful, or not, she will be so if she pleases.”

A

A Third assured his Companions “that he was of the same Opinion;” and, in fine, they all agreed in declaring, “that they believed their Wives would not lose Time in their Absence;” except a *Genoese* Merchant, named *Bernabo Lomillin*.

This young Man, who was passionately fond of his Wife, affirmed, “that by the especial Providence of God he had married a Woman so accomplished in all Virtues, that *Italy* could scarce produce her Equal.”

“Her Person, said he, is perfectly beautiful; she is in the Prime of her Youth; and is not only skilled in all domestic Employments fit for a Person of her Rank, but she reads, writes, and discourses upon Business, as well as if she was a Merchant; she is also wise, prudent and amiable; and so absolutely chaste, that I am persuaded, if I was to be absent from her ten Years, she would preserve her Fidelity to me inviolable.”

This last Praise extremely diverted a young Merchant of *Piacenza*, named *Ambrogio*, who, laughing, asked *Bernabo* “if he possessed this Privilege above other Men by a Patent from the Emperor.

“This Happiness, replied *Bernabo*, a little offended, is not granted by the Emperor, but by God, whom I look upon to be little more powerful than the Emperor.”

“I do not in the least doubt, replied *Ambrogio*, but that you believe what you say; but you have too little considered the Nature of Things,

Things, otherwise you would not be so grossly deceived, but would speak less assuredly upon this Matter ; do you imagine that we, who have delivered our Sentiments thus freely of our Wives, believe we have married Women, whose Dispositions are different from yours ? no, we hold all Women to be alike ; and the Judgment we have formed of them arises from our having well reflected on their Natures ; let us then examine this Matter a little."

I have always understood Man to be the noblest Animal of God's Creation ; and that the Woman holds the next Place ; if Man therefore, as he is generally believed, and proves by his Faculties, is the nearest to Perfection, he must certainly be endowed with more Firmness and Constancy than the Woman, who is universally allowed to be a fickle and variable Creature ; yet since Man, with all his Firmness and Constancy cannot resist those Desires which make him seek the Possession of any one that pleases him, how canst thou hope that a Woman, changeable and unfixed by Nature, should be able to resist the Force of Intreaties, Praises, Gifts, and a Thousand other Temptations, with which Men who know the Sex, endeavour to ensnare them ?"

"Can you then, reflecting upon this Truth, believe your Wife faithful ?"

"I confess, though you should tell me you do, I could not believe you."

"Is not your Wife a Woman, has she not Flesh and Blood as other Women have ?

are

are not the same Desires given to her as to others, and the same Ability to resist them? 'tis therefore possible, although she be very virtuous, that she may do as others do; and you ought not so positively to affirm the contrary."

To this long Speech *Barnabo* replied :

"I am a Merchant, and not a Philosopher, therefore will not pretend to reason with you; but this I must say, that those Women who are unchaste, are so, because they have no Sense of Shame, and are indifferent about the World's Opinion; but Women who are wise and virtuous, are so sollicitous to preserve their Honour, that they become stronger than Men, who take no Care to restrain their irregular Appetites; and my Wife is of the Number of those Women who are watchful over their Appetites, and sollicitous to preserve their Honour."

"Truly, replied *Ambrogio*, if every Time a Woman was unfaithful to her Husband, a Horn should grow out of her Forehead, and bear Witness to the Fact, I believe few Women would be guilty of Infidelity; but the Horn neither grows, nor in Women who manage their Intrigues wisely, does there remain the least Trace of their Crime; for their Shame does not consist in their Infidelity, but in that Infidelity being discovered; therefore when they can be unchaste securely, they are so, and when they are not unchaste, 'tis because they are stupid; and be assured therefore,

fore, that she only is chaste who was never solicited, or being solicited never yielded."

"And although I am convinced of this Truth, by considering in general the Frailty of Human Nature, yet I would not speak so positively as I do, if I had not many Times, and with many different Women, proved it beyond Contradiction ; and I am also persuaded, that if I was near thy supremely virtuous Wife, I should in a very short Space of Time bring her to that, to which I have brought many others."

"It signifies nothing disputing, replied *Barnabo*, (greatly disturbed) Words prove nothing at all ; but since you say that no Woman is able to resist Sollicitations, and are so confident of your own Power with the Sex, that you are absolutely certain you can corrupt my Wife, I am willing to lose my Head if you succeed in your Attempts upon her Chastity, and if you do not, you shall lose a Thousand Florins of Gold to me."

"I know not, returned *Ambrogiuolo*, already fired at his Proposition, what I should do with your Head if you lost it to me, but if you are willing to have a Proof of what I have maintained, do you lay five Thousand Florins of Gold (which ought to be less dear to you than your Head) against a Thousand of mine, and I will oblige myself to go to *Genoa*, and in three Months from the Day I depart from hence, will prevail upon thy Wife to yield to my Desires, and, in Token of my
Success,

Success, will bring with me some of her most precious Things, and give you such certain Marks, that you yourself shall confess I have accomplished my Design."

"But you must promise me faithfully that you will not come to *Genoa* during my Stay there, nor write any Account of this Matter to your Wife."

Bernabo was extremely pleased with this Proposal, but the other Merchants, who were present, fearing some bad Consequence would arise from such a strange Scheme, were very much troubled, and endeavoured to prevent its being put into Execution.

However, the two Persons concerned were so resolutely bent on their Purpose, that all Dissuasions were ineffectual; and an Obligation in Writing being drawn up, they both signed and sealed it in the Presence of their Companions; and a few Days after *Ambrogiuolo* went to *Genoa*; *Bernabo*, according to his Promise, staying at *Paris* to expect his Return.

As soon as *Ambrogiuolo* arrived at *Genoa*, he began secretly to enquire after the Behaviour and Manner of Life of *Bernabo's* Wife, and comparing the Reports of others, with what *Bernabo* had told him concerning her, he found the Merchant had not been too lavish in her Praises; and his Enterprize now appearing even to himself rash and impracticable, he was beginning to lose all Hopes of being able to accomplish it, when Chance threw

threw in his Way a poor Woman, who was often employed in the House of *Madonna Zinevra*, so was the Wife of *Bernabo* called.

Ambrogiuolo corrupting this Woman with a Sum of Money, engaged her to assist him in his Design on the Lady.

Giving Orders therefore for a Chest to be made after a particular Manner, he laid himself into it, and the old Woman pretending she had some Business to transact a few Miles out of the Town, which would oblige her to stay a Day or two away, intreated *Madonna Zinevra*, who had a great Kindness for her; to let this Chest stand in her Bed-Chamber till she returned, the Lady consented, and the Chest, with *Ambrogiuolo* within it, was placed where she desired.

Zinevra retiring to Rest at her usual Hour, *Ambrogiuolo*, when he was assured that she was asleep, came softly out of the Chest into the Chamber, and, by the Light of a Taper which was burning, took particular Notice of the Pictures and Furniture of the Room.

Then advancing to the Bed, where the Lady and a little Girl that was with her slept very soundly, he gently uncovered her, and saw that she was no less beautiful naked than drest, and as he was thus contemplating her, and wishing to discover some particular Mark about her Person, which might help him to deceive her Husband, he at last spied a large Mole under her left Breast, with several Hairs round it of the Colour of Gold.

Satisfied

Satisfied with this Discovery, he replaced the Cloaths, but her Beauty inflaming his Desires, he was some Moments in Suspence whether he should not wake her, and declare the Cause of his coming thither, to be his Love of her.

Reflecting however upon the Severity of her Virtue; he resolved not to hazard his Life by discovering himself, but passed the rest of the Night at his Ease in the Chamber.

Day approaching he retired into the Chest, taking with him a Purse, a Ring, and some other Trifles.

In this Confinement he passed another Night, and the Day following the Woman coming for her Chest, he was released; and having thus traiterously accomplished his Intentions, he left *Genoa*, and arrived at *Paris* before the Time prefixed for his Return.

Bernabo, and the Merchants who were present at the Wager, were summoned by *Ambrogiuolo*, and when they were all met, he declared he had won the Wager, for that the Wife of *Bernabo* had yielded to his Desires, producing as a Proof of what he said, the Things which he had taken away, saying they were given him by the Lady; the Furniture of whose Bed-Chamber he also described.

Bernabo confessed that his Description of the Bed-Chamber was right, and also that the Things he produced were certainly his Wife's, but added, that neither of these Circumstances were any Proof of his Wife's Infidelity, since
he

he might by some Stratagem have procured the Knowledge of the one, and the Possession of the other, and therefore if he had no other Proofs, these were insufficient to make him give up the Wager.

“These Proofs, replied *Ambrogiuolo*, ought to be sufficient, but since you will oblige me to produce more, I will.”

“*Madonna Zinevra*, your Wife, has a large Mole under her left Breast, round which there are two or three Hairs of the Colour of Gold.”

Bernabo struck to the Heart by these Words, made known by the Change of his Colour, and the Rage and Grief which took Possession of his Features, that what *Ambrogiuolo* had said was true, but a few Minutes after, confirming it by his Words,

“Gentlemen, said he, *Ambrogiuolo* has vanquished, I confess it, and am ready to pay him the Money he has won, whenever he comes to demand it.”

Accordingly the next Day *Ambrogiuolo* went to the Lodgings of *Bernabo*, who paid him the five Thousand Florins; and departing from *Paris*, went to *Genoa*, with a fell Soul against the betrayed *Zinevra*.

As soon as he arrived, he retired to one of his Country Houses, at a small Distance from the Town, and there calling a faithful Servant, he ordered him to get two Horses ready,
and

and carry a Letter from him to his Wife, importing his Desires, that she should return with the Bearer to him; and then gave a strict Command to the Servant to murder her as soon as they came into a convenient Place.

The Servant assured him of his Obedience, and rode immediately to Town with the Letter; which *Zinevra* receiving with great Joy, prepared herself for her Journey the next Morning; and accompanied only by the Person who came to fetch her, she took the Road to her Husband's Villa, discoursing as they went upon indifferent Things: when coming into a large and solitary Valley, surrounded with high Trees, the Servant, thinking this a fit Place to execute his Master's Orders, suddenly stopt, and drawing out a large Knife seized the Lady by the Arm.

“Madam, said he, recommend your Soul to God, for you must die in a few Moments.”

The Lady hearing these dreadful Words, and beholding the fatal Knife, all trembling with Fear and Surprize, cried out,

“Oh! Mercy gracious Heaven! why will you murder me? Tell me in what I have offended you, that you resolve to kill me?”

“Madam, replied the Servant, you have not offended me in any Thing, how you have offended your Husband I know not, but he has commanded me to murder you without Mercy

Mercy in this Place, and if I do not obey him, threatens to hang me.

“You know by what Tyes I am bound to him, and that I have it not in my Power to refuse Compliance with any of his Orders ; God knows I pity you ; but I must execute his Will.”

“ Oh grant me Mercy, for the Sake of Heaven ! replied the Lady, all dissolved in Tears ; do not become a Murderer of one who never injured you to please another.

“ God, from whom nothing is concealed, knows I never was guilty of any Action for which I merit this Usage from my Husband ; but of that no more.

“ Suffer me only to represent to you how you may at once avoid offending God, please your Master, and serve me, and that in this Manner :

“ You may give me your upper Coat and Hat, and take my Cloaths, and returning with them to your Master, tell him you have murdered me ; and I swear to you by that Preservation for which I shall be obliged to you, that I will keep myself concealed, and wander into some distant Place, and neither you or he shall ever hear of me again in this Country.”

The Servant, who was very unwilling to murder her, easily yielded to his Compassion and her Entreaties, and gave her his Coat and Hat, together with what Money he found about her ; and after earnestly desiring her to quit *Genoa* as soon as possible, took her Cloaths, and leaving her alone and on foot in the Val-

ley, returned to his Master, to whom he declared, “ that he had murdered her, and that her dead Body was devoured by the Wolves.”

The unhappy Lady being alone and disconsolate in the dreary Valley which had been destined for the Scene of her Murder, knew not whither to direct her Steps ; but Night drawing on, and her Apprehensions of that dreadful Place encreasing with the approaching Darkness, she struck into a foot Path, which led at last to a little Village ; and there going into the Cottage of an old Woman, procured some Necessaries fit for her Appearance as a Sailor, and thus clad, took her Way towards the Shore.

There happening to meet with a *Catalonian* Gentleman, whose Ship lying near the Place, had landed to refresh himself at a Fountain ; he entering into Discourse with the poor Wanderer, supposing her to be a Man, at her Request, received her as a Servant to wait upon his own Person.

Madonna Zinevra, who had taken the Name of *Sicuranno*, followed Signor *Enearach*, her new Master, to his Vessel ; and, having better Cloaths given her, began to serve him so diligently, and with such Fidelity, that he soon conceived a great Esteem for her.

Some time after, the *Catalonian* sailing with a Cargo to *Alexandria*, he took with him some very fine Falcons, which he presented to the Sultan,

Sultan, who being pleased with the Gift, frequently invited the Merchant to his Table.

Sicuranno always attending his Master upon these Occasions, the Sultan was so well pleased with his Carriage and Behaviour, that he asked him of the *Catalonian*; who, though very unwilling to part with him, could not refuse the Sultan's Request, and therefore left him behind at *Alexandria*.

Sicuranno had not been long in the Sultan's Palace, before he acquired as great a Share of that Monarch's Confidence and Esteem, as of the *Catalonian's*, his former Master.

It being a Custom, at a certain Time of the Year, to hold a Fair at *Aeri*, a City in the Dominions of the Sultan, to which a great many Christians and *Saracen* Merchants resorted, the Sultan, in whose Favour *Sicuranno* encreased daily, appointed him to command the Soldiers that were sent there, to guard the Merchants and their Goods while the Fair continued.

Sicuranno being now Captain of the Guard at *Aeri*, acquitted himself of this Charge with his accustomed Diligence and Exactness.

Among the foreign Merchants which resorted to this Fair, there were several *Venetian*, *Placentian*, *Genoese*, and other *Italians*, with whom *Sicuranno*, who still had a great Fondness for his Country, frequently conversed.

It happened one Day, when he was at the Warehouse of the *Venetian* Merchants, that, among other Trinkets, he saw a Purse and a Girdle, which he knew to have once belonged to himself; he was greatly surprized at the Sight of those Things, but concealing it from Observation, enquired whose they were? and if they were to be sold?

Ambrogiuolo, who had come to *Alexandria* with some other Merchants in a *Venetian* Vessel, being told that the Captain of the Guard was enquiring about these Things, came forward, and said, with a Smile “Sir, the Things are mine, and not to be sold; but if you have any Inclination for them, I will present you with them freely.”

Sicuranno seeing him smile, suspected, that by some Means or other, he had discovered who he was; nevertheless, keeping a firm Countenance, he replied;

“You smile, I suppose, because you see me, who am a military Man, enquiring about these female Trifles.”

“No, Sir, said *Ambrogiuolo*, I do not smile at that, but at reflecting on the Manner in which I gained those Things.”

“Ah! I beseech you, said *Sicuranno*, hastily, let us know how you gained them then?”

“Sir, replied *Ambrogiuolo*, these Things were given me by a Lady of *Genoa*, called *Madonna Zinevra*, the Wife of *Bernabo Lomillin*, with whom I had the Honour to pass a Night,
in

in her Husband's Absence; and she entreated me to keep them faithfully for her Sake: I smile, therefore, at reflecting on the stupid Folly of her Husband, who was silly enough to lay five thousand Florins of Gold against a thousand of mine, that it was not in my Power to prevail over the Chastity of his Wife; this, however, I accomplished; he lost the Wager; and he who ought rather to have punished himself for his Stupidity, than his Wife for doing that which all Women will do, went to *Genoa*, and, as I have since heard, caused her to be murdered."

Sicuranno hearing this, knew this Man immediately to be the Cause of all his Misery, and resolved within himself to be severely revenged on him; and in order to accomplish his Design, he feigned himself to be extremely well pleased with this Story, and began to enter into a strict Intimacy with *Ambrogiuolo*, whom he managed so artfully, that at last he confessed the whole Truth to him concerning the Stratagem by which he had deceived *Bernabo*, and gained the Wager.

When the Fair was ended, *Sicuranno*, by large Promises, engaged *Ambrogiuolo* to go with him into *Alexandria*, where he procured him a Warehouse, and lodged Money in his Hands; so that *Ambrogiuolo* thinking he might be able to encrease his Fortune there, willingly stayed at *Alexandria*.

Sicuranno, who ardently desired to have his Innocence made known to *Bernabo*, practised

so well with some *Genoese* Merchants who were in that Country, that they prevailed upon *Bernabo*, who was now reduced to very low Circumstances, to come to *Alexandria*; and *Sicuranno* caused him to be privately received there by some of his Friends.

Sicuranno, who had already made *Ambrogiuolo* recount to the Sultan the Story he had first told him, and which had pleased him greatly, finding it now a proper Time to execute his Intention, since *Bernabo* was arrived, took an Opportunity to entreat the Sultan to give Orders, that *Ambrogiuolo* and *Bernabo* should be brought before him; and to make *Ambrogiuolo*, by Menaces (if he would not by gentle Methods) declare, if what he had boasted concerning the Wife of *Bernabo* was true.

The Sultan consented; and the two Merchants being brought before him, he commanded *Ambrogiuolo*, with a threatening Countenance, to confess truly, how he had won the five thousand Florins of *Bernabo*.

Ambrogiuolo seeing his Friend *Sicuranno* (who was present) look upon him with rageful Eyes, and threatening him with the most horrid Torments if he did not reveal the Truth; pressed on every Side, and supposing the worst Consequence of his Confession would be the Restitution of the Money and the Things, he related the whole Affair just as it happened; and having finished his Narration, *Sicuranno*, as invested with Authority by the Sultan, turned to *Bernabo*, and asked him “what
Punishment

Punishment he had inflicted upon his Wife on Account of that Lye ?”

“ Sir, replied *Bernabo*, being inflamed with Rage for the Loss of my Money, and the Disgrace my Wife’s Infamy had brought upon me, I ordered a Servant to murder her, and, according to his Report, he did so, and her Body was soon after devoured by Wolves.”

These Facts thus laid open before the Sultan, and all that were present, who could not imagine what was to be the End of such an Examination, *Sicuranno*, addressing himself to the Sultan, said :

“ My Lord, you may plainly perceive by their Confessions, what Reason this good Woman had to glory in a Lover and a Husband.

“ The Lover by an infamous Falshood robs her of her Honour, destroys her Fame, and deprives her of her Husband ; and the Husband giving more Credit to the Falshoods of others than to the often experienced Truth of his Wife, commands her to be murdered, and her dead Body to be devoured by Wolves ; and so great is the Affection which this Lover and Husband bore her, that they both continued with her a long Time, and neither of them discovered her.

“ That you may be able therefore to know this clearly, and give to each the Reward they have merited, grant me the Favour I am going to implore of you, which is to pardon the Deceived and punish the Deceiver, and I will then make the injured Lady herself come into your Presence?”

The Sultan, always disposed to comply with any Request of *Sicuranno's*, granted this immediately, and desired him to make the Lady come.

Bernabo, who firmly believed his Wife to be dead, was greatly astonished at this Proposition; and *Ambrogiuolo* began now to apprehend he should suffer something worse than paying back the Money.

Sicuranno being thus assured of having her Request granted by the Sultan, cast herself at the Feet of that Monarch; the Tears fast streaming down her Cheeks, and losing with her assumed masculine Voice, the Desire of appearing masculine, spoke in this Manner.

“My Lord, in me behold the injured, the unhappy *Zinevra*, who, through the wicked Falshoods of that Traitor *Ambrogiuolo*, have been obliged to wander miserably through the World in the Form of a Man, and by this cruel Husband doomed to be murdered and devoured by Wolves.

Then opening her Waistcoat, she discovered her Bosom, by which the Sultan, and all who were present, knowing her to be a Woman, were filled with Astonishment and Compassion.

Zinevra then turning to *Ambrogiuolo*, fiercely demanded of him. “when it was he had seduced her Virtue, as he had once openly boasted?”

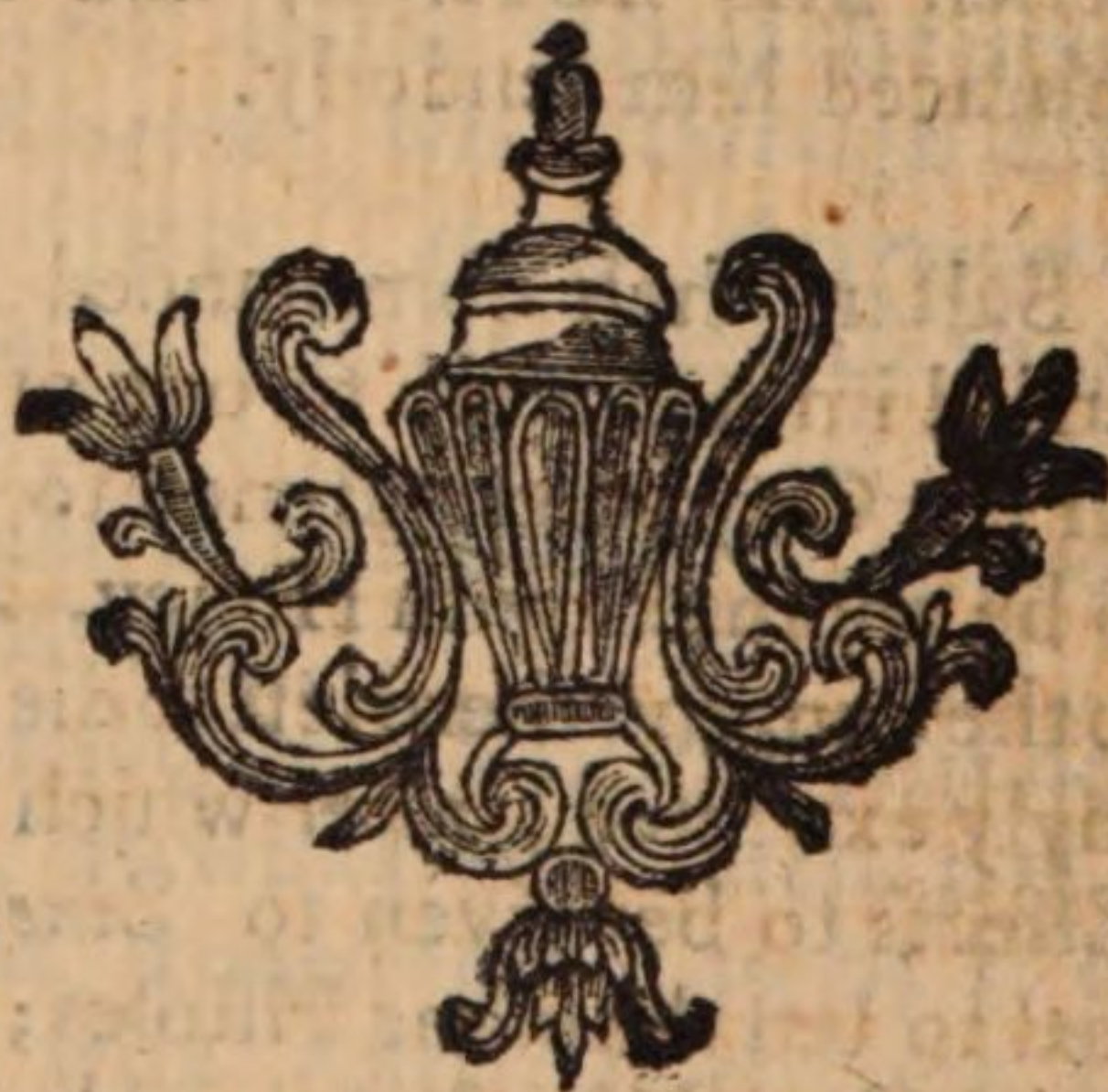
Ambrogiuolo, who now knew her, and was struck dumb with Shame and Fear, answered nothing. The

The Sultan, who always believed her to be a Man, was so astonished at what he now saw and heard, that, for some Moments, he knew not whether all was not a Dream; but his Wonder ceasing, he began to praise, with the highest Expressions of Esteem, the Virtue, Constancy, and unblameable Manners of *Zinevra*, and gave Orders to have her magnificently drest in a female Habit, appointed Women to attend her, and, as he had promised, pardoned the deceived Husband *Bernabo*, who falling at the Feet of his Wife, entreated her also with Tears to forgive him.

Zinevra raised him up, and kindly assuring him that she would forget all that was past, threw herself into his Arms, and as her Husband embraced him tenderly.

The Sultan then commanded *Ambrogiuolo* to be carried immediately to one of the highest Places in the City, and fastened to a Stake, his Body to be anointed with Honey, and exposed naked to the Sun, and there left to die; which was accordingly executed; after which he ordered all his Effects to be given to *Zinevra*, which amounted to ten thousand Pistoles; and making a magnificent Feast, he publicly bestowed the highest Honours and Applauses on *Zinevra* for her Courage and Virtue, and presented her Husband and her with ten thousand Pistoles more, giving them Leave to depart, and a Ship to carry them back to *Genoa*; where they soon after arrived, extremely rich, and were received with great Honours by their Citizens;

especially *Madonna Zinevra*, who had been thought dead by every one, and who, from that Time till her Death, lived in the highest Reputation for Courage, Constancy and Virtue.





OBSERVATIONS *on the Use* Shakespear has made of the foregoing Novel in his Tragedy of Cymbeline.

THE Plot of the foregoing Novel forms one of the Actions of Shakespear's Tragedy, called *Cymbeline*; I say one of the Actions, because this Play, with his usual Irregularity, is composed of three or four different ones.

He has copied all those Circumstances from *Boccacio*, that were necessary to serve his Design; but he has entirely changed the Scene, the Characters, and the Manners; and that he has done so greatly for the worse, is I think easy to prove.

Boccaccio introduces some young Merchants in a Tavern, where two of them, being heated by Wine, lay a fantastical Wager; one that his Wife was absolutely chaste, and not to be corrupted by any Methods whatever.

The other, that she was frail like the rest of the Sex; and that to prove it, he would prevail upon her in a very short Time to violate her Faith to her Husband.

Shakespear

Shakespear makes the Lady in Question, not the Wife of a Merchant, but the Heiress of a great Kingdom.

The Husband, who lays so indiscreet a Wager, not a simple Trader intoxicated with Liquor, but a young, noble, though unfortunate Hero, whom, for the extraordinary Qualities of his Mind and Person, the Princess had secretly married.

And the Scenes, instead of a Tavern in *Paris*, and the House of a private Family in the Court of *Britain*, and the Chamber of the Princess.

To this injudicious Change of the Characters is owing all the Absurdities of this Part of *Shakespear's* Plot; he has given the Manners of a Tradesman's Wife, and two Merchants intoxicated with Liquor, to a great Princess, an *English* Hero, and a noble Roman.

The King, enraged at *Posthumus* for daring to marry his Daughter, contents himself with only sending him into Banishment, and presses the Princess to take for another Husband a Man whom she detests, while her first is only divided from her by a very considerable Distance, and while there is a Probability of meeting him again.

Since he was so resolutely bent upon making her marry the stupid Son of his second Wife, surely it would have more facilitated his Design, to have either taken away the Life of *Posthumus*, or kept him in a strict and secret Confinement, and by that Means
have

have deprived the Princess of all Hope of ever seeing him ; but *Posthumus* must only be banished to make Way for the scandalous Wager.

This adoring and obliged Husband of a beautiful and virtuous Princess, no sooner arrives at *Rome*, but he engages in a ridiculous Dispute concerning the Beauty, Wit, and Chastity of his Lady ; and tamely suffers one of his *Roman* Friends, to maintain that she was as liable to be corrupted as any other of her Sex.

The Dispute growing warm, the *Roman* engages to take a Journey to *Britain*, and corrupt the Chastity of the Princess, which, if he accomplishes, *Posthumus* is to reward him with the Ring that she had given him at parting ; and to facilitate his Design, writes a Letter to the Princess, recommending *Jachimo* to her as one of his most valued Friends.

Jachimo accordingly arrives in *Britain*, delivers his Letter to the Princess, and is very kindly received.

It must be observed that the Princess is strictly guarded by the King's Orders, and this is very natural, since he intended to force her to marry her stupid Step-brother.

But how comes it that this confined Princess, guarded by her Father's Guards, and watched by her Mother-in-law's Spies, should be able to give an Audience to a foreign Stranger, who comes from the very Place where her banished Husband resides ?

We

We see no Stratagem made use of to elude the Vigilance of her Guards; no Bribes given to buy the Secresy of Spies.

The Friend of her banished Husband is introduced by his Confident, who though known to be so, both by the King, Queen, and Rival of *Posthumus*, is still permitted to attend her.

This is not indeed very probable, but it is absolutely necessary for the Plot, because this faithful Confident is to carry the Princess afterwards into a dark Wood, in order to kill her, by his Master's Orders.

So the Story goes in *Boccaccio*, so also goes the Plot in the Tragedy.

There is only this small Difference, that in *Boccaccio* it is a private Gentlewoman, who, attended with one Servant, rides a small Journey to meet her Husband at his Country House.

But in *Shakespear*, it is the Heiress of a great Kingdom, who notwithstanding her Guards, the Dignity of her Station, and Weakness of her Sex, rides Post with one Man Servant to a Sea-port Town, for a short View of her Husband. But of this hereafter.

Let us see how *Jachimo* begins his Courtship to this great Princess: After having insinuated into her Bosom some jealous Suspicions of her Husband's Constancy, he goes on to praise her Beauty familiarly enough, considering he had but a few Minutes Acquaintance with her Highness.

Then

Then begs Leave to “dedicate himself to her sweet Pleasure,” and supposing the Bargain coucluded, offers to kiss her.

The Princess calls *Pisanio*, her Husband's Confident; he happens not to be within hearing; and this is very convenient, for there is a Necessity for a long Conversation to make all right again, for the second Part of *Jachimo's* Stratagem.

Her Highness then turns to her impudent Gallant, tells him, “if he had been honourable he would not have sought such a base End of her,” and that she “disdains him and the Devil alike.”

The Gallant upon this Lucretia-like Denial, changes his Note, praises the Virtue and Constancy of her Husband, and assures her, he only made this Attempt on her Chastity, in order to try if she was really as pure as she was believed to be.

Her Highness is pacified, professes herself his faithful Friend, and offers him all her Interest in the Court.

Jachimo waves this princely Offer; but desires her to allow him to put a Chest of Goods under her Care for one Night, to which the Princess consenting, assures him his Chest shall be placed in her own Bed-Chamber.

Upon this Expedient the whole Plot turns.

Jachimo, concealed in the Chest, furnishes himself like *Ambrogio*, with Proofs of his having dishonoured the Lady, and, returning to *Posthumus*, declares he has won the Wager.

Posthumus,

Posthumus, satisfied with his Proof, though the Honour of a Princess, and of a Princess who loved him to Distraction, was in Question, dispatches Orders to his Servant to kill her; and to give him an Opportunity to execute his Commands, writes to the Princess that he is at *Milford-Haven*, supposing that this Intelligence will bring her immediately to meet him.

To pass by the Absurdity of supposing a great Princess, guarded by an incensed Father, and the jealous Vigilance of a designing Step-Mother, should be able to leave the Court, and ride like a Market-Woman with a single Attendant to meet him; what Reason had he to expect such a dangerous Proof of Affection from a Woman, who had so easily been prevailed upon to violate the Faith she had lately given him?

The Wife of *Bernabo* the Merchant might indeed find it necessary to keep herself unsuspected by her Husband, since her Happiness depended upon his believing her virtuous.

But the Princess's Constancy to *Posthumus* was the Cause of her Disgrace; by marrying *Cloten* she might regain her Liberty, and consequently have better Opportunities of following her private Intrigues.

But what Inducement could she have for incurring the Resentment of the King her Father, only to seem constant to a banished Man, whom she was dishonouring in private?

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Her Constancy to *Posthumus* in Defiance of her Father's Anger, could only be the Effect of a violent Passion for him; but her abandoning herself to a loose Intrigue with his Friend, was absolutely inconsistent with her Love for him.

If *Posthumus* then believed her unchaste, he could not possibly expect she would endeavour to preserve the least Appearance of Fidelity, since it was her Interest to abandon him publicly, much less endanger her Person by so extraordinary an Effect of Love and Obedience as that he required of her.

The injured Princess however is impatient to be on Horseback, she whips out of the Palace in a Minute, and passes invisibly, we cannot help supposing, though there is no Incantment in the Case, through the midst of her Attendants and Guards, and gallops away to meet her Husband.

When she arrives in the destined Wood, *Pisanio* acquaints her with the Orders he had received to kill her, and his fixed Resolution not to obey them.

The Princess indeed puts a very pertinent Question to him.

Imo. Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? why hast thou abused
So many Miles, with a Pretence? this Place?
Mine Action? and thine own? our Horses
labour.

The Time inviting thee? the perturb'd Court,
For my being absent? whereunto I never
Purpose

Purpose return. Why hast thou gone so far
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy Stand,
Th' elected Deer before thee?

Shakespear no doubt foresaw his Readers would ask this Question if the Princess did not, but though he found it an easy Matter to make *Pisano* satisfy her as to that Particular, the Reader is not so easily answered.

For why indeed did he bring her into so shocking a Situation, if he resolved not to murder her? Why did he not acquaint her with the cruel Orders of her Husband while she was in her Father's Palace?

If it was a bold and hazardous Action to quit the Court in such a strange Equipage, to have a short Conference with a faithful Husband, why must she expose herself to so eminent a Danger, only to be told of the Cruelty and Injustice of that Husband?

But the Truth is, she has a great many strange Adventures to come yet, and these must be brought about at the Expence of Probability.

But what Resolution does the Heiress of *Britain* take after being told that her Husband, believing her to be an Adulteress, had ordered her to be killed.

One would imagine, that full of a just Disdain for so vile and scandalous a Suspicion, the Pride of injured Virtue, affronted Dignity, and Rage of ill requited Love, would have carried her back to the Court, there by disclaiming all future Faith and Tenderneſs for the
the

the unworthy *Posthumus*, restore herself to the Affection of her Father, and all the Rights of her royal Birth.

No, she only weeps, complains, reproaches a little, and then resolves to dress herself in the Habit of a Boy, and wander a-foot to procure a Service.

Here *Shakespear* drops *Boccaccio*, after having fervilely copied from him all the Incidents which compose this Part of the Plot of *Cymbeline*; but by changing the Scene and Characters has made these Incidents absurd, unnatural, and improbable.

The rest of the Play is equally inconsistent, and if *Shakespear* invented here for himself, his Imagination is in this one Instance full as bad as his Judgment.

His Princess forgetting that she had put on Boy's Cloaths to be a Spy upon the Actions of her Husband, commences Cook to two young Forresters and their Father, who live in a Cave; and we are told how nicely she fauced the Broths.

Guid. "But his neat Cookery!

Arv. He cut our Roots in Characters,
And fauc'd our Broth, as *Juno* had been sick,
And he her Dieter.

Certainly this Princess had a most œconomical Education; however she is to change her Situation, seem dead, be buried, and come to Life again, and hire herself to a new Master."

To bring all this about, *Shakespear* makes her drink a Potion, resembling that of *Juliet's* in its Effects; this Potion is tempered by the Queen's Physician, whom she had desired to prepare her a Poison.

Pisanio being in the Queen's Apartment when the Drug was brought in, looked earnestly at it, which the Queen observing, desired him to accept of it, telling him it was a fine Cordial.

The Physician, who is by, whispers *Pisanio*, that the Queen having desired him to prepare her some mortal Poison, he had given her a Drug, which would only make the Person that drank of it fall into a Sleep, resembling Death.

One would think *Pisanio* was sufficiently warned, yet we find him giving this Drug to the Princess when he left her in the Wood, assuring her it was a rich Cordial given him by the Queen, and intreating her to drink some of it when she was sick.

This Blunder however produces a great many other Events; *Imogen* thought to be dead, is buried by the young Foresters (who are her Brothers, though unknown) in the Wood.

Cloten follows the Princess with an Intention, as he declares, "to ravish her, and then kick her back to Court," and is disguised in the Cloaths of *Posthumus*, though there is no other Reason for his being thus disguised, but only that the Princess may afterwards suppose him *Posthumus* when she finds him dead. Being afterwards killed by the Brothers of *Imogen*, one of them cuts off his Head, and buries him beside the supposed Youth. It

It may seem a little shocking for a generous young Man, a Prince, though he did not know afhimself, to cut off the Head of his Enemy, it ter having killed him; but his Head must be cut off, or else how could *Imogen* mistake him for her Lord?

The Princess awaking from her Trance, supposes she is travelling to *Milford-Haven*, and cries, “Ods pittikens, is it six Miles yet?” recovering her Senses perfectly, and seeing a headless Man lying near, drest in the Cloaths of *Posthumus*, she laments over him, believing him to be her Husband.

This is indeed a very pathetic Distress; but what does the unhappy Heiress of *Britain* do, now she thinks her Husband is killed? Why she accepts the Post of Page to the Enemy of her Father and Country; who, with a hostile Army, is wasting the Kingdom, over which, by Right of Birth, she is to reign.

But why does the Princess disgrace her Sex and Dignity by accepting so scandalous an Employment? Is it the Fear of Death from the *Romans*? No, certainly there is no such Thing threatened.

Besides, a Lady, fond to Distraction of a Husband whom she finds lying murdered by her, can hardly be supposed so attentive to her own Danger in those distressful Moments as to provide so cunningly for her Safety.

However, the Princess, full of Despair as she is, dresses up a clever Tale in a Trice; invents a Name for her murdered Husband; calls herself his Page; says he was slain by Moun-

Mountaineers ; and expresse her Fears that she should never get so good a Master.

Hereupon *Lucius* takes her to be his Page ; and her Highness goes off very well contented with her Situation.

It would be an endless Task to take Notice of all the Absurdities in the Plot, and unnatural Manners in the Characters of this Play.

Such as the ridiculous Story of the King's two Sons being stolen in their Infancy from the Court, and bred up in the Mountains of Wales till they were twenty Years of Age.

Then, at their first Essay in Arms, these Striplings stop the King's Army, which is flying from the victorious *Romans*, oblige them to face their Enemies, and gain a compleat Victory.

With Inconsistencies like these it every where abounds ; the whole Conduct of the Play is absurd and ridiculous to the last Degree, and with all the Liberties *Shakespear* has taken with Time, Place and Action, the Story, as he has managed it, is more improbable than a Fairy Tale.

As Mr. *Pope* observes, little more than the Names in this Play is historical.

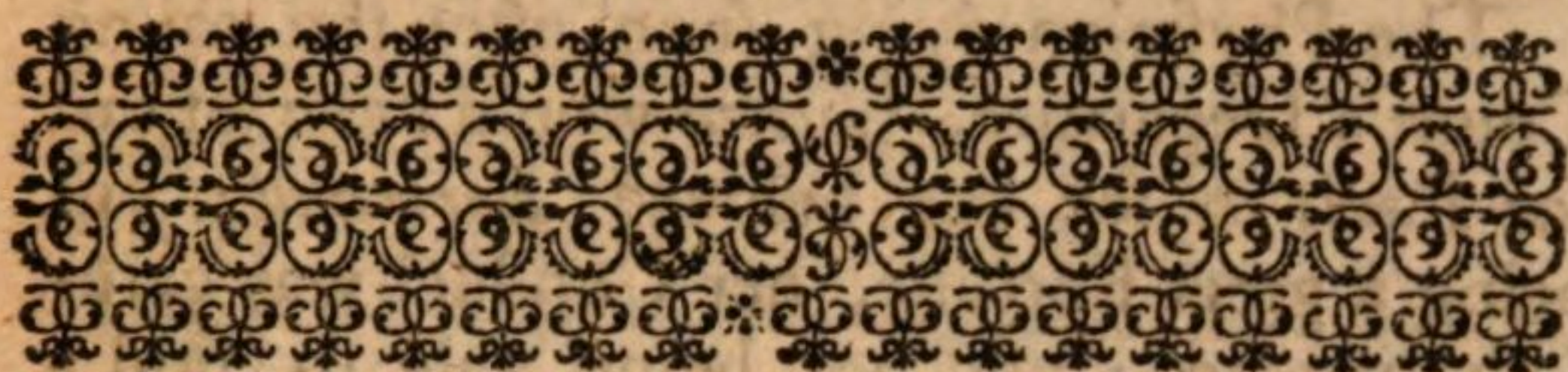
Hollingshead says in his Chronicle, " that *Cymbeline* was in such Favour with *Augustus Cæsar*, whom he had served in the Wars, that he left him at Liberty either to pay or not to pay his Tribute, as he pleased ;" which Circumstance is thus used by *Shakespear*.

Augustus

Augustus sends to demand the Payment of the Tribute which had been, by the wicked Counsels of the King's second Wife, neglected: *Cymbeline*, according to the Queen's Directions, refuses to pay it: Hereupon War is declared; an Army of *Romans* comes into *Britain*; the King's Forces are put to Flight; but being rallied, and led on again by two Boys in a narrow Lane, they give the *Romans* a total Defeat, and take their General Prisoner; and after this Victory the King pays the Tribute which he had before so peremptorily refused.







*The ninth Novel of the third Day of
the Decamerone of Boccaccio.*



A Nobleman of the Kingdom of France, named *Esnard*, Count of *Roussillon*, being of a weak and sickly Constitution, always kept a Physician, named *Gerard de Narbonne*, in his House. This Count had one only Son, called *Bertrand*; he was extremely handsome and of a sweet and gentle Disposition; the Count caused several young Boys of his Age to be educated with him; among whom there was also a little Girl, named *Giletta*, Daughter to the Physician.

This Girl loved *Bertrand* with a Tenderness and Ardor very uncommon to one of her Age.

The Count dying, left his Son under the Guardianship of the King; and his Majesty sending Orders for him to come to *Paris*, *Giletta*, whose Affection encreased with her

Years, remained in the utmost Affliction at *Roussillon*.

The Physician dying soon after the young Count's Departure, *Giletta* would have set out for *Paris* to see her beloved *Bertrand*; but being a great Fortune, her Conduct was carefully watched; and not being able to find a reasonable Excuse for such a Journey, she was obliged for the present to quit her Design.

Growing now of Years fit to be married, her Relations proposed several Matches to her, which she, without explaining the true Cause, refused, the secret Passion she had long felt for *Bertrand* gaining Strength by the Reports she had continually heard of his extraordinary Beauty and Accomplishments, she resolved never to give her Hand to any other Man.

But while she was languishing with a hopeless Desire of seeing the Count, News came that the King of *France* was extremely ill; a Swelling in his Stomach having been badly treated, had turned to a Fistula; and the Anguish he felt from his Distemper was encreased by his Despair of ever getting it cured; no Physician being found that was able to remove it, notwithstanding great Numbers had been tried, who had all left it worse than before.

The King, therefore, in the utmost Despair at their bad Success, would no longer admit of Advice or Assistance.

Giletta, overjoyed at this News, thought she had now not only a good Excuse for going to *Paris*, but if the King's Distemper was
what

what she believed it to be, there was also a Possibility of gaining *Bertrand* for a Husband.

Her Father having discovered to her many valuable Secrets of his Art, she made a Powder of a certain Herb, which she had been taught by him was a Remedy for the Disease she imagined the King was afflicted with; and privately getting a Horse prepared for her, went immediately to *Paris*.

Her first Care after her Arrival was to gain a Sight of her dear *Bertrand*; and then procuring an Audience of the King, she earnestly entreated him to let her look at the Swelling.

The King seeing her so young and handsome, could not refuse her Request; as soon as she saw it, she immediately entertained Hopes of curing him, and said, "Sire, if you are willing, I trust in God I shall be able, without giving you much Pain or Fatigue, to cure you of this Distemper in eight Days."

The King laughing at these solemn Assurances, replied, "Since the greatest Physicians in the World have not been able to cure me, how is it possible a young Woman should perform what was too difficult for them; I give you thanks for your good Will, but I am determined never more to follow any Prescription whatever."

"Sire, replied *Giletta*, you despise my Art because I am young, and a Woman; I am not indeed a Physician; nor is it by my own Knowledge that I pretend to cure you; but by the Help of God, and the Knowledge of *Gerard*

de Narbonne, who was my Father, and when he was alive, a celebrated Physician."

The King, being moved with these Words, began to reason with himself in this Manner :

"This Woman, perhaps, is sent by Providence for my Relief; ought I not, at least, to try what she can do? especially since she says she will cure me in a little Time, and that too without much Pain:" Then having taken his Resolution, he said, "But, Damsel, if after having made me break through my Resolves, you do not cure me, what Punishment are you willing to submit to?"

"Sire, answered *Giletta*, make me be carefully guarded, and, if after the Expiration of eight Days, I do not cure you, sentence me to be burnt; but if I do cure you, what shall be my Recompence?"

"You seem to me, said the King to be still unmarried; if you perform what you have promised, I will give you a rich and honourable Husband."

"Truly, Sire, said *Giletta*, I am very well pleased with your Design of marrying me; but I must be at Liberty to name my Husband, and no Person whatever, except those of the Royal Blood, must be refused me."

The King agreed to her Request immediately, and promised her it should be punctually complied with.

Giletta, thereupon, began to administer her Medicine, which she pursued so happily, that before the Time prefixed, she restored him to Health.

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The King feeling himself perfectly cured, said to her, "Damsel, you have well gained your Husband." "Then, Sire, she replied, I have gained *Bertrand*, Count of *Roussillon*, whom I began to love in my Infancy, and have ever since loved with the most ardent Affection.

The King thought her Demand very high, but as he had given his Promise he was resolved not to break it, and ordered *Bertrand* to be called; to whom he said; "Count, you are now grown a Man, and perfected in all the Accomplishments of a Nobleman; it is my Will, therefore, that you should take upon you the Government of your Country, and carry with you the Damsel I have given you for a Wife." "And who is that Damsel, Sire, replied the Count?" "That is she, said the King, who with her Medicines has restored me to Health."

Bertrand, as soon as he looked upon her, immediately remembered her; and though her Person appeared to him extremely handsome, yet, sensible of the Disproportion of her Birth to his, he answered, with great Disdain, "What! Sire, would you give me a female Quack for a Wife?" God forbid I should ever be the Husband of such a Woman."

"Will you then, replied the King, make me break my Word with this young Maid, who demanded you for a Husband in Reward for restoring me to Health?"

"Sire, replied *Bertrand*, you may take away all I possess; and, by the Power you have over me, give me to whom you please;

but, it is certain, I never shall be contented with such a Marriage."

"You will be happy, no doubt, replied the King; the Damsel is fair and wise; she loves you ardently; and I hope you will enjoy a more agreeable Life with her, than with a Lady of noble Birth."

Bertrand being silent, the King gave Orders to make great Preparations for the Nuptials; and when the determined Day came, *Bertrand*, though unwillingly, married *Gilletta* in the Presence of the King.

The Ceremony over, the Count, having taken his Resolution, desired the King's Permission to return to his Country, there to consummate the Marriage: The King granting his Request, he mounted his Horse, but instead of going to *Roussillon* went into *Tuscany*, and knowing that the *Florentines* were at War with the Republic of *Sienna*, he offered his Service to the first, who received him gladly, paid him great Honours, and gave him the Command of a Regiment, with large Appointments, which prevailed upon him to continue in their Service.

In the mean time, the new-married Lady, little pleased with such a Disappointment, flattered herself, that by her prudent Behaviour, she should be able to recall him; and being received at *Roussillon* with all the Honours due to the Wife of Count *Bertrand*, she applied herself in the Absence of her Lord to the Management of his Affairs, which she performed with so much Solitude and Discretion, that
all

all the People at *Roussillon* were extremely pleased with her wise Government, held her in the utmost Esteem and Affection, and greatly blamed their Lord for his unkind Behaviour to her.

Having put every Thing at *Roussillon* into exact Order, she sent two Gentlemen to her Lord, whom she ordered to acquaint him, that if her Presence was the Cause of his Absence from his Country, to make him easy, and to engage him to return, she would quit *Roussillon* for ever. To this Message the Count replied with great Harshness ;

“ Tell her she may do what she pleases, and assure her that I am determined never to live with her as my Wife, till she gets this Ring which I wear on my Finger into her Possession, and has a Son begot by me in her Arms; both which cannot possibly happen, as I never intend to see her more.”

The two Gentlemen thought these hard Conditions, and after long soliciting him in vain to change his Purpose, returned to the Lady, and related to her his Answer.

The unhappy *Giletta*, greatly afflicted at this Account, deliberated with herself a long Time on the Means she should use to accomplish those two Things, and retrieve her Husband.

After much Thought, she at last assembled all the best and wisest of the Count's Subjects, and in very moving Language related all she had done through her Affection for the Count, his Disdain of her, his Unkindness and obstinate Resolution never to live

with her, and lastly, declared that she was determined not to keep her Lord in perpetual Banishment by her Stay at *Roussillon*, but to retire and pass the remainder of her Life in Pilgrimage and devout Works for the Salvation of her Soul; intreating them to take great Care of the Affairs of the Country, and to signify to their Lord that she had quitted *Roussillon*, with a fixed Resolution never to return thither any more.

While she was speaking many Tears were shed by the good People to whom she addressed herself, who all humbly intreated her to change her Resolution, and continue among them; but she was immoveable, and recommending them to God, took Leave of them.

Then furnishing herself with Money and rich Jewels, she set out in the Habit of a Pilgrim, attended by a Chambermaid and one of her Cousins, and took the Road to *Florence*, never stopping till she reached that City.

Arriving there, she hired a Lodging in an Inn which was kept by a good Widow, and passing for a poor Pilgrim, remained there in Hopes of hearing something about her Lord.

She had not been long in the Inn when *Bertrand* happened to pass by the Door on Horseback, with a great Retinue.

Giletta knew him immediately, but endeavouring to suppress the Emotions his unexpected Sight gave her; she took Occasion as he passed, to enquire of her Landlady his Name and Condition.

Who

Who replied that he was a Foreigner, called Count *Bertrand*, remarkable for his Politeness and Affability, and added, that he was very much in love with a Neighbour of hers, a young Woman well born, and very virtuous, but so poor that no one was willing to marry her; and that her Mother being a discreet, sensible Woman, perceiving the Count's Passion for her Daughter, took great Care to preserve her from his dishonourable Attempts.

The Countess after enquiring and getting all the Information she was able from her Landlady, concerning this Woman and her Daughter, retired to reflect upon what she had heard, and weighing well every Particular Circumstance in her Mind, she conceived a Design of turning the Count's Infidelity to her own Advantage.

But concealing her Intentions from her two Attendants, she went privately one Day in her Pilgrim's Habit to the House of her Rival, and easily getting Admittance, found her Landlady had not misrepresented the Condition of these good People, whose extream Poverty was very discernible from every Thing about them.

The Countess on her Entrance saluted the Mother with great Civility, and desired the Favour of some private Discourse with her.

The Gentlewoman rising, told her she was ready to hear her, and led her into another
I 5 Chamber,

Chamber, where as soon as they were seated, the Countess began in this Manner.

“ My good Lady, I perceive that Fortune is as much your Enemy as mine, but if you are willing, 'tis in your Power to give yourself as well as me Consolation.”

The good Woman replied, “ that she desired nothing so much as to procure herself Relief, provided she could do it honestly.”

“ 'Tis necessary then, said the Countess, that I should rely on your Fidelity, but if you deceive me, you will ruin my Design and hurt your own Interest.”

“ You may tell me whatever you please with great Secrecy, replied the Gentlewoman, you shall never find me deceitful.”

“ The Countess then beginning her Story with her Love of Count *Bertrand* while she was yet a Child ; pursued it through all its Circumstances till she brought it down to the present Time ; relating every Thing in so affecting and artless a Manner, that the good Woman could not doubt the Truth of what she said, and began to have great Compassion for her.

“ 'Tis only by your Means, added the Countess, that I can accomplish those two Conditions, upon which my Happiness depends, if what I hear be true, that my Husband loves your Daughter.”

“ I know not, Madam, replied the Gentlewoman, whether the Count really loves my Daughter, but I know that he makes great

Professions of it; but what is it you would desire of me? how is it in my Power to serve you?"

"I will tell you, replied the Countess, but first you must let me know how I shall return the Obligation you are able to confer upon me?"

"I see your Daughter is handsome, and old enough to be married, and by what I have heard, and now observe, you keep her at Home for want of a Portion to marry her, I intend therefore to reward the Service you may do me, by giving her immediately as much Money as you shall think necessary to marry her honourably."

The good Woman, who was in great Necessity, was pleased with the Offer, but being cautious and discreet, replied,

"Madam, tell me what it is you require of me, and if I can do it honestly I will, and you shall afterwards make what Acknowledgments you please."

"You must then, said the Countess, send some Person in whom you can confide to Count *Bertrand*, to let him know that your Daughter will consent to his Desires, but that in order to be convinced of the Truth of that Passion he pretends for her, he must send by her Messenger that Ring which he wears on his Finger, and that done, she will be ready to grant all he requires.

"This Message will certainly bring him to your House, I will be concealed in your Daughter's Chamber, and supply her Place;

perhaps I may be so fortunate as to prove with Child by him, and thus by your Assistance, having the Ring on my Finger, and a Child in my Arms begat by him, I may at last acquire his Affection, and prevail with him to live with me for the future as his Wife."

The good Woman was at first startled at this Request of the Countess's, fearing her Daughter's Reputation might suffer if she complied with it.

But reflecting that it would be a good Action to procure the Love of a Husband to a Wife that deserved it; she not only promised the Countess to perform all she desired, but in a few Days sent a Messenger with great Secrecy to the Count, who hearing the Message, notwithstanding he thought it hard to give away his Ring, complied with his Mistress's Command, and came to her Appointment.

Giletta being dextrously conveyed into the Chamber instead of the young Woman, the Count passed the Night with her, retiring very early the next Morning for fear of giving any Occasion for Slander; but he renewed his Visits every Night, always believing it was his beloved Mistress who received him.

The Countess finding herself with Child, would no longer admit the nightly Visits of her Husband, and calling for her Benefactress, said,

"Madam, I have (Thanks to God and your Assistance) accomplished what I desired,
and

and it is now Time to know what I can do for you in Return."

The good Woman told her she might do what she pleased, but that for her Part she desired no Reward for the Service she had done her, having only in her Opinion done what she ought.

The Countess expressed herself pleased with her modest Reply, but insisted upon her naming a Portion for her Daughter.

The Gentlewoman thus constrained with great Hesitation and much Shame, asked a hundred Pounds.

The Countess seeing her Confusion, and admiring the Moderation of her Demand, gave her five Hundred Pounds in Money, and Jewels to the Value of five Hundred more, and taking Leave of the Mother and Daughter returned to her Inn.

The good Woman, who was enriched greatly beyond her Expectations, sent Word to the Count to forbear his Visits, and retired with her Daughter into the Country to some of her Relations.

Bertrand being informed that his Wife had left *Rouffillon*, yielded to the Desires of his People, and went thither, which the Countess hearing, was extremely pleased, and resolved to stay at *Florence* till she was brought to Bed.

When the Time was expired she was delivered of two Sons, both very like their Father, and as soon as she was able to bear the Fatigue of Travelling she left *Florence*, and
came

came without being known by any one to *Montpellier* ; there she rested two or three Days, and then with her Children took the Road to *Rouffillon*.

On her Arrival she enquired after the Health of her Lord, and hearing that he was well, and was that Day giving a great Feast to some Noblemen and Ladies in his Palace, she presented herself in the Hall where they were all assembled, wearing the Habit of a Pilgrim, in which she had left *Rouffillon*, and holding her two Sons in her Arms: Then throwing herself at the Feet of her Husband with Tears streaming from her Eyes, she said.

“ My Lord, I am your unhappy Wife, who, abandoned by you, did notwithstanding apply myself diligently to the Management of your Affairs ; I have long wandered miserably about the World, and now come to demand you in the Name of God, since I have been able to accomplish those two Conditions you proposed by the Gentleman I sent to you ; look on me, my Lord, and behold in my Arms not only one Son by you but two, behold likewise your Ring, and according to your Promise receive and acknowledge me for your Wife.

The Count, who had listened attentively to her, was struck motionless with Astonishment. He knew the Ring, and observed the Children to be very like him, and wholly lost in the Perplexity into which those Accidents had thrown him, he asked her how it could be?

The

The Countess then, to the great Amazement of her Lord and all who were present, related every Circumstance that had happened to her since her Departure from *Roussillon*.

Bertrand being convinced of the Truth of what she said, was struck with her Perseverance and Wisdom, and gazing on the Children, which he knew by their Resemblance to him to be his own, mindful of the Promise he had made her, and moved with the Remonstrances of the Ladies and Gentlemen that were with him, and the Intreaties of his People, who all conjured him to receive and acknowledge her, his Obstinacy at last gave Way.

He raised the Countess from her Knees, embraced her tenderly, acknowledged her to be his lawful Wife, and the Children she brought with her his Sons. And then giving Orders for her being drest according to her Rank and Fortune, passed the rest of that Day and many others following, in Feasting and rejoycing, to the great Satisfaction of all the People in *Roussillon*.

From this Time he always lived with her as his Wife, esteemed and honoured her for her Virtues, and loved her with the greatest Degree of Tendernefs.





OBSERVATIONS on the Use Shakespear has made of the foregoing Novel in his Comedy of All's Well that ends Well.

The Fable of All's Well that ends Well.

BERTRAM, the young Count of Roussillon, having lost his Father, is left under the Guardianship of the King of France, who sends Orders for him to come to Court.

Helena, the Daughter of a famous Physician, lately deceased, being violently in Love with the Count, resolves to follow him to *Paris*.

The old Countess of Roussillon, Mother to *Bertram*, who is very fond of *Helena*, being informed that she was in Love with her Son, questions her about it, which after some evasive Answers, she at last confesses, and also acknowledges her Intention to go to *Paris*, to offer her Service to cure the King, who was sick of a Fistula, which by his Physicians was pronounced incurable.

The Countess permits her to go, and the King, after many Intreaties, submits to make Use of her Medicine; which effects his Cure.

Helena before the Trial obliges the King to promise, that if he was restored to Health by her

her Applications, he would give her her Choice of a Husband among those Persons he had a Right to dispose of.

Accordingly when the Cure is compleated, she demands Count *Bertram*.

The King orders him to marry her ; he refuses on account of the meanness of her Birth ; the King insisting upon his Obedience, *Bertram* at last complies, and seemingly with great Willingness, but when the Ceremony is performed, declares to a Confident that he hates his new Wife, and is determined never to live with her, but will go to the Wars in *Tuscany* to avoid it.

He then sends a flattering Message to *Helena*, and desires that she will take Leave of the King immediately, and give him to understand that this sudden Parting proceeds from her own earnest Inclinations to be gone.

Helena complies with this Injunction, and meeting her Lord, he excuses his Absence for two Days to her, gives her a Letter to carry to his Mother, and bids her hasten to *Roussillon*.

She departs, and he having thus got rid of her, steals immediately to *Florence*.

The old Countess of *Roussillon* is extremely enraged at the Contents of her Son's Letter, which informs her that he is determined never to live with his new Wife, and a Billet is delivered to *Helena* also, upon her Arrival at *Roussillon*, containing these Words. " When thou canst get the Ring upon my Finger, which never shall come off, and
shew

shew me a Child begotten of thy Body that I am Father to, then call me Husband, but in such a then I write never."

Helena in Despair at this cruel Epistle, and desirous that her Presence might not banish her Lord from *Roussillon*, steals away at Night, leaving a Letter for her Mother-in-law, in which she informs her that she is gone a bare-foot Pilgrimage to St. *Jagues*, entreats her to recall her Son from the Wars, and declares, "that she is going to embrace Death to give him Freedom;" however, she stops at *Florence*, meets with a Widow, whose Daughter, *Diana*, the Count was in Love with, and prevailing upon these two Women, by large Sums of Money, to assist her in her Design upon her Husband, she supplies *Diana's* Place in the Assignment she had made by her Advice with the Count, and gets the Ring which he had presented her in her own Possession, giving him in Return another which she had received from the King.

A feigned Account of her Death, confirmed by the Rector of the Place where she died, being carried to *Roussillon*, the old Countess sends the News to her Son, entreating him to return, which he does immediately; and the King, being then at *Roussillon*, pardons the Count for his unkind Usage of *Helena*, whose Loss he seems greatly to regret, and the Daughter of an old Lord, named *Lafeu*, is proposed to him for a second Wife.

Bertram eagerly embraces the Proposal, declaring "he had been violently in Love with
the

the young Lady, which was the Cause of his Contempt for *Helena*."

The Match being concluded on, *Lafeu* desires his intended Son-in-law to give him some Token to send his Daughter; upon which the Count presents him with the Ring he had received from the supposed *Diana*.

Lafeu immediately recollects that he had seen that Ring upon *Helena's* Finger, and the King looking at it, immediately declares that it was the same he had given her at parting.

Bertram assures them they were mistaken; that the Ring never was *Helena's*, but thrown to him from a Window in *Florence* by a Lady who was in Love with him.

The King, alarmed by these Falshoods, entertains a Suspicion that *Bertram* had murdered his Wife, and sends him to Prison.

In the mean Time *Helena*, finding herself with Child, rides post with the Widow and her Daughter to *Marseilles*, where she had been informed the King was.

On her Arrival she is told the King is at *Roussillon*; and meeting with a Gentleman belonging to the Court, who was going there, she delivers a Petition to him, entreating him to present it to the King; the Gentleman promises to do so, and *Helena* and her Associates follow him to *Roussillon*.

The Gentleman arrives with the Petition just as the Count is carried off guarded, and the King receiving it reads it aloud; it is signed *Diana Capulet*; who accuses the Count of having debauched her at *Florence* under a Promise of Marriage when his Wife died, the
Performance

Performance of which she now claims, *Helena* being dead; and entreats the King would oblige him to do her Justice; the Count is brought again into the King's Prefence, and *Diana* and her Mother appear to make good the Charge against him; which he denies, and calls his deified *Diana* a common Strumpet.

Diana then produces the Ring which he had given *Helena*, when she met him in her stead; and claims the other which the Count had declared was thrown to him from a Window, and says that she gave it him in Bed; the Count then acknowledges the Ring was her's; the King, who knew it was the same he had given to *Helena*, asks her if it was her's; she provokes him by her evasive and contradictory Answers, and he orders her to be carried to Prison.

Diana desires her Mother to get Bail for her, and immediately *Helena* appears, and tells her Lord she had accomplished both the Conditions he had imposed on her; gives him back his Ring, and declares she is with Child; upon which *Bertram* promises to love her for the future dearly; and the King takes upon himself the Care of providing *Diana* with a Husband, and paying her Portion.

Shakespear, in his Comedy of *All's Well that Ends Well*, has followed pretty exactly the Thread of the Story in the foregoing Novel.

He has made Use of all the Incidents he found there, and added some of his own, which possibly may not be thought any Proofs
either

either of his Invention or Judgment, since, at the same Time that they grow out of those he found formed to his Hand, yet they grow like Excrescences, and are equally useless and disagreeable.

The supposed Death of *Giletta*, as she is called in the Novel, or *Helena*, as she is named in the Play, is wholly an Invention of *Shakespear*; yet it produces nothing but a few Ambiguities in the Dialogue, which are far from entertaining, and a base Suspicion of the Count's having murdered her, which he bears with a Tameness unbecoming the Character of a brave Soldier and a haughty Nobleman.

The Catastrophe of the Story, though the same in the Play as the Novel, yet is very differently conducted in each: There is more Probability in the Incidents which lead to it in the Novel, and more Contrivance in those of the Play.

The Reconciliation between the Count and his Lady is very natural and affecting in *Boccace*; in *Shakespear* it is lost amidst a Croud of perplexing and, in my Opinion, uninteresting Circumstances.

The Character of the Heroine is more exalted in the Original than the Copy.

In *Boccace* we see her, after her Marriage and the cruel Flight of her Husband, taking the Government of the Province in her own Hands, and behaving with so much Wisdom, Prudence and Magnanimity, as acquired her the Love and Esteem of the People, who all murmured

murmured against the Injustice of their Lord in not being sensible to so much Merit; nor does she endeavour to procure his Affection by a Stratagem, till she has given Proofs that she deserved it.

Shakespear shews her oppressed with Despair at the Absence of the Count, incapable of either Advice or Consolation; giving unnecessary Pain to the good Countess her Mother-in-law (a Character entirely of his own Invention) by alarming her with a pretended Design of killing herself, and by some Means or other, which we are not acquainted with, gets the Rector of the Place, to whom she had vowed a Pilgrimage, (which by the Way she does not perform) to confirm the Report of her Death.

After having accomplished her Design of bedding with her Husband and procuring the Ring, she rides Post to *Marseilles* with the Widow and her Daughter, on Purpose to expose her beloved Husband to the King's Resentment, and the Contempt of all the Courtiers who were present; by making *Diana* complain to the King of the Count's having debauched her under a Promise of Marriage when his Wife was dead.

After she has thus exposed the Frailties of her Husband, she has the Cruelty to suffer him to be accused of having murdered her, and in Consequence of that Accusation, seized and imprisoned by the King's Order.

The

The Discovery of her Plot is attended with none of those affecting Circumstances we find in the Original.

After having made him endure so much Shame and Affliction, she haughtily demands his Affection as a Prize she had lawfully won.

In *Boccace* she kneels, she weeps, she persuades; and if she demands, she demands with Humility.

In *Shakespear* she is cruel, artful, and insolent, and ready to make Use of the King's Authority to force her Husband to do her Justice.

The Character of *Helena* being thus managed in the Play, *Shakespear* has with Art, made the old Countess (who is an amiable Character) bear Witness to the Virtues of *Helena*; for otherwise we should not have discovered them; we must therefore take her Word for it, that her Daughter-in-law is wise, gentle, prudent and virtuous; for, except her extreme Cunning, she has nothing striking in her Character; and, except her Perseverance, nothing amiable.

It is indeed surprizing, that *Shakespear*, as he has followed so exactly the Copy of *Boccace*, should deviate from him so much in the Character of the two principal Persons in his Play, whom, at the same Time, he intends as well as the Novelist to make happy.

The Count suffers rather more in his Hands than the Lady; in the Novel his greatest Fault is flying from a Woman he had married, and
taking

taking a Resolution never to live with her, but upon Conditions he himself was determined to render impossible.

Yet this Behaviour admits of much Extenuation: The Woman he had married was forced upon him by the absolute Authority of the King; her Birth was greatly inferior to his; her Person had not attracted his Attention; he had no Inducement to love her; on the contrary, he had great Reason to be offended with her for forcing herself, ungenerously as he thought, upon him.

Her Behaviour indeed after his leaving her merited his Affection; but he was then in love with another Woman, and incapable of listening to the Dictates of his Reason; and when he does yield to acknowledge her for his Wife, he yields to the Force of Conviction; he loves her because he is persuaded she merits it, and accordingly that Love is pure and lasting.

In *Shakespear*, when the King offers her to him for a Wife, he refuses her with great Coarseness and many contemptuous Expressions; yet upon the King's exerting his Authority, meanly submits, and contradicts his former avowed Sentiments.

After his Marriage, he declares his continued Hatred for her to his Friends, yet condescends to dissemble unworthily with her to get rid of her.

In *Florence* he attempts to corrupt a young Woman of good Family and Reputation, and succeeding as he imagined, openly boasts of it.

Upon the News of his Wife's Death, of which he thinks himself the Cause, he expresses great Joy; and without taking Leave of the young Woman he supposes he has debauched, hastens back to *Roussillon*. There a Marriage being proposed to him with the Daughter of an old Courtier, he accepts it immediately; declaring his Passion for that young Lady, which he durst never reveal, was the Cause of his Hatred to *Helena*. A very improbable Tale; because his Quality set him above a Refusal from any Lady; and he is represented to be passionately in Love at *Florence*.

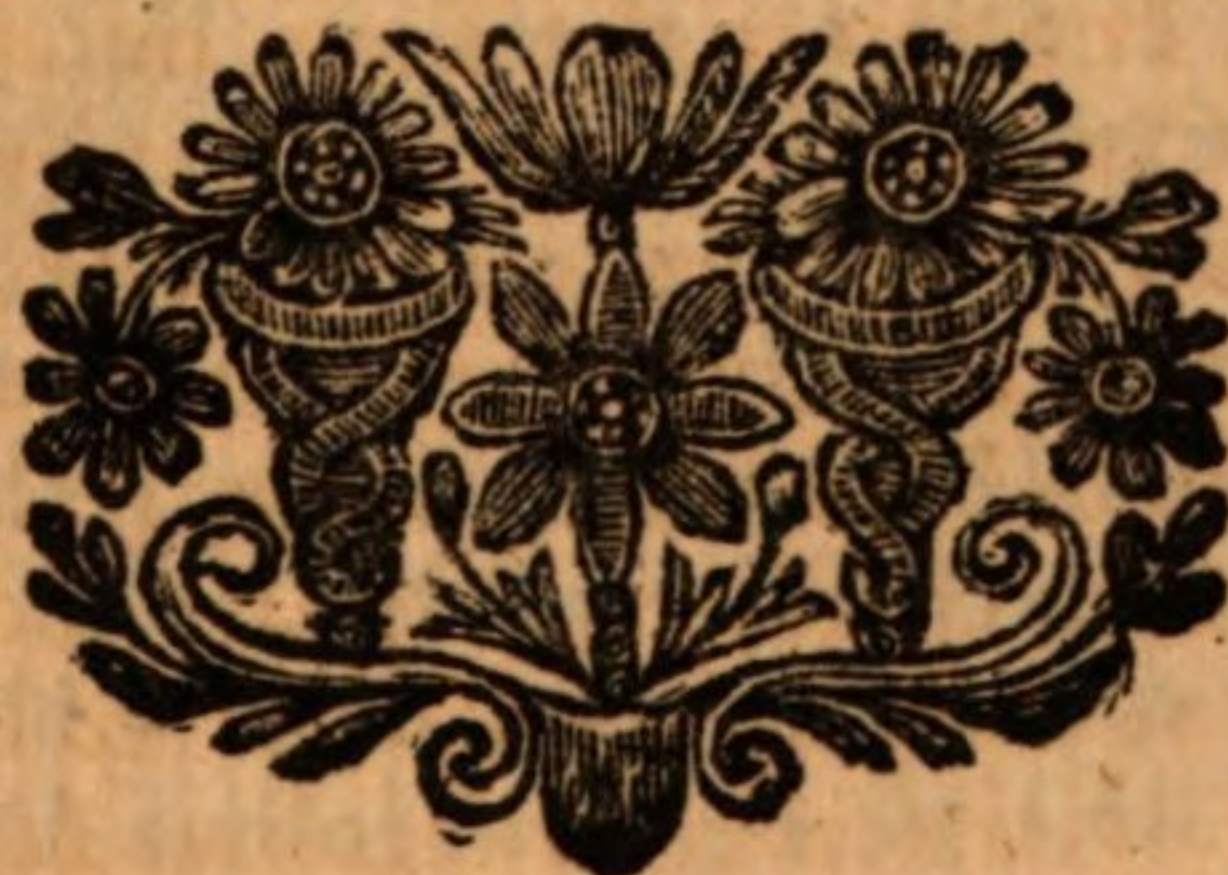
But to go on; when *Diana*, his *Florentine* Flame, presents, by the Contrivance of his Wife, a Petition to the King, informing him, that the Count had debauched her by a Promise of Marriage, and then cruelly stole away from her, the Count denies the Charge, and is base enough to defame the Woman he had ruined, calling her a common Creature and infamous Prostitute; and, in the Course of his Examination, invents several ridiculous Lies.

Upon the Appearance of his Wife, he acknowledges all; meanly begs Pardon of both; and promises to love his Wife for the future dearly.

It is not easy to conceive a Reason why *Shakespear* has thus mangled the Characters of *Boccace*; when, except in a few trifling Circumstances, he has so faithfully followed the Story.

It

It was not necessary to make *Helena* less amiable, or the Count more wicked in the Play than the Novel, since the Intrigue in both is exactly the same; and certainly he has violated all the Rules of poetical Justice in conducting, by a Variety of Incidents, the two principal Persons of the Play to Happiness; when they both (though with some Inequality) merited nothing but Punishment.



St. John's, N. B.

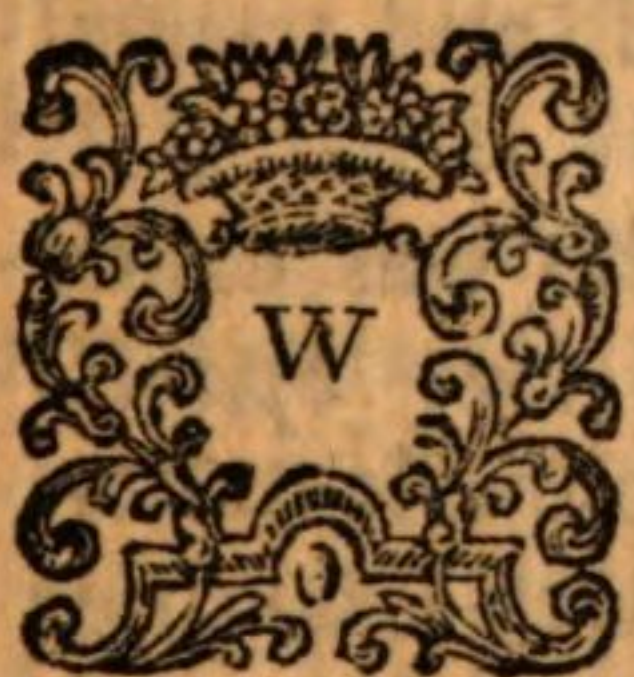
It is with the necessity of making the
arrangement, for the room now, which is the
place for the school, that we are now
confronted. The school, as it is now
arranged, is a matter of great importance
and it is a matter of great importance
that we should be able to make the
arrangement in a way that will be
satisfactory to all parties concerned.



K. 2



*The Thirty-sixth Novel of Bandello.
Volume the Second.*



W H E N the Imperial City of Rome was taken and sacked by the united Arms of Spain and Germany, a rich Merchant of *Esi*, named *Ambrogio*, was taken Prisoner among the rest of the Inhabitants, This Merchant, by a Wife who was lately dead, had two Children, a Boy and a Girl, both, beyond all Imagination beautiful, and so like each other, that when they were both dressed in Boy's or Girl's Cloaths, it was difficult to know the one from the other; so that the Father himself, who for his Diversion often tried the Experiment, was extremely puzzled to distinguish them.

Ambrogio, who loved them with great Affection, spared no Expence in their Education, but caused them to be taught every Thing that was fit for their Birth and Fortune.

At the Time that *Rome* was sacked, they were about fifteen Years of Age.

Paolo, so was the Boy called, was taken Prisoner by a certain *German*, who for his great personal Valour was held in high Esteem by his Nation.

This Man having taken several other Prisoners of considerable Rank, drew large Sums for their Ransom; his Share of the Plunder had also been very great, having got a large Quantity of Gold and Silver Plate, many rich Jewels and Cloaths; so that being very well satisfied with his Gain he left *Rome*, and went to *Naples*, taking with him his little Captive *Paolo*, whom he loved and treated like his own Son.

The twin Sister of *Paolo*, who was called *Nicuola*, fell into the Hands of two *Spanish* Soldiers, and Fortune was so favourable to her, that upon her telling them she was Daughter to a very rich Man, they treated her with great Respect, in Expectation of receiving a considerable Sum for her Ransom.

Ambrogio, through the Favour of some *Neapolitan* Friends who were in the *Spanish* Troops, avoided Captivity, and had also an Opportunity given him of concealing the greatest Part of his Treasure in a subterraneous Vault, but what remained in his House was pillaged.

This Loss he bore with great Indifference, Grief for his Children's Captivity, and his Endeavours to find them, taking up all his Thoughts.

After

After a diligent Search he at length found *Nicuola*, whom he redeemed for five Hundred Ducats, but all the Methods he could use to discover where *Paolo*, was proving ineffectual, he began to fear he was killed.

This Apprehension filled him with excessive Affliction, and no longer able to stay in *Rome*, which continually renewed in his Mind the Remembrance of his lost Son, he returned to *Esi*, the Place of his Birth, and satisfied with the Riches he possessed, quitted Merchandizing entirely.

In this City there dwelt a rich Merchant, named *Gerard Lanzetti*, whose Wife being lately dead, and he through his Intimacy with *Ambrogio*, having frequent Opportunities of seeing the charming *Nicuola*, fell violently in Love with her; his own advanced Age, and the extream Youth of *Nicuola*, did not prevent him from demanding her in Marriage of her Father, assuring him at the same Time that he would take her without any Portion.

Ambrogio had too much Understanding, not to be sensible that so unequal a Match could be productive of no good Consequences; yet to avoid offending the old Lover, he would not give him an absolute Denial, but put him off, by saying he had still Hopes of recovering his Son, and could not think of parting with *Nicuola* till he heard some News of her Brother.

In the mean Time the Fame of *Nicuola's* extraordinary Beauty spread through the whole

City of *Esi*, her Charms was the Subject of general Conversation. When she went abroad the People gathered in Crouds to gaze on her, and the noblest Youths in the City were continually passing before her Windows, in Hopes of gaining a momentary Sight of her.

But he who was most assiduous in watching for Opportunities to see her, was a young Gentleman, named *Lattantio Puccini*, lately come to the Possession of an immense Fortune, by the Death of his Father and Mother.

The diligent Attendance of this Youth before her Windows, at last attracted the Observation of *Nicuola*, who being charmed with the Gracefulness of his Person, and flattered by his constant Assiduities, shewed herself frequently at her Window, and with bewitching Smiles and encouraging Glances, endeavoured to assure him that she was pleased with his Passion, which *Lattantio* perceiving, thought himself the happiest Lover in the World.

Nicuola, who found an irresistible Sweetness in those new Desires that had taken Possession of her young Bosom, opened her whole Soul to the insinuating Passion, which grew at last to such a Height, that Life was insupportable to her unless she saw him every Day.

Lattantio, no longer able to content himself with beholding his beautiful Mistress at a Distance only, was endeavouring to procure the Means of speaking to her in private, when some urgent Affairs calling *Ambrogio* to *Rome*, where he proposed to stay several Months, he

was

was unwilling to leave *Nicuola* to the Care of Servants, and therefore took her to *Fabriano*, and left her with a Brother of his who had a Wife and Family.

Nicuola's Departure from *Esi* was so sudden and unexpected, that she had no Time to inform her Lover of it, so that he hearing her Father was gone to *Rome*, supposed he had taken her with him, and remained for some Time extremely disconsolate.

Absence however producing its usual Effects, so weakened the Idea of *Nicuola* in his Mind, that an accidental Sight of the fair *Catella*, Daughter to *Gerard Lanzetti*, entirely erased the Remembrance of *Nicuola*, and he resigned himself wholly up to the Influence of this new Charmer.

Nicuola on the contrary grieved beyond Measure, at not having been able to inform her Lover of the Place to which she was hurried, passed her Time in Sighs, Tears, and Complaints.

The rigid Austerity of her Uncle, who kept her always in his Sight, made it impossible for her to send a Letter or Message to *Lattantio*; so that this Restraint adding a fretful Impatience to her Grief, she thought every Hour of Absence a thousand Years, and wearied out by continual Anxiety and restless Wishes, she fell into a deep and settled Melancholly, which not all the tender Consolations of her Cousins, who thought it was occasioned by the Absence of her Father, could remove.

In this Manner she languished several Months, at the End of which her Father left *Rome*, and passing by *Fabriano* called for his Daughter, and returned to *Esi*.

Nicuola left *Fabriano* with as much Joy as a Soul long tortured in *Purgatory* feels at quitting it for *Paradise*, feeding her Imagination with the Transports her Return would give her ravished Lover, and enjoying by Anticipation the exquisite Pleasure of an Interview after so tedious an Absence.

But on her Arrival at *Esi*, these pleasing Expectations were all changed to the most racking Jealousy. Report informed her that *Lattantio* was fallen in Love with *Catella*, and this cruel News was confirmed by his shocking Indifference towards herself, for he took no more Notice of her than if he had never seen her before.

Nicuola now abandoned herself entirely to Despair, the Infidelity of *Lattantio* was ten Times more insupportable than his Absence had been, and so low was the unhappy Beauty reduced, as to endeavour by repeated Letters and Messages to recall herself to his Remembrance, but those proving all ineffectual, she resolved to die, unless by some Means yet untried, she could recover the Heart of her ungrateful *Lattantio*.

While *Nicuola* was thus consuming with an almost hopeless Passion, *Ambrogio* found it necessary to take another Journey to *Rome*, and as his Daughter was unwilling to go a second Time to her Uncle's at *Fabriano*, he
3 placed

placed her till his Return in a Monastery, where one of her Cousins, named Sister *Camilla Bissa*, was professed.

This Convent was formely in great Reputation for Sanctity, but *Nicuola* had been there but a short Time before the disorderly Behaviour of the Nuns gave her great Disgust. Their Conversation, instead of turning upon the holy Lives of the Fathers, their Piety, their Abstinence, and good Works, were intemperate, loose, and profane : Love was the Business of their Lives ; they were not ashamed to discover their Intrigues to each other, but would even boast of their scandalous Appointments. Instead of Fasting and Prayer, they indulged themselves in the most delicate Repasts and slothful Ease. Instead of wearing Shifts made of Hare-skin next their Bodies, they wore Linen of the highest Prices, adorning themselves with the richest Silks and most expensive Ornaments, heightening their native Beauty with all the Embellishments of Art, and not scrupling even to make Use of Paints, Washes, and Essences, to supply the Defects of Nature.

Thus adorned, and practising all the alluring Artifices of loose Curtezans, they wasted whole Days in Discourses with the young Rakes of the City, who spent the greatest Part of their Time at the Grate of their Convent.

Nicuola, extremely scandalized at the indecent Behaviour of the Nuns, often regretted her being placed in their Monastery, and finding no Alleviation of her Grievs amongst

such disagreeable Companions, she gave herself up to her secret Discontent.

It happened one Day when Sister *Camilla* was with her, that some body told that Nun, *Lattantio*, who often came there on account of Linens and fine Works which he employed those Nuns to make, wanted her at the Grate.

Camilla went immediately, without taking Notice of *Nicuola's* Disorder, who no sooner heard the Sound of that Name than her fair Face and Bosom was all overspread with a glowing Red, which in a Moment changed to an ashy Paleness, and though her trembling Limbs were scarce able to support her, yet impelled by an eager Desire to see again that much loved Face, and hear the dear Sound of his Voice, she crept to a little Place, where unseen herself, she might both hear and see her faithless Lover.

This Practice she continued as often as she had any Opportunity, and one Time when she was thus employed, she heard *Lattantio* complain to *Camilla* of his ill Fortune in losing a Page, who had served him three Years with the utmost Exactness and Fidelity. The Youth he told her was just then dead of a Fever in his House, which gave him great Concern, because he despaired of ever getting another as faithful and affectionate as he had been.

When he was gone, *Nicuola* reflecting upon this Incident, it came into her Head to disguise herself like a Boy, and serve her Lover
in

in the quality of a Page, but not knowing how to procure a Habit necessary for her Design, she remained for some Time in more Discontent than ever.

At length she took a Resolution to acquaint her Nurse with this new Scheme which Love had inspired, and if possible engage her Assistance in executing it.

Phillippa, for that was the Name of her Nurse, loved *Nicuola* with as much Tenderness as if she had been her own Child, and being desired by *Ambrogio* when he left *Esi*, to see his Daughter very often, and to take her when she had an Inclination to her own House; she never failed to visit her at the Convent every Day, and the Nuns, with whom *Ambrogio* had left Directions for that Purpose, permitted *Nicuola* to go out with her whenever she desired it.

To this good Woman *Nicuola* had entrusted the Secret of her Passion for *Lattantio*, and flattering herself that her Tenderness for her would make it easy to engage her Assistance in a Scheme that her whole Soul was now bent upon accomplishing, she sent for her one Day, and disclosing her Design, earnestly conjured her to afford her the Means of executing it.

Phillippa, after having for a long Time in vain endeavoured to dissuade her from an Attempt so dangerous to her Reputation, at last consented to her Desire, and taking her to her own House, furnished her with a Suit of Cloaths,

Cloaths, which had belonged to her own Son, a Boy about *Nicuola's* Age, who died a few Months before, and thus equipt she went to the Street where her Lover lived.

Chance assisting her Design, brought *Lattantio* to the Door of his House, just as *Nicuola* entered the Street, which she observing, assumed the Air and Manner of a poor Stranger just arrived, gazing at every Thing she saw, and wandering backwards and forwards, as if at a Loss what Place to go to.

Lattantio struck with the Appearance of so genteel and pretty a Youth, stood still for some Moments observing him, and supposing the poor Boy might possibly want a Service, he made a Sign to him as he passed by to approach.

Nicuola accordingly came forward, and *Lattantio* being still more pleased with him on a nearer View, asked him his Name, and whether he was born in *Esi*.

“My Lord, replied *Nicuola*, my Name is *Romulo*, I was born in *Rome*, and lost my Father when the City was taken, my Mother died many Years before; I attended a Nobleman as his Page, who was mortally wounded when the City was sacked, and because I wept and lamented his Misfortune, two *Spanish* Soldiers beat me cruelly, and left me in a miserable Condition.”

“If thou art willing to serve me, said *Lattantio*, I will take thee to be my Page, and treat thee in such a Manner that thou shalt have no Cause to complain of thy Condition.”

“My

“ My Lord, replied *Romulo*, I accept your Offer with great Willingness, and desire no other Recompence for my Services than what you shall judge they deserve.

Romulo accordingly entered that Day into his new Employment, in which he acquitted himself with so much Diligence and Politeness, that in a few Days he entirely gained the Favour of his Master, who no longer regretted the Loss of his former Page, but thought himself the happiest Man in the World, in the Attendance of so genteel and so faithful a Servant.

Romulo was now clad in an elegant Livery, and finding his Services agreeable to his Master, and blest with his Sight and Conversation every Day, he would not have changed his Condition for a Place in Paradise.

It has been said before, that *Lattantio* was enamoured of *Catella*, the Daughter of *Gerard Lanzetti*, *Nievola*'s old Lover.

This young Lady observing *Lattantio* passing every Day before her Windows, and by his Looks and Actions endeavouring to shew the Violence of his Passion for her, always looked upon him with great Complacency, though her Heart was as yet wholly insensible of the soft Power of Love, so that *Lattantio* endeavoured in vain by repeated Letters and Messages to prevail upon her to take some Resolution in his Favour.

The artful Fair-one, though she was not disposed to return his Love, yet being pleased with

with his Affiduities, would not entirely deprive him of Hope, but while she carefully avoided coming to any Explanation with him, by her encouraging Looks and Smiles she kept his Hopes alive, and encreased his Desire.

The extream Avarice of her Father, notwithstanding his great Riches, was the Cause that *Catella* had all the Opportunities she could wish to indulge her coquet Disposition, for *Gerard* kept only three Domestics in his House.

One of these was an old Woman, who hardly ever stirred from the Fire-side, another a Lackey, who always went abroad with him; the third a young Maid-servant, who being bribed by *Lattantio*, left the young Lady the Liberty of showing herself at the Window as much as she pleased, and every Day brought her a Letter or Message from *Lattantio*.

The unhappy Lover finding all his Sollicitations hitherto fruitless, conceived a Design of sending *Romulo* to intercede for him, hoping from a Form and Youth, so engaging, and an Address so insinuating, to induce her to make some Return to his ardent Passion.

Accordingly giving his Page the necessary Instructions, he ordered him immediately to go to the House of *Catella*.

Poor *Romulo* received this Commission with a breaking Heart, and hastily quitting his Master's Presence, ran to his good old Nurse to acquaint her with this new Misfortune.

Oh,

Oh! Mother, cried he, throwing himself on her Neck all drowned in Tears, I am reduced to the last Distress, Fortune not contented with the Misery I indure in being Witness to the continual Sighs of my perjured *Lattantio* for *Catella*, has ordered it so, that I, tortured as I am with Love and Jealousy, must solicit this happy Rival to yield to the Addresses of my Lover; was there ever, my dear Mother, a Destiny so cruel as mine? If this hated Embassy should be curst with Success, if I should indeed be so wretched to gain my Rival for *Lattantio*, there will be no other Remedy for my Woes but Death, for it is impossible I should endure Life and behold my *Lattantio* in the Arms of another.

Advise me, assist me, my dear Mother, in this deplorable Extremity. Alas! I hoped by my Fidelity and Services, to have made myself so dear to *Lattantio*, that when I discovered myself to him, the Greatness of my Love would induce him to take Compassion on me, and restore me to the Possession of that Heart that was mine before it was *Catella's*, but how have I deceived myself! he thinks, he talks of nothing else but *Catella*; perjured Man, she only is the Object of his Wishes, and I am utterly abandoned. Unhappy me, what shall I do when my Father comes home, if he should discover what I have done, will he not kill me with his own Hands? certainly he will, for what can I say in Excuse for myself? Help me! oh help me! my dear Mother, tell me what I shall do to avoid the Misery with which I am threatened?

Phillippa

Phillippa was so moved with the Tears and Complaints of this her dear foster Child, that for some Time she could do nothing but weep. Recovering herself at last, you ask my Advice, my dear Daughter, said she, alas! how often have I given it you in vain, when in discoursing to me of your unhappy Love, I foresaw, and would have prevented the fatal Consequence of it?

Now then I beseech you pay more regard to my Council; resume your own Dress, and either remain with me or go back to the Monastery, and I will take care your Adventure shall never be known to your Father; 'tis possible he may return soon to *Esi*, and I would not for all the Wealth in the World he should discover you in this Dress, the Consequence would be fatal to both you and me.

Quit then this dangerous Scheme, my dear *Nicuola*, you see *Lattantio* is every Day more enamoured of *Catella*, and you labour in vain to recal his Affection. Why will you hazard your Life and Honour in so hopeless an Enterprize? All the Reward you can expect for this unworthy Servitude is eternal Infamy both to yourself and Family. Nor is this all; your Father may perhaps sacrifice your Life to the Honour of your House, which he will think you have disgraced; how mean, how unworthy is it for one of your Sex, your Birth and Education, to persist in loving one who despises you? to follow one who flies from you? Ah, when I was of your Age I was never guilty of such Weakness, I
was

was pursued, I did not pursue, I scorned others, but was not scorned myself: Collect your scattered Reason, my dear Daughter, quit all Thoughts of this ungrateful Man, and place them on one more worthy your Affection.

There are many noble Youths in this City who would esteem it a Happiness to gain you for a Wife; but if your Adventure should be discovered, depend upon it, you would find it very difficult to get a Husband; how are you sure *Lattantio* has not already discovered you, and in Contempt of your Weakness means to take some Opportunity of making you subservient to his looser Pleasures? Oh! my *Niccuola*, beware in Time, stay here with me, and shun all the Dangers which threaten your Innocence, your Reputation and your Life."

Niccuola listened attentively to her Nurse's Discourse; and when she had ended it, stood for some Moments fixed in Thought, then sighing deeply "My dear Mother, said she, I acknowledge that your Advice is just and reasonable; but, alas! I am incapable of following it; since I have done so much, I will see the End happen what will.

I will go to *Catella*, and perform my Commission, and see whether I am able to prevail with her: *Lattantio* has yet had only general Answers from her; perhaps she may refuse him: God, who knows my Heart, knows that I only desire to possess *Lattantio* with Honour: Providence, perhaps, will at length favour my blameless Passion: In the mean time, I will call here every Day, and acquaint
you

you with every thing that happens to me ; and if my Father should come home suddenly, we must provide in the best Manner we can for the Honour of our House ; it is, perhaps, as great a Degree of Folly to anticipate Evil by Apprehensions, as to indulge one's Self in a blind Security."

Romulo then embracing the good old Woman, who, silently grieved at the Obstinacy she could not cure, went away, and arrived at *Catella's* House just as her Father, attended by his Lackey, went out.

Catella's Maid being at the Door, he informed her that he was sent by *Lattantio* with a Message to her Lady, and desired her to procure him Admittance to her.

The Girl, shewing him into a ground Parlour, ran up stairs to her Mistress, and, out of Breath with Joy, cried, " Oh ! Madam ! *Lattantio* has sent his beautiful Page, whom you have so often admired, to speak to you."

Where is he ? interrupted *Catella* impatiently ; and being told by the Maid that she had ventured to bring him into the House, and that he was waiting for her in the Parlour ; *Catella* with eager Haste flew to him, and entering the Room, was so astonished with a nearer View of that miraculous Beauty which had charmed her at a Distance, that for some Moments she doubted if she was not in the Presence of an Angel.

Romulo, making her a low Reverence, delivered the Message his Master had sent.

Catella

Catella heard him with an inconceivable Delight, not because the Purport of his Words pleased her, but the Sound of that enchanting Voice conveyed an unusual Transport to her Heart; lost in silent Admiration, she stood contemplating the lovely Form before her, while her soft Bosom heaved with, till then, unknown Desires; then breathing an ardent Sigh, and darting a Glance at him, which better than the most expressive Words explained the tender Passion which had taken a full and absolute Possession of her Soul: "Why, Oh lovely and too dangerous Youth, said she, why do you hazard thus your Life by coming to me on such a Business? Alas! if my Father should return and find you here, the Consequence would be fatal both to you and me."

Romulo, who had well observed her passionate Looks, the Changes of her Colour, and the interrupting Sighs that made her Words almost unintelligible, was persuaded she had entertained a Passion for him, and pleased beyond Measure at this happy Accident, he assumed more Earnestness in his Looks and Voice.

"It is fit, Madam, said he, that a Servant should in all Things obey the Will of his Master; and dangerous as this Embassy is, yet I undertook it willingly at his Command, who has a Right to all my Obedience; send me not away then I conjure you, Madam, without a favourable Answer; but have
Compassion

Compassion on my Master, who loves you with the most ardent Passion imaginable."

Catella suffered him a long Time to solicit her in this Manner, without making him any Answer; when at last, seeing him about to leave her, and vanquished by the irresistible Force of her Passion: "Oh! Heavens! cried she, in a languishing Voice, what you desire of me, charming Youth, I cannot grant; you yourself make it impossible: Alas! by what Enchantment have you thus robbed me of myself?"

You divert yourself, Madam, at my Expence, replied *Romulo*; I am no Enchanter, and have practised no Arts upon you; all I want is to prevail upon you to let me carry my Master some agreeable News, who cannot live if you continue thus inexorable; speak, Madam, will you allow me to give him Hopes that you will relent?"

Catella continuing silent, *Romulo*, bowing with a discontented Air, moved towards the Door; when she, roused by that Action, and no longer able to restrain herself, hastily snatched his Hand, and lifting up her fine Eyes to Heaven, "Oh! cried she, in a faltering Voice, to what am I reduced!" then fixing them with a passionate Look on his Face, "No Man in the World but you, said she, could have made me thus forget what I owe to myself; I love you, charming Youth; I cannot live unless you return my Passion; leave a Servitude so unworthy of you, and be the Lord of me and all I have: I ask not to know your Birth or Fortune; mine can supply the Disadvantages of both; all I require of you is
to

to quit the Service of *Lattantio*, whom I can never love, and from this Moment will never give a favourable Glance to, and devote yourself entirely to me."

Romulo, finding the Business would go on as he wished, after some further Discourse with *Catella*, promised her to be wholly guided by her Will; assuring her he would always most gratefully acknowledge the Honour and Happiness to which she raised him; but at the same Time earnestly entreated her to act with all imaginable Caution in the Affair between them, to prevent its coming to the Knowledge of *Lattantio*, who, if he discovers my good Fortune, added he, will not fail to sacrifice me to his Revenge.

Catella promising to follow his Advice implicitly, *Romulo* kissed her Hand with a respectful Tendernefs, assuring her he would see her very soon again, and then went home, where he found his Master waiting for him with an anxious Impatience.

Romulo then told him, "that he was obliged to wait a long Time before he could procure Admittance to *Catella*, whom he found highly incensed against him, as well on Account of the severe chiding she had just then suffered from her Father for encouraging his Love, as because she had been informed that he had formerly loved a young Lady of that City very passionately: I used my utmost Endeavours, added *Romulo*, to remove this Suspicion from her Mind, but all in vain; and she dismissed

dismissed me with an Assurance that she would never see you more."

Lattantio was extremely afflicted at this sad News ; he made his Page repeat several times all the Arguments he had used to *Catella* in his Favour, and afterwards entreated him to take another Opportunity of speaking to her on the same Subject.

Romulo promised to do all that lay in his Power for him : The next Day the discontented *Lattantio* passing through the Street where his Mistress lived, in hopes of seeing her, *Catella*, who was at her Window, no sooner espied him standing opposite to it, than darting a dreadful Frown at him, she hastily withdrew, leaving him overwhelmed with Grief at this Confirmation of his Misfortune.

The unhappy Lover returned to his House, and shutting himself up in his Chamber with *Romulo*, began to lament his unfortunate Destiny ; and being greatly mortified at the contemptuous Treatment he received from *Catella*, he broke into Invectives and Reproaches against her.

Romulo seeing his Master moved as he desired, began to reason on the fantastic Effects of Love, and pursuing his Discourse, "How often does it happen, said he, that a Man becomes violently enamoured with a Lady who repays his Passion with Indifference and Disdain ; and, while he consumes away in hopeless Wishes for her, some unhappy Fair-one languishes in Secret for him."

Your

“Your Observation is very just, returned *Lattantio*, and the same Thing has happened to myself: Some Months ago I was beloved by one of the most beautiful Virgins in this City, who was lately come from *Rome*; I perceived her Passion, and I returned it with the most ardent Affection; but she left the City, and I could not discover to what Place she was gone.

“In the mean time I happened to see this haughty Beauty, whose Charms took so absolute Possession of my Heart, that all Remembrance of the other was totally erased.

“The Fair-one I had abandoned returned to *Esi*, and by Letters expostulated with me on my Infidelity, and tenderly endeavoured to recal my Affection; but I was so wholly engrossed by my Passion for the ungrateful *Castella*, that I never took any Notice of her repeated Complaints.”

“Ah! my Lord, replied *Romulo*, Love has well revenged your Injuries to Love; *Castella* by her Disdain of you repays without designing it your Infidelity to one who gave you her Heart without Reserve; and it is possible the unhappy Maid you have abandoned wastes her Days in fruitless Wishes, and loves you still though hopeless of ever being beloved again.”

“I know not that, said *Lattantio*, but it is certain I did once love her with a most ardent Affection, for she was beautiful as an Angel; and *Catella*, (ah! how Cruelty has altered her) *Catella* compared to her is all Deformity; to say the Truth, added *Lattantio*, looking fixed-

ly on *Romulo*, thy Face has so strong a Resemblance of the charming *Nicuola's*, that if thou wert dressed like a Woman I should swear thou wert she herself; thy Age and her's I believe are little different; but I think she is something taller than thee: But why do I thus trifle? Let us speak again of that fair Devil, whom in spite of myself I cannot banish from my Thoughts: Tell me, *Romulo*, hast thou Courage enough to solicit her once more on my Account?"

"I will do all I can for you, replied *Romulo*; and though I was sure of perishing in the Attempt, I would return to her again and plead for you."

But here we must quit for a while the unfaithful Lover and his disguised Mistress, to relate what happened to *Paolo* the lost Brother of *Nicuola*.

His Master, the *German*, having turned all the rich Moveables he had got at the sacking of *Rome* into Money, prepared to leave *Naples*, and return to his own Country; when he was suddenly seized with a violent Fever, of which he died in a few Days; having by his Will left *Paolo* Heir of all his Wealth.

The fortunate *Paolo*, now free, and in Possession of a large Fortune, having caused his Patron to be honourably interred, took Post for *Rome*; and there enquiring for his Father, was told, he was gone to *Esi*, whither he also went.

But instead of going directly to his Father's House, he alighted at an Inn, and leaving his
Baggage

Baggage to the Care of his Servants and his Host, he went out alone, and took his Way to the Street where his Father lived; happening to pass by the House of *Gerardo Lanzetti*, *Catella* being as usual at her Window, spied him, and supposing him to be *Romulo*, was greatly surprized at his walking on without taking any Notice of her.

Her Father not being at home, she ordered her Maid to run after him and tell him she desired to speak with him: The Girl did as she was directed; and overtaking *Paolo*, "Sir, said she, come back immediately; my Lady expects you."

Paolo, by this Request, and the Girl's familiar Manner of accosting him, supposed he was mistaken for another Person, and resolved within himself to see who this Lady was; and beginning to suspect that she was some Curtezian; "I will see the End of this Adventure, thought he, and try my Fortune; but the Lady will be deceived if she thinks to get much Money from me; I will give her but half a Crown at the most."

At the same Moment that *Paolo*, conducted by the Maid, arrived at the Door of the House, *Gerardo* appeared at the Head of the Street: The Girl seeing him, turned hastily to *Paolo*, "Oh, Sir, said she, there is my Master yonder; walk hereabout, he will not stay long, when he goes out again I will come and let you know."

Paolo accordingly went away, having first taken good Notice of the House that he might know it again.

The Girl, as soon as he was gone, ran in and shut the Door, without being perceived by *Gerardo*, who, walking leisurely, as old Men do, gave her Time enough; and arriving at his House, knocked at the Door, and was let in by the Girl, highly pleased that he had not discovered her.

Paolo, who staid at a little Distance to observe the old Man, had a Glimpse of *Catella*, who was standing at a Window, and was charmed to a Degree of Rapture with her Beauty.

His Thoughts being now wholly engrossed by this fair Unknown, he walked pensively on to his Father's House, and seeing the Windows shut, he enquired of a Shopkeeper where *Ambrogio Nanni* lived, who told him he had not been seen in *Esi* for several Months past.

Paolo then returned to his Inn, languishing with an eager Desire to see again the Fair-one that had charmed him: But doubting lest there might be some Danger in the Adventure, he resolved to take one of his Servants with him when he went to see her again.

In the mean time *Ambrogio* returned, as has been related, and *Gerardo* going out of his House met him; and after he had welcomed him to *Esi*, added, “*Ambrogio*, you are come in good Time, for I am weary of Delays, and am determined to know at once whether you will give me your Daughter or no?”

You see, answered *Ambrogio*, that I am but just arrived; we shall have Leisure enough
to

to talk of this Affair when I have a little recovered the Fatigue of my Journey."

While the two old Men were talking in this Manner, *Ambrogio* on Horseback, *Gerardo* on foot, *Romulo*, who was going to *Catella*, entered the Street, and seeing her Father returned, ran away terrified almost out of her Senses, and went to her Nurse's House.

"Oh, my dear Mamma, said she, out of Breath with Fear and Haste, my Father is come back; what shall I do?"

"I will go to him, replied *Philippa*, and in the mean Time do you put on your own Cloaths, and do not stir from hence till my Return."

Nicuola, now no longer *Romulo*, having resumed her own Dress, *Philippa* went to *Ambrogio*, who had just dismounted and was entering his House.

The old Woman saluted him with a cheerful Countenance, expressing great Joy at his safe Return: *Ambrogio* having thanked her, enquired for his Daughter.

"I saw her this very Morning, said the good Nurse, and staid a great while with her in the Convent: How the dear Child will be transported to hear of your Arrival! I had her frequently at my House during your Absence, sometimes she has staid with me four or five Days together: Truly she is a fine Girl, and works admirably well with her Needle: With your leave, Sir, added she, I will go to the Convent and inform her of your Return, and carry her to my House, where she may stay a

few Days till your's is put in order to receive her."

Ambrogio consenting, the old Woman took her Leave; but before she went home, she called at the Convent to settle Matters with sister *Camilla*, who being a perfect Mistress of Intrigue, she assured *Philippa* that *Nicuola's* Absence from the Convent should do her no Hurt, for she would punctually follow all her Directions.

Philippa, very well satisfied with her Success, returned home, where *Nicuola* impatiently expected her; she desired her to compose herself for all was now safe; and then related distinctly all that had passed, and told her she was at Liberty to go home the next Day to her Father, or to stay with her for some Days; *Nicuola* chose the latter; and being now freed from her tormenting Apprehensions of being discovered to her Father, she gave a Loose to her Grief on *Lattantio's* Account; her Passion seemed to gather new Fire from the Difficulties which opposed it, and she resolved to accomplish her Desires or die.

Philippa combated these Thoughts with all the Reason she was Mistress of; drawing Arguments from her Despair to induce her to forget *Lattantio*: "You may be now convinced, said she, that *Lattantio* loves *Catella* with inexpressible Ardour, and will never think of any other Woman, and in a short Time no Doubt will ask her of her Father in Marriage."

"Ah!

“ Ah ! this is what I dread, replied *Nicula*, weeping ; Oh ! spiteful Fortune ! my Father’s sudden Return has broke all my Design ; I had conceived Hopes, and with Reason too, of putting *Lattantio* into such Disgrace with *Catella* that she would sooner consent to marry a Moor than him ; but my Father’s unlucky Return has ruined me.”

“ Ruined you ! interrupted *Philippa*, say rather that his Return has preserved you from Ruin ; if it be true what you have told me concerning *Catella*’s Fondness for you, I foresee nothing but Shame and Misery can attend the Prosecution of your Designs : Had you gone back to her again, the shameless Wanton would by some Means or other have certainly discovered your Sex ; and the Consequence would be eternal Infamy to you ; since being persuaded herself you was the Strumpet of *Lattantio*, she would persuade the World to believe you so too.”

“ That she should believe me the Mistress of *Lattantio*, replied *Nicula*, is what my Wishes aimed at ; yet this could not have hurt my Character ; for though she discovered my Sex, she had no Opportunity of knowing my Name and Family, and *Lattantio* would have appeared so treacherous and ungrateful to her, that she would never again have endured him in her Sight.”

Philippa could not be convinced by this false Reasoning of *Nicula*’s : “ Set your Heart at Rest, my Child, said she ; for no human Arts can change the Decrees of Providence :

If it be the Will of God that *Catella* should be the Wife of *Lattantio*, all your Artifices to prevent this Union will be fruitless: Quit this hopeless Enterprize then, and attend to your real Happiness; you are young, beautiful and rich; your Brother *Paolo*, poor Youth! is certainly dead, or else, in all this Time, we should have had some Accounts of him; by his Death (God rest his Soul) if you behave well, you will inherit your Father's whole Estate; with this blooming Youth, this beautiful Person, and these great Riches, do you imagine you can want the Addresses of many noble Youths, among whom you may fix upon one more lovely than *Lattantio*?"

While *Philippa* and *Nicuola* wasted the Time in these Kinds of Discourses, *Paolo* employed his in walking before the Windows of *Catella* in Hopes of seeing her again; and *Lattantio*, who staid at home impatiently, expecting the Return of his Page, saw the Night approaching with great Surprize, not knowing to what Cause he should attribute his long Stay.

He passed the whole Night in the most tormenting Suspence, fearing some Misfortune had happened to the Youth whom he tenderly loved on Account of his Fidelity, the Sweetness of his Manners, and the exact Attention with which he waited on him: Nor was *Catella* free from a restless Inquietude; she loved *Romulo* with extreme Ardour, and wished for nothing so much as to be united to him for ever.

Nicuola,

Nicuola, whose ardent Passion rendered her incapable of tasting the soft Blessings of Sleep, spent the Night in sighing and talking of *Lattantio* to her Nurse, whom she would not suffer to take any more Repose than herself.

The Morning now approached, and *Lattantio* not seeing *Romulo* appear, rose in great Agitation of Mind, and went about the Town seeking him, and enquiring of every one whom he thought could give him any Intelligence of him.

While he was thus employed, a Shopkeeper who had listened to the Description he gave of the Person and Dress of his lost Page, informed him that he saw such a Youth go into the House of an old Woman, named *Philippa*, who lived near the great Church.

Lattantio, thanking the Man for his Information, accepted his Offer of shewing him the House; and knocking at the Door, *Philippa* opened a Window, and asked him what he wanted? "Good Woman, said *Lattantio*, with your Leave, I should be glad to speak ten Words to you." "Oh! a hundred, replied *Philippa*, who knew him, and was almost out of her Wits with Surprize and Joy; then closing the Window, she told *Nicuola* who was below, and ran down hastily to let him in.

Lattantio entering the House, was seated by the good Woman in a Place where *Nicuola* could hear and see all that passed; *Lattantio* then obliging *Philippa* to sit near him, thus began: "My good Woman, it may appear

strange to you that I, who have never done you any Favour or Kindness, should come to demand both of you; however, I depend so much upon your good Sense and Benevolence, for which you are in very high Esteem, that I will freely require a Favour of you, and doubt not but to be obliged by your Compliance: Without more Ceremony then, tell me, I beseech you, for what Cause a young Boy, of a most beautiful Person, drest in white, with a gold Tassel on his Cap, came and secreted himself yesterday in your House? as I am informed. You must know, my good *Philippa*, that this Boy is my Page, for whom I have a great Affection, which he deserves on Account of the Readiness and Fidelity with which he has always obeyed my Commands: I sent him abroad yesterday on some particular Business, and I have never seen him since; and being told, as I said before, that he came here, I am come to desire you will restore him to me again, or tell me at least for what Cause he has left me?"

"My Son, replied the old Woman, I thank you for your good Opinion of me, and for having deigned to honour my poor Habitation with your Presence, an Honour, which indeed I have for some time ardently wished for, having some particular Business to discourse with you upon; and since you have been pleased to give me this Opportunity, I will make Use of it: But first as to the Question you asked me concerning your Page; I do assure you I can give you no Account of him; there

there is no Boy in my House, nor have I seen such an one as you describe any where hereabouts."

"You suspect perhaps, interrupted *Lattantio*, that I intend to chastise my Page for not returning home last Night; but upon my Honour I have no such Design; therefore do not conceal the Truth, but tell me for what Reason he staid away?"

"Upon the Faith of a Christian, said *Philippa*, neither Man or Boy was in this House yesterday; and I am sorry I cannot answer your Demand; I would do it very willingly if I was able."

Lattantio here breathing a deep Sigh, *Philippa* looked earnestly on him; "These ardent Sighs, said she, and this restless Anxiety on Account of your Page, might persuade any other Person that you loved him too well; but I have often heard that you loved a very beautiful young Lady, so that I cannot easily believe you to be an Enemy to Women."

"Would to Heaven, replied *Lattantio*, passionately, that I did not love, I should be the happiest Man in the World: Yes, my good *Philippa*, you have been truly informed; there is a young Lady in this City whom I love more than my own Soul:" These Words he accompanied with a profound Sigh; Tears at the same Time falling fast from his Eyes, notwithstanding all his Endeavours to restrain them.

Philippa seeing him so softened, thought she had now an Opportunity to speak more fully to him : “ I know well, my Son, said she, in a soothing Accent, that an unfortunate Lover is the most unhappy Being in the World; no Grief is equal to that of loving without being beloved again ; this is your Case, and my Soul melts with Compassion for you.”

“ How do you know this so certainly ? interrupted *Lattantio*,” roused to Attention by her Words.

“ Enquire not how I came to know it, replied she, it is sufficient that I do know you love and are not beloved ; and some Months ago you loved a Lady more beautiful than your present Mistress, who returned your Passion with equal Warmth ; now at this very Moment I am convinced she languishes and dies for you, ungrateful as you are, and you no longer preserve the least Remembrance of her.”

“ I know not that, answered *Lattantio*, though you may perhaps, for methinks you are perfectly well acquainted with my Affairs ; tell me then, I beseech you, by what Means you know the Lady I love at present bestows her Affection on another ?”

“ I do not think it necessary to answer that Question, replied *Philippa*, and you must pardon me if I tell you that you are justly punished by the Disdain of one Lady for your Infidelity and Ingratitude to the other ; and happy will it be for you if your Punishment stops here :”

“ Ah !

“ Ah! poor *Nicuola*, added she, raising her Voice, lovely and unfortunate Maid! what hast thou not done to recall the Affection of this unfaithful Man? but all in vain; while he, insensible of thy Charms, and unmoved by those Proofs of unalterable Affection which thou hast given him; follows the haughty *Catella* with a rejected Love, and meanly sues to one who hates and despises him.”

The Youth, lost in Amazement at hearing all these Particulars from one whom he thought had been an absolute Stranger to him, gazed on her in Silence, not knowing what to answer. While *Nicuola* stood trembling in her Concealment, her Heart beating with anxious Expectation, Fear and Hope taking Possession of her Soul by Turns. *Philippa* expecting *Lattantio's* Reply, continued silent; and he recovering a little from his Surprise and Confusion, beholding her with an earnest Look thus spoke:

“ Since you are so well acquainted with my Affairs, *Philippa*, I will speak freely and at large to you.”

“ 'Tis true, I was once enamoured of *Nicuola Nanni*, and I have some Reason to think she had also an Affection for me. She left this City with her Father, and I could never discover to what Place she went, and in the mean Time I saw this fair Devil *Catella*, the Daughter of *Gerardo Lanzetti*, whom I have loved passionately ever since; for some Time she received my Addresses favourably, but within these few Days her Behaviour has been wholly

wholly changed; I sent my Page to her with a Message Yesterday, but he never returned to bring me an Answer, so I have at once lost all Hopes of gaining the Object of my Affections, and am abandoned by a Servant for whom I had a great Esteem."

"Had he returned, and informed me that she was resolved to persevere in her unjust Disdain, I would have endeavoured to conquer my Passion, and dispose myself to love one to whom my Services would be more acceptable; for indeed I am convinced it is a great Degree of Madness to follow one who flies from me, and to love a Woman who is resolved never to return my Passion."

"I am glad you are grown so reasonable, my Son, said the good Woman, but pray answer me truly to one Question: If *Niccola*, whom you once loved, should continue still to love you in spite of your Infidelity, with a most ardent Affection, what would she deserve from you?"

"Truly *Philippa*, replied *Lattantio*, in that Case she deserves that I should love her more than myself; however it is impossible that she should continue to love me, seeing that I have injured her so basely; not only in abandoning her for a Person far less amiable than herself, but in never returning any Answer to many Letters which she sent me; so that I must appear to her the most ungrateful of Mankind."

"Notwithstanding all this, replied *Philippa*, she loves you still, loves you with an unshaken Constancy,

Constancy ; and often in Confidence has she declared to me, that she not only did love you with as much Violence as ever, but would continue to do so while she lived."

"Oh! it cannot be, interrupted *Lattantio*, it is impossible, why should you endeavour to deceive me?"

"I do not deceive you, replied *Philippa*, I can give you convincing Proofs of what I say, *Nicuola* loves you more than ever; for you she forsook her Father's House, for you she forgot the Delicacy of her Sex, the Riches she was born to, and the Rank she held in Life, and submitted to do you all the Offices of a menial Servant. Nay, be not astonished, pursued she, for all this the lovely and too loving *Nicuola* did for you; tell me then, if I make it appear plainly that she has done this, what does she deserve?"

"You tell me Wonders, replied *Lattantio*, Things which surpass Belief, yet if they are true, without doubt *Nicuola* merits all my Love, which I can shew no other Way than by being hers for ever."

Philippa having brought him to the Point she desired, rose up hastily, and bid the trembling Maid, who had heard all that passed, dress herself immediately in her Boy's Cloaths; which being done, she led her into the Room where *Lattantio* was; her Face all covered with Blushes, and her fine Eyes bent on the Ground in a sweet Confusion.

"Behold, said *Philippa*, presenting her to *Lattantio*, behold your *Nicuola*, behold your
Romulo,

Romulo, your so much desired Page, this is she who despised the whole World for your Sake, and with the utmost Hazard of her Life and Honour waited on you Night and Day."

Lattantio, lost in Astonishment at what he heard and saw, continued silent and immovable in his Chair, his Eyes fixed on the blushing Maid, who not being able to meet his Looks, hid her averted Face with one of her Hands, while *Philippa* related her whole Story.

"Is it possible! cried *Lattantio*, recovering from his Amazement, can *Nicuola* have done so much for me? Oh! I should be the most ungrateful, the most detestable of all human Beings, if I could be insensible to such matchless Tendernefs and Truth: I will not waste Time in needless Excuses for my past Faults, said he, rising, and approaching *Nicuola*; but if it be true, that you love and pardon me, from this Moment I vow to be only your's, and will make you my Wife whenever you please."

Nicuola, who now saw herself arrived to the Summit of all her Wishes, could hardly contain the swelling Transport; and turning her fine Eyes on *Lattantio*, big with unutterable Joy and Love, she held out her Hand to him, which he received and kissed passionately.

"My Lord, said she, receive my Faith, which I now give you, with an Assurance that your Will from henceforward shall be always mine; and that the Name and Quality of
Wife

Wife shall not hinder me from continuing still to be the most obedient of your Servants."

Lattantio then taking a Diamond from his own Finger put it on her's, and in the Presence of *Philippa* solemnly contracted himself to her. That done, he desired her to change her Dress immediately and go home with *Philippa* to her Father's, whither he intended shortly to follow them and demand her of *Ambrogio* for his Wife.

In the mean Time *Paolo*, full of a restless Inquietude, left his Inn as soon as he had dined, and returned to the Street where *Catella* lived, and standing before her Windows, he anxiously waited for another View of that sprightly Fair-one, whose Charms had already taken an absolute Possession of his Heart.

Catella, who longed as impatiently to see again the lovely Page, no sooner spied *Paolo* standing in the Street and gazing up at the Window, than supposing him to be *Romulo*, she hastily called her Maid, "Yonder is *Romulo*, said she, waiting for Admittance, go and let him in; my Father is now abroad, I can see him with Safety."

The Girl obeyed her Orders; and *Catella* running down Stairs with eager Haste met *Paolo* as he entered, and taking him with her into a Room, "Oh *Romulo*! Oh my Love! said she, how tedious has the Time appeared since I saw you last! and Oh! how long are you in taking Resolutions! but I will not part with you now, continued she, throwing her Arms about his Neck, and reclining her Face on his Shoulder, with a languishing Sweetness,
No,

No, my lovely Youth, I will not part with you till you have told me whether I am to live or die; for if you will not be mine, certainly Life will be insupportable to me."

Live, charming Maid, said the transported *Paolo*, pressing her to his Breast with inconceivable Ardour, live and dispose of the Destiny of your *Romulo*."

At this Moment *Gerardo*, finding his Door open, walked in softly, and hearing a strange Voice in the Parlour, he entered precipitately. At the Sight of a Man with his Daughter, he was going to give Vent to a Rage which might have had fatal Effects, had it not been suddenly allayed by a Sight of *Paolo's* Face, which was so like *Nicuola's* that he immediately concluded it was that fair Maid drest in the Habit of a Boy: Possess'd with this Belief he approached the Lovers, and taking *Paolo* by the Hand, "*Nicuola*, said he, it is well thou art not what thou seem'st to be, otherwise I should make both thee and *Catella* repent this Familiarity;" then turning to his Daughter, he bid her go up to her Chamber and leave *Nicuola* with him, "for I, added the old Man, smiling, am fitter Company for her than you."

Catella obeyed and left the Room, much wondering at her Father's Moderation, and at his calling the Youth *Nicuola*; but being well pleased that she had escaped so easily, she resolved patiently to wait the Event.

Paolo, on the other Hand, was full of uneasy Confusion, not knowing how the old
Man

Man would behave to him, seeing that he took him for his Sister.

“My dear *Nicuola*, said *Gerardo*, why are you thus disguised? How comes it that *Ambrogio*, your Father, suffers you to go about alone in this Manner? Tell me the Truth; what was the Cause of your coming hither? Did you want to see what Sort of a House I keep, and in what State I live? I spoke to your Father two Days ago about giving you to me for a Wife, and I have insisted upon knowing his Resolution soon; I assure you, you will be very happy in having me for a Husband; you shall govern my House, and command me in all Things: Why art thou silent, my *Nicuola*? Speak, and tell me thy Mind.”

The old Man, at the finishing these Words, made an Offer of kissing the supposed *Nicuola*, who pushing him away roughly, said, “Forbear this Freedom, speak to my Father, and suffer me to depart; I came here by mere Accident, and without any Design.”

“I will let you go since you will have it so, said *Gerardo*, and will see your Father presently, and finish this Affair.”

Paolo accordingly left him, and went to his Father, who had just given his Consent that *Lattantio* should marry his Daughter, he having come there to demand her.

Ambrogio, at the unexpected Sight of his long-lost Son, was ready to expire with Joy; who, after the first Caresses were over, acquainted him with his good Fortune, and the great Riches that had been bequeathed to him;

him. The joyful Father, seeing his Daughter so happily married, and his Son return with so much Wealth, thought himself the happiest Man in the World.

In the midst of the mutual Congratulations of this happy Family, *Gerardo* arrived, and was so astonished at the Sight of *Paolo* and his Sister together, that he doubted whether he was awake or asleep.

Ambrogio relieved him from his Perplexity, by telling him of the unlooked-for Return of his Son; informing him also that he had married *Nicuola* to *Lattantio*, and then, at *Paolo's* earnest Entreaty, he desired him to give him his Daughter for a Wife.

The old Man was at first much affected at the Loss of his intended Bride; but seeing there was no Remedy, he resolved to bear it patiently, and consented that *Catella* should marry *Paolo*.

Both these Marriages were performed the same Day, to the great Satisfaction of the four Lovers, who lived ever after with the greatest Harmony imaginable.





OBSERVATIONS *on the Use* Shakespear *has made of the foregoing Novel in his Comedy called Twelfth-Night, or What You Will.*

The Fable of TWELFTH-NIGHT, *or* WHAT YOU WILL.

SEBASTIAN and *Viola* his Sister, Twins, and so like each other in Person, that in the same Cloaths they could not be distinguished, embark in a Vessel, (upon what Account, or with what Design we are not informed) which is cast away upon the Coast of *Illyria*.

Viola escapes drowning by the Assistance of the Captain and some of the Mariners, and gets safe to Land; but *Sebastian* her Brother is suspected to have perished.

Viola being informed that the Country where she now is, is *Illyria*, and that it is governed by a Duke, named *Orsino*, who is in Love, but not beloved again by a noble Lady; she expresses a Wish to be received into her Service.

The

The Captain tells her, the Lady is so afflicted for the Death of her Brother that she will admit of no Solicitations whatever, not even the Duke's; whereupon, *Viola*, without further Reflexion, entreats the Captain to provide her with a Disguise, and recommend her as an Eunuch to the Duke, in whose Service she is very desirous to be placed.

The Captain consents, and *Viola*, under the Name of *Cæsario*, soon gains the Duke's Favour and Confidence, who sends him to the Countess *Olivia*, the Lady he loves, to solicit her Favour for him.

Viola is by this Time violently in love with the Duke, yet she executes her Commission very faithfully, and pleads strongly for her Master to the Lady; the disconsolate and rigid *Olivia* is presently struck with the Beauty of the young Page, and falls downright in Love with him.

Viola very honestly resists all her Offers; but the Lady will not be repulsed; she sends to entreat he will come to her again; and her Messenger meeting *Sebastian*, who had also escaped drowning, but was ignorant of his Sister's Fate, deceived by the Resemblance, takes him for *Cæsario*, and entreats him to come to his Lady.

Sebastian, though much surprized at the Adventure, resolves to follow his Fortune; he is introduced to *Olivia*, who supposing him to be *Cæsario*, urges him to marry her; to which *Sebastian*, who is immediately charmed with her Beauty, gladly consents.

The Duke, some Time after, impatient to see *Olivia*, comes to her House, attended by *Cæsario*.

Olivia comes out to meet him, and seeing *Cæsario*, supposing him to be the Person she had married, reproaches him with Breach of Promise; what that Promise is we are not told.

The Duke complains of her Cruelty; she takes little Notice of him, directing her Looks and Words to *Cæsario*; at last the Duke being provoked by her Declaration that she could not love him, tells her he will revenge the Disdain she treats him with upon her Minion his Page, whom he knows she loves.

Cæsario professes his Willingness to die by his Commands, and is following the Duke, but stopped by *Olivia*, who bids him remember their late Engagements, and declares he is her Husband; the Duke storms; *Cæsario* denies the Charge; and the Priest is called in by *Olivia* to witness that he had married them, which he does.

Cæsario persisting in his Denial, many Altercations ensue; at last *Sebastian*, who had been engaged in a Quarrel with *Olivia*'s Uncle, appears; the Company are all astonished at the Resemblance between him and *Cæsario*, who is discovered to be *Viola* his Sister:

Olivia acknowledges *Sebastian* for her Husband, and the Duke marries *Viola*. The rest
is

is all Episode, and makes up the greatest as well as the best Part of the Play.

It has hitherto been uncertain whether the Story of *Twelfth-Night*, or *What You Will*, was borrowed from any Novel, or an Invention of *Shakespear*.

Mr. *Langbaine*, in his *Account of the Dramatic Poets and their Writings*, says, that he knows not from whence that Play was taken, but the Resemblance of *Sebastian* to his Sister *Viola* was doubtless first borrowed, not only by *Shakespear*, but all our succeeding Poets, from *Plautus*, who has made Use of it in several Plays, as *Amphitrio*, *Mænechmi*, &c.

It is really surprizing to see the Admirers of *Shakespear* so solicitous to prove he was very conversant with the Antients; they take all Opportunities to find in his Writings Illusions to them; Imitations of their Thoughts and Expressions; and will not scruple to allow their Favourite to have been guilty of some little Thefts from their Works, provided it will make out his Claim to an Acquaintance with them.

It is very much to be doubted whether or not he understood the *Italian* and *French* Languages, since we find he made Use of Translations from both when he borrowed of their Authors; and still less probable is it that he understood and studied the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, when he, who was so close a Copyer has never imitated them in their chief Beauties,
and

and seems wholly a Stranger to the Laws of dramatic Poetry, well does the Poet say of him,

Shakespear, Fancy's sweetest Child,
Warbles his native Wood-Notes wild.

His true Praise seems to be summ'd up in those two Lines; for wild, though harmonious, his Strains certainly are; and his modern Admirers injure him greatly, by supposing any of those Wood-Notes copied from the Antients; *Milton*, by calling them *native*, allows them to have been untaught, and all his own; and in that does Justice to his vast Imagination, which is robbed of great Part of its Merit by supposing it to have received any Assistance from the Antients, whom if he understood, it must be confessed he has profited very little by, since we see not the least Shadow of their Exactness and Regularity in his Works.

Though it should be granted that *Shakespear* took the Hint of *Sebastian* and *Viola's* Resemblance from the *Mænechmi* and *Amphitrio* of *Plautus*, yet he might have done that without understanding *Latin*, since there were Translations of both those Plays in his Time; and to his own Invention, had that been the Case, might be attributed almost all the perplexing Adventures which the Resemblance of the Brother and Sister gave rise to in the *Twelfth-Night*, and which are very different from those in the *Latin* Author.

But *Shakespear* had a much more ample Supply for the Fable of this Comedy in the foregoing Novel, from whence he undoubtedly drew it, and which not only furnished him with the Hint of the Resemblance between *Sebastian* and *Viola*, but also with the greatest Part of the Intrigue of the Play.

Sebastian and *Viola* in the Play are the same with *Paolo* and *Nicuola* in the Novel; both are Twins, and both remarkably like each other.

Viola is parted from her Brother by a Shipwreck, and supposes him to be drowned; *Nicuola* loses her Brother at the sacking of *Rome*, and for a long Time is ignorant whether he is alive or dead.

Viola serves the Duke, with whom she is in love, in the Habit of a Page; *Nicuola*, in the same Disguise, attends *Lattantio*, who had forsaken her for *Catella*.

The Duke sends *Viola* to solicit his Mistress in his Favour; *Lattantio* commissions *Nicuola* to plead for him with *Catella*.

The Duke's Mistress falls in love with *Viola*, supposing her to be a Man; and *Catella*, by the like Mistake, is enamoured of *Nicuola*; and lastly, the two Ladies in the Play, as well as in the Novel, marry their Lovers whom they had waited on in Disguise, and their Brothers

thers wed the Ladies who had been enamoured of them.

Though *Shakspear* has copied the Novelist in all these Particulars, yet he differs from him in others, which very much lessens the Probability of the Story.

Sebastian and *Viola* in the Play are parted by a Shipwreck, and *Viola* is cast upon the Coast of *Illyria*; but we are not told with what Intention this Brother and Sister embarked, or whither their Voyage was bound.

The Poet had Occasion for them in *Illyria*, and there they are at the Service of the Audience; no Matter if introduced with Propriety or not; we must be contented to take them as we find them: Well; *Viola*, after giving some Tears to the Memory of her Brother, whom she fears is drowned, is desirous of being recommended as an Attendant to a Lady with whom the Sovereign of the Country is in love; but being told it would be difficult to procure Admission to her, she all of a sudden takes up an unaccountable Resolution to serve the young Batchelor-Duke in the Habit of a Man; take it in her own Words addressed to the Captain of the wreck'd Vessel:

“Conceal me what I am; and be my Aid
For such Disguise as haply shall become
The Form of my Intent: I'll serve this Duke;
Thou shalt present me as an Eunuch to him;
It may be worth thy Pains; for I can sing;
And speak to him in many Sorts of Music,
That will allow me very worth his Service.”

A very natural Scheme this for a beautiful and virtuous young Lady to throw off all at once the Modesty and Reservedness of her Sex, mix among Men, herself disguised like one; and, prest by no Necessity, influenced by no Passion, expose herself to all the dangerous Consequences of so unworthy and shameful a Situation.

We find this Incident managed with much more Decency in the Novel.

Niccola is violently in love with and beloved by *Lattantio*; and finding that, during a short Absence from him, he became enamoured of *Catella*, upon hearing he had lost his Page and wanted another, she disguises herself like a Boy, and offers her Service to wait upon him with a View of recalling his Affections by this extraordinary Instance of her Tendernefs and Fidelity, and of seizing every Opportunity of traversing his new Passion for *Catella*.

This Project, though not altogether prudent and wise, was far from being inconsistent with the Temper and Circumstances of *Niccola*, stimulated as she was by Love, Jealousy and Despair, to attempt something extraordinary for the Recovery of her Lover.

But what are *Viola*'s Motives for so rash an Enterprize? She is neither in love with or abandoned by the Duke, and cannot reasonably propose to herself any Advantage by thus hazarding her Virtue and Fame: His Person she had never seen; his Affections she was informed

formed were engaged ; what then were her Views and Designs by submitting to be his Attendant ?

Bandello does not even make *Nicuola* resolve upon such an Expedient till the Design was suggested to her by over-hearing *Lattantio* lament the Loss of his Page and wish for another.

But the Novellist is much more careful to preserve Probability in his Narration than the Poet in his Action : The Wonder is that *Shakespear* should borrow so many Incidents from him, and yet task his Invention to make those Incidents unnatural and absurd.

The Passion of *Olivia*, the Duke's Mistress, for the disguised Lady, is attended with Circumstances that make it appear highly improbable and ridiculous : She is represented as a noble and virtuous Lady, overwhelmed with Grief for the Death of a beloved Brother ; her Grief indeed is of a very extraordinary Nature, and inspired her with strange Resolutions according to the Report of *Valentine*, the Duke's Servant, who had been sent by him with a Message to her :

Duke. How now ! what News from her ?

Val. So please, my Lord, I might not be admitted ;

But from her Hand-maid do return this Answer :

The Element itself, till seven Years hence,

M 3

Shall

Shall not behold her Face at ample View ;
 But, like a Cloystrefs, she will veiled walk,
 And water once a Day her Chamber round
 With eye-offending Brine : All this to season
 A Brother's dead Love, which she would keep
 fresh
 And lasting in her sad Remembrance.

This sorrowful Lady, however, makes her first Appearance in the Company of a Jester, with whom she is extremely diverted ; and notwithstanding her Vow which we are told of in another Place, not to admit the Sight or Company of Men, she permits the Duke's Page to approach her, shews him her Face, and bandies Jest and smart Sentences with all the lively Wit of an airy Coquet.

Then follows her sudden Passion for the supposed Youth, which is as suddenly declared, without any of those Emotions that Bashfulness, Delicacy, and a Desire of preserving the Decorum her Sex and Birth oblige her to observe, must raise in the Mind of a Woman of Honour.

Had *Shakespear*, by mixing so much Levity in the Character of *Olivia*, designed a Satire on the Sex, he would have certainly led us by some Reflexions on the Inconsistency of her Behaviour to have made that Inference ; but this is not the Case ; for *Olivia* is every where highly extolled for her Virtues.

It is his injudicious Conduct of the Fable that gives so much Impropriety to the Manners of his Persons, at least in this Instance,
 which

which is the more surprizing, as the Novel furnished him with one much better contrived, and Characters more suitable to the Action.

Catella acts the same Part in the Novel that *Olivia* does in the Play; but *Catella* is a young gay libertine Girl, whose Birth was but mean, and Education neglected; it was not therefore surprizing that she should so easily fall in Love with a Page, indecently court him, and resolve to marry him, such an inconsiderate Conduct was agreeable to her Character; but in the noble and virtuous *Olivia*, 'tis unnatural and absurd, and what makes it still more so is, that as *Shakespear* has ordered the Matter, *Olivia* is disgracefully repulsed by this Youth, and yet continues her Suit, whereas *Catella* meets with a ready Compliance from the supposed *Romulo*, who sees his Designs on *Lattantio* likely to succeed by his Mistress's fortunate Passion for him.

Olivia's taking *Sebastian*, the Brother of the disguised *Viola*, for the beautiful Page, and marrying him, is with very little Variation borrowed from *Bandello*: but *Paolo* in the Novel is much more naturally introduced than *Sebastian* in the Play.

Paolo comes to *Esi* to seek for his Father and Sister, but we are not acquainted with *Sebastian's* Motives for going to *Illyria*; the Poet indeed had Business for him there, and there he lugs him without the least Shadow of

a Reason for it, which is left to the Imagination of the Reader to supply.

The Behaviour of *Lattantio* in the Novel is more natural and consistent, than the Duke's in the Play: They both marry the Women that had attended on them disguised, but the Difference of their Stations, Circumstances, and Characters, makes the same Action natural in one, which in the other is absurd and ridiculous.

Lattantio had been in Love with *Nicuola*, but her Absence, joined to the natural Inconstancy of Youth, so wild and inconsiderate as his, transferred his Affections from her to *Catella*; she flights him, and he being informed that his abandoned *Nicuola*, impelled by the Violence of her Passion for him, had disguised herself in Boy's Cloaths, and waited on him as his Page; he repents of his Falsehood, and charmed with her Tenderness and Fidelity makes her his Wife.

This Conduct in *Lattantio* is very natural, but why should the Duke, a sovereign Prince who so passionately adored *Olivia*, all at once take a Resolution to marry *Viola*, a Stranger whom he had never seen in her proper Garb, because she had served him in Disguise; 'tis absurd to suppose he could in a Moment pass from the most extravagant Passion imaginable for *Olivia*, to one no less extravagant, for a Person, whom till then he had always believed to be a Boy; and 'tis also highly improbable that a great Prince would so suddenly resolve
to

to marry a Girl, who had no other Title to his Favour than an imprudent Passion, which had carried her greatly beyond the Bounds of Decency.

The Duke's Reasons for this extraordinary Action are far from being convincing.

Duke to Viola.

“Your Master quits you ; and for your Service done him,
So much against the Metal of your Sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender Breeding ;
(And since you call'd me Master for so long)
Here is my Hand, you shall from this Time
be
Your Master's Mistress.”

And as *Viola* at first had not even Love to plead as an Excuse for her indecent Disguise, she is still less worthy of the Fortune she was raised to.

There is a great deal of true Comic Humour in the inferior Characters of this Play, which are entirely of the Poet's Invention ; the Mistakes *Antonio* is led into by the Resemblance of *Sebastian* and *Viola*, are no doubt Hints borrowed from the *Amphitrio* and the *Mænechmi* of *Plautus*, for which it is probable he consulted the *French*, or rather the *English* Translations of those Comedies extant in his Time ; but these Mistakes, however

diverting, take their Rise from a very improbable Circumstance.

Antonio, a Sea Captain, delivers *Sebastian* from the Fury of the Waves ; the Youth being obstinately determined to go to the Court, *Antonio*, who in a Sea-fight had done great Mischief to the Duke's Gallies, resolves, out of the Violence of his Friendship, to follow him thither, notwithstanding he knew his Life would be in manifest Danger if he was seen in *Illyria*.

How unaccountably extravagant is this Kindness in a Stranger ? what more could a long continued Friendship, confirmed by mutual Obligations have produced ? But this Play is full of such Absurdities, which might have been avoided, had the Characters as well as the Action been the same with the Novel.





*The History of MACBETH, collected
from Holingshed's Chronicles of
England, Scotland, and Ireland.*



IN the Reign of *Duncan* King of *Scotland*, who, as the Historians say, was a gentle, quiet, and pusillanimous Prince, a Mutiny arose amongst the People of *Lochaber*; and one *Macdowald*, a Man greatly esteemed in that Country for his rash Valour, drawing many of his Relations and Friends into a Conspiracy with him, took upon himself to be the chief Captain of the Rebels.

The great Promises he made to all those that would join him, brought every Day great Numbers from the Western Isles to his Party, which being augmented by the *Kernes* and *Gulloglasses*, who voluntarily came out of *Ireland* to serve him, he in a short Time saw himself at the Head of a formidable Army, with which engaging some of the King's Forces that were sent against him, he gave

them a total Defeat, and took their Commander *Malcolm* Prisoner, whose Head, when the Battle was over, he cut off.

When the News of this Defeat was brought to the King, he assembled a Council to debate upon what Means they should use to quell the Rebellion.

Macbeth, who was first Cousin to the King, and of a Disposition as haughty, cruel, and revengful, as *Duncan's* was mild and peaceable, after secretly accusing the King's Sloth and Effeminacy as the Cause of their Troubles, declared if *Banquo* and himself were put at the Head of some Forces, and sent against the Rebels, he would engage to give them a compleat Overthrow, and so effectually extirpate them out of that Country, that there should not from henceforth be a single Rebel found in it.

This Promise he exactly performed, for the Rebels being terrified at his Approach, many of them stole secretly away from their Captain, who with the Remainder being constrained to fight, were totally routed by *Macbeth*.

Macdowald in Despair at the ill Success of this last Battle, and finding himself quite abandoned by all the Companions of his Revolt, fled to a Castle, in which his Wife and Children were inclosed, and knowing that he was not able to defend it long against his Enemies, and that if he surrendered he should
not

not escape with Life ; in a Transport of Grief and Despair, he first killed his Wife and Children, and then himself.

Macbeth entering the Castle, in one of the Apartments found the dead Body of *Macdowald*, lying on the Floor, with his Wife and Children slaughtered beside him, but remitting no Part of his native Cruelty at this dismal Sight, he cut off the Head of *Macdowald*, and sent it to the King, who then lay at *Bertha*, commanding the Body to be hung upon a high Gallows.

The Inhabitants of the western Isles, who had assisted *Macdowald*, soliciting for a Pardon, he fined in large Sums, and those he found in *Lochaber*, who had come thither to bear Arms against the King, he put all to the Sword.

These Troubles were scarcely appeased, when Advice was brought that *Sueno* King of *Norway* was landed in *Fife*, with a powerful Army to invade all *Scotland*.

This News rousing the King from that State of Indolence and Inactivity in which he was buried, he raised Forces with all possible Speed, sharing the Command of them with *Banquo* and *Macbeth*.

The Battle, which soon after followed, proved fatal to the *Scots*, the *Norweigens* were victorious, and *Duncan* fled to *Bertha* ; here after spending some Time in feigned Treaties with

with his Enemies, he sent Orders to *Macbeth*, who still kept Part of the routed Army about him, to fall upon the *Danes*, who he was informed were all dissolved in Luxury and Ease.

Macbeth marched hastily to the Place where the *Danes* were encamped, and first killing the Watch, made a savage Slaughter of the wretched *Danes*, whom he found fast asleep in full Security after a drunken Riot. *Sueno*, with only ten other Persons escaped and fled back to *Norway*.

In the midst of the Rejoicings the *Scots* made for this Victory, they were alarmed with an Account that a new Fleet of *Danes* was arrived at *Kinghorne*, sent thither by *Canute*, King of *England*, to revenge the Defeat his Brother *Sueno* had received.

To resist these Enemies, which were already landed, and busy in spoiling the Country, *Macbeth* and *Banquo* were sent with a sufficient Power, who encountering the *Danes*, slew Part of them, and drove the rest back to their Ships; those who escaped and got safe aboard their Vessels, with large Sums of Money obtained Leave from *Macbeth*, that such of their Friends as were slain in the last Fight might be buried at *St. Colmes Inch*.

A short Time after, as *Macbeth* and *Banquo* were riding towards *Forefs*, where the King then lay, passing through a Field without any Company, they were met suddenly by three
Women

Women in strange Apparel, resembling Creatures of another World, and while they beheld them attentively, much wondering at their uncommon Appearance, they approached *Macbeth*, and the first said :

“ All hail *Macbeth*, Thane of *Glamis* ;”
the second “ Hail *Macbeth* Thane of *Cawder*,”
and the third, “ All hail *Macbeth*, who hereafter shall be King of *Scotland*.”

“ What Manner of Women are ye, said *Banquo*, extremely surprized, who seem so little favourable to me ? to my Companion here you not only predict high Honours, but the Kingdom also, whereas to me you promise nothing at all.”

“ Yes, said she, who had first spoke, we promise still greater Advantages to thee than him ; he shall reign indeed in his own Person, but his End shall be unhappy ; nor shall he leave any Issue behind him to succeed to his Crown : As for thee, though thou shalt not be a King, yet thy Descendants for long successive Ages, shall rule the Kingdom of *Scotland*.”

No sooner were these Words spoke than they all vanished out of Sight.

This Accident was thought at first by *Macbeth* and *Banquo*, to be some Illusion of the Imagination, so that *Banquo* would often jestingly call *Macbeth* King of *Scotland*, and *Macbeth* in the same Manner call *Banquo* Father of many Kings ; but afterwards it was the common Opinion, that these Women were either the Weird Sisters, that is, Goddesses

Goddeſſes of Deſtiny, or elſe Nymphs or Fairies, who by Necromancy had obtained a Knowledge of future Events, becauſe every Thing they predicted came to paſs.

The Thane of *Cawder* being ſhortly after condemned at *Foriſs* for high Treason, his Honours, Eſtates, and Offices, were by the King beſtowed on *Macbeth*.

The firſt Part of the Propheſy being thus fulfilled, *Macbeth* revolving the reſt in his Mind, began to conſider of the Means he ſhould uſe to gain the Kingdom, but his firſt Preferment coming unexpected and unfought for, he determined to wait for the Intervention of Providence, to raiſe him to the Dignity his Wiſhes graſped at.

While he was thus expecting the Completion of the Propheſy, *Duncan* having two Sons by his Wife, who was Daughter to *Seward* Earl of *Northumberland*, declared *Malcolm*, the eldeſt, Prince of *Cumberland*, thereby appointing him his Succeſſor in the Kingdom immediately after his Deceafe.

It was provided by the ancient Laws of the Kingdom, that if the ſucceeding Prince was not of Age to take the Government upon himſelf at his Predeceſſor's Death, his next Kinsman ſhould be raiſed to the Throne.

Macbeth therefore ſeeing his Hopes fruſtrated by this Diſpoſition of the King's, began to form Schemes for uſurping the Kingdom by Force, conceiving himſelf greatly injured
by

by *Duncan*, who by thus raising his Son, though in his Minority, to the Kingdom, took away all his future Claim to it.

The Words of the Weird Sisters contributed also towards confirming him in his Design of seizing upon the Crown; and his Wife a haughty ambitious Woman, ardently desirous of being a Queen, never ceased tormenting him till she had fixed him in his Purpose.

At length, therefore, communicating his Intentions to his most trusty Friends, among whom *Banquo* was the Chief, in Confidence of their promised Aid, he murdered the King at *Inverness*, in the sixth Year of his Reign.

Then being surrounded with those Persons on whom he most depended, he caused himself to be proclaimed King, and went immediately to *Scone*, where by general Consent he received the Investiture of the Kingdom according to the accustomed Manner.

Malcolm Canmore, and *Donald Bane*, the two Sons of King *Duncan*, being apprehensive that *Macbeth* would take away their Lives to secure to himself the Possession of the Kingdom, conveyed themselves secretly out of *Scotland*.

Malcolm fled into *Cumberland*, where he remained till Saint *Edward*, Son of King *Etheldred*, recovered the Kingdom of *England* from the Power of the *Danes*, who received him

him into his Protection, and gave him an honourable Entertainment.

Donald Bane, his Brother, took Refuge in *Ireland*, and was treated there with great Kindness by the King of that Land.

Macbeth, after the Departure of these two Princes, endeavoured by great Liberalities to engage the Affection of the Nobility and Gentry of *Scotland* to his Person, and when he found himself in peaceable Possession of the Kingdom, he set about reforming the Laws, rooting out all the Enormities and Abuses which had crept into the Administration, through the weak and slothful Disposition of *Duncan*.

He also made many good Laws, and during the Space of ten Years governed the Realm with the utmost Prudence and Justice.

But this Appearance of Equity and Zeal for the public Good was all counterfeited, and only assumed to gain the Favour of the People : Tyrants are always mistrustful, they are in continual Fears that some other Person will rob them of their Power, by the same unjust Means with which they acquired it.

Macbeth, jealous of some Attempts against him, no longer dissembled his Inclinations, but practised and permitted all Sorts of Cruelties, the Words of the three Weird Sisters were continually in his Thoughts.

They promised him the Kingdom, and he was possessed of it, but they promised it also
to

to the Posterity of *Banquo*, and this Prediction might in like Manner be fulfilled.

To prevent it therefore, he determined to murder *Banquo* and his Son, and for this Purpose he invited them to a Supper at the Palace; as they were returning home, some Murderers whom he had ordered to plant themselves in the Road, seized *Banquo* and killed him, but *Fleance*, favoured by the Darkness of the Night, escaped and fled into *Wales*.

After the Murder of *Banquo*, Fortune seemed to have forsaken *Macbeth*, none of his Undertakings prospered; every Man began to tremble for his own Life, and durst not venture to appear before him; all Men were afraid of him, and he was afraid of all Men, so that he continually sought Occasion to put all those Persons to Death of whom he had any Suspicion.

His Distrust and Cruelty encreasing every Day, his Thirst of Blood was never to be satisfied; the forfeited Estates of the Nobility whom he thus massacred, enabled him to fill his Coffers, and maintain Forces to defend him against the Attempts of his Enemies.

For the greater Security of his Person, while he was thus exercising the most tyrannic Cruelty against his Subjects, he built a strong Castle upon the Top of a high Hill, called *Dunsinnane*, situated in *Gowry*, ten Miles from *Perth*.

This

This Hill was of such a prodigious Height, that any Person standing upon the Top might almost behold all the Countries of *Angus, Fife, Stermond,* and *Tweedale*, lying as it were beneath him.

The Castle then being founded on the Top of this Hill, the Building of it put the Kingdom to great Expence, because the Materials could not be brought up without much Time and Labour.

But *Macbeth* being determined to compleat the Work soon, commanded all the Thanes of every Shire throughout the Realm to come and do their Part towards the Building, every Man in his Turn.

At last it falling to the Turn of *Macduffe*, Thane of *Fife*, to build his Part, he sent Workmen with all the necessary Materials, and commanded them to do their Business with the utmost Diligence and Care, that no Occasion of Offence might be given to the King, which might make him resent his not coming in Person as the other Thanes did, for he well knew that *Macbeth* both feared and suspected him, for which Reason he resolved to keep out of his Way.

Macbeth coming soon after to see how the Work went on, was greatly enraged to find *Macduffe* was not there, and from that Time conceived an invincible Hatred against him.

The Wizards, in whom he greatly confided because of the Completion of the two first Prophecies, had warned him to take heed of
Macduffe,

Macduffe, who they told him was waiting for some Opportunity to destroy him.

This Prediction would have determined him to put *Macduffe* immediately to Death, had not a Witch, whose Predictions had also great Weight with him, assured him he should never be slain by any Man who was born of Woman, nor overcome till *Birnam* Wood came to the Castle of *Dunfinnane*.

These soothing Prophecies banished all Fear out of his Mind ; he freely indulged the natural Cruelty of his Disposition, miserably oppressing his Subjects, and committing all Sorts of Outrages.

At length *Macduffe*, being in Fear for his own Life, took a Resolution to fly into *England*, hoping to prevail with *Malcolm Canmore* to claim the Crown of *Scotland*.

Macbeth, who in every Nobleman's House kept a domestic Spy in his Pay, was soon informed of *Macduffe*'s Intention ; he therefore came suddenly with an Army into *Fife*, and besieged the Castle where *Macduffe* dwelt, expecting to find him therein. The Gates were immediately set open by the Servants, who mistrusted no Danger ; but *Macbeth*, enraged that *Macduffe* had escaped him (he being already fled to *England*) commanded his Wife and Children, together with all that were found in the Castle, to be slain.

Macduffe was safe in the *English* Court when the News of this shocking Cruelty was brought

brought him; and adding to the Deſire of relieving his wretched Country the Hope of his own particular Revenge, he earneſtly entreated Prince *Malcolm* to undertake the Recovery of his Right; he repreſented to him in the moſt moving Terms the deplorable Condition into which *Scotland* was brought, through the inhuman Cruelties of *Macbeth*, and that the People, deteſting him for the Slaughters he had committed, as well on the Commons as Nobility, deſired nothing more ardently than an Opportunity of ſhaking off their Yoke.

Malcolm, whoſe Soul was filled with Compaſſion for the Miſeries of his Countrymen, ſighed deeply while *Macduffe* was ſpeaking; which he perceiving, again renewed his Intreaties that he would attempt the Delivery of *Scotland*, aſſuring him he would find it no difficult Enterprize, conſidering the Legality of his Title to the Crown, and the earneſt Deſire of the People to have ſome Occaſion given them to revenge themſelves on their hated Tyrant.

Malcolm, though he was greatly affected with *Macduffe*'s Diſcourſe, yet doubting whether he was not ſent by *Macbeth* to betray him, he determined to make Tryal of his Sincerity before he conſented to his Propoſal, for which Purpoſe he ſpoke to him in this Manner.

“I am truly ſorry, *Macduffe*, for the Miſeries under which my unhappy Country has long groaned,

groaned, but though my Inclination to relieve it were equal to your Wishes, yet on account of some incurable Vices which are rooted in my Disposition, I am not fit to undertake so great an Enterprize; for first I am so swallowed up in immoderate Lust and Sensuality, the abominable Springs of all other Vices, that if I was possessed of the regal Power, the Chastity of none of your Maids and Wives would be safe; and such excessive Intemperance would be more insupportable to you than the bloody Tyranny of *Macbeth*."

"Intemperance, replied *Macduffe*, is certainly a very great Fault, many noble Kings and Princes have lost both their Kingdoms and Lives by indulging themselves in this Vice; nevertheless there are Women enough in *Scotland* to serve your Pleasures; follow my Council therefore, and make yourself King; I'll take upon myself the Care of gratifying this Passion for Women, in so secret a Manner that your Reputation shall not be hurt by it."

"But, replied *Malcolm*, I am also the most avaritious Man in the World, and if I was King of *Scotland* I should put the greatest Part of the Nobility to Death, that I might possess myself of their Estates."

"This Fault, said *Macduffe*, is much worse than the other, for Avarice is the Source of all Evil, a Crime for which most of our Kings have been murdered, yet still I must
continue

continue to advise you to claim the Crown, there are Riches enough in *Scotland* to satisfy your greedy Desire."

"I am also, said *Malcolm*, strongly inclined to Diffimulation and every other Kind of Deceit, and rejoice in nothing so much as betraying those who put any Confidence in me; since there is not any Thing then more agreeable to the Character of a Prince, than Constancy, Truth and Justice, and I am wholly abandoned to the contrary Vices, you see how unfit I am to reign; and therefore, since you have found the Means of extenuating all my other Faults, I pray you endeavour to cover them among the rest."

"Diffimulation, replied *Macduffe*, is indeed the worst of all, here then I leave thee:"

"And oh! unhappy and miserable *Scotchmen*, added he, that are scourged with so many unavoidable Calamities! The wicked Tyrant who now without any Right or Title reigns over ye, oppresses ye with the most bloody Cruelty; and this other, who has a lawful Claim to the Crown, is so replete with all the shameful Vices of the *English*, that he is unworthy to enjoy it; for, by his own Confession, he is not only avaritious to the last Degree, but wholly abandoned to the most insatiable Lust, and is withal so false a Traitor that no Credit can be given to any Thing he says: Farewell then *Scotland* for ever; I now look upon myself as a banished Man, without any Hope of Comfort or Relief." Saying this he wept bitterly.

Malcolm

Malcolm observing he was about to depart, took him by the Hand, and said, "Be comforted *Macduff*, for I have none of these Vices you lament: I have jested with you in this Manner only to try your Sincerity; for many Times hath *Macbeth* sought by these Means to get me into his Hands, but the more backward I have shewn myself to agree to your Request, the more Diligence shall I use in accomplishing it: Hereupon they embraced, promising to be faithful to each other's Interest, and then consulted together how they might best put their Enterprize in Execution.

Macduff soon after repairing to the Borders of *Scotland*, secretly dispatched Letters to the Nobles of the Realm, in which he declared, that *Malcolm* intended to come suddenly into *Scotland* and claim the Crown; and therefore required them, since that Prince was the true and lawful Heir of the Kingdom, to assist them with all their Power to recover it out of the Hands of the Usurper.

In the mean time *Malcolm* so far engaged the Favour of King *Edward*, that old *Seyward*, Earl of *Northumberland*, with ten thousand Men, was appointed to go with him into *Scotland* to support him in his Pretensions on that Crown.

When the News of this intended Invasion was spread abroad in *Scotland* the Nobles formed themselves into two different Parties,

the one taking Part with *Macbeth*, the other with *Malcolm*.

Between these two Factions there frequently happened light Skirmishes; but those that were of *Malcolm's* Side would not risk the Danger of engaging in a pitched Battle till they were joined by *Malcolm*, and the *English* Forces under the Command of *Northumberland*.

Macbeth, therefore, not thinking himself able to engage the *English*, retired into *Fife*, and fortifying a Camp near the Castle of *Dunfinane*, determined not to hazard a Battle unless his Enemies pursued him thither.

However, some of his Friends advised him either to make a Treaty with *Malcolm*, or else to fly immediately into the Isles, and take his Treasure with him, to the End that he might be able to engage several of the great Princes of the Realm in his Interest, and retain Strangers in his Pay, in whom he might better confide than in his own Subjects, who were every Day abandoning him.

But he had so firm a Reliance on his Prophecies, that he believed he should never be vanquished till *Birnam* Wood came to *Dunfinane*, nor be slain by any Man that was born of a Woman.

Malcolm, who had hastily pursued *Macbeth*, came the Night before the Battle to *Birnam* Wood, and when his Army had rested there awhile, he commanded every Man to cut down a Branch of a Tree and march with it in his Hand, that thus shaded, they might come closely,

closely, without discovering their Numbers, within View of their Enemies.

The next Day, when *Macbeth* beheld them he was greatly astonished, and the Prophecy that had been delivered to him long before coming into his Mind, he doubted not but that it was now fulfilled, since he saw *Birnam* Wood coming to *Dunfinane*; nevertheless he drew up his Men in Order of Battle, exhorting them to fight valiantly.

His Enemies, however, had scarcely cast away their Boughs, when *Macbeth*, perceiving their Numbers, betook himself to Flight.

Macduff, stimulated with Hatred and an eager Thirst of Revenge, never ceased pursuing him till he came up with him at *Lunfannain*, and *Macbeth* seeing him close at his Heels leaped off his Horse, crying aloud, “Thou Traitor, why dost thou thus follow me in vain; since I am not appointed to be slain by any Man that is born of a Woman? But come on then, and receive the Reward thou hast merited for thy Folly.” Hereupon he aimed a Blow at him with his Sword, thinking to have killed him; but *Macduff* suddenly leaping off his Horse, avoided the Stroke, and holding his naked Sword in his Hand thus answered:

“It is true, *Macbeth*; and now shalt thy insatiable Cruelty have an End; for I, I am he whom thy Wizards have told thee of, not born of my Mother, but ripped out of her Womb;” then suddenly closing with him, he

flew him on the Place, and cutting off his Head from his Shoulders, fixed it upon a Poll, and brought it to *Malcolm*.

This was the End of *Macbeth*, after he had reigned over *Scotland* seventeen Years: In the Beginning of his Reign he performed many worthy Actions, and made many Laws very useful to the Commonwealth; but afterwards, thro' the Illusion of the Devil, he obliterated the Glory of his good Deeds by the most detestable Cruelty.





OBSERVATIONS on the Use Shakespear has
made of the foregoing History of Macbeth.

The Plan of MACBETH.

MACBETH, a near Kinsman of *Duncan*, King of *Scotland*, having in one Day quelled a Rebellion, and given a total Defeat to the Army of the King of *Norway*, who invaded *Scotland*, as he was returning to Court with his Friend *Banquo* meets three Witches on a barren Heath, the first of whom hails him Thane of *Glamis*, the second Thane of *Cawdor*, and the Third with the Title of King hereafter.

Banquo, offended at their addressing themselves only to his Friend, desires them to speak likewise to him, upon which they prophesy that he shall be happier than *Macbeth*, and though he shall not sway a Scepter himself, yet his Descendants shall be Kings; this said they vanished immediately.

While *Macbeth* and *Banquo* are expressing their Surprise to each other at this Prodigy,

digy, some Noblemen sent by the King salute *Macbeth* with the Title of Thane of *Cawdor*.

Macbeth, astonished at the Completion of this first Prophecy, entertains a Design of murdering the King to make Way for the fulfilling of the second, and artfully sounds the Inclinations of *Banquo*, but finding him fixed in his Loyalty to the King, he forbears to tamper with him.

The King declaring his Intentions to bestow the Title of Prince of *Cumberland* on his eldest Son *Malcolm*, *Macbeth* alarmed at this, resolves to be sudden in the Execution of his Designs, and by a Letter acquaints his Wife with the Prophecies of the Witches, one of which he tells her had been already accomplished.

Lady *Macbeth*, a proud, ambitious, and cruel Woman, urges on her Husband to the Murder of the King, and accordingly *Duncan* coming to lodge one Night at *Macbeth's* Castle in *Inverness*, he is stabbed in his Bed by *Macbeth*. The two Sons of *Duncan* fearing the same Fate fly from *Scotland*, and *Macbeth* usurps the Crown.

Some time after being jealous of the promised Sovereignty to *Banquo's* Children, he causes *Banquo* to be murdered, but his Son *Fleance*, whom he ordered likewise to be dispatched, escapes out of the Hands of the Murderers and saves himself by Flight.

Macbeth,

Macbeth, pressed by uneasy Doubts about his own Security, goes to the three Witches who had predicted his Greatness, to have them resolved; they raise Apparitions who bid him beware of *Macduff*, the Thane of *Fife*; but at the same Time assure him that none of Woman born should have Power to hurt him, and that he should never be vanquished till *Birnam* Wood came to the Hill of *Dunfinane*.

Macbeth, elated with these Promises, sets no Bounds to his Cruelty, and resolves to murder *Macduff*; but being told he is fled to *England*, he seizes upon his Castle at *Fife*, and puts his Wife, his Children, and all that were found within it to the Sword.

In the mean time *Malcolm*, the eldest Son of King *Duncan*, having prevailed upon the King of *England*, with whom he had taken Refuge, to furnish him with an Army, marches into *Scotland* accompanied by *Macduff* who breathes nothing but Revenge against the Tyrant that had deprived him of his Wife and Children.

Macbeth hearing of their Approach, and being daily informed of the Desertion of his Officers and Soldiers, fortifies the Castle of *Dunfinane*, and confiding in the Promises of the Spirits prepares to fight.

Malcolm, when he comes into *Birnam* Wood with his Army, commands every Man to cut him down a Bough and carry it before him in

order to conceal their Numbers from the Enemy ; a Centinel of *Macbeth's* surprized at this strange Appearance, informs him that as he was looking towards *Birnam*, on a sudden he perceived the Wood to move.

Macbeth grows furious at this Account, but still relying on the Promise of the last Spirit, "that he should not be hurt by one of Woman born," he goes into the Field, and being met by *Macduff*, who in Answer to his Boasts of bearing a charmed Life, tells him "he was not born of his Mother, but ripped from her Womb ;" he despairs, curses, and being forced to fight, is killed by *Macduff*: The Conqueror cuts off his Head and carries it to *Malcolm*, whose Troops having gained a compleat Victory, he is proclaimed King of *Scotland*.

Lady *Macbeth*, tormented with horrible Imaginations, deprives herself of Life before the decisive Battle is fought, in which *Macbeth* is slain.

Shakespear has pretty exactly followed the Thread of the History in this Play, which takes in Part of the Life of *Duncan* and the whole Reign of *Macbeth*: Some few Variations he has made for the Sake of diversifying his Characters and contracting the Action ; as when he shews *Banquo* unshaken in his Loyalty to his King ; though the Historians say he joined with *Macbeth* in his Conspiracy, and assisted in the murder of *Duncan*, and making *Macbeth* defeat the Rebels and subdue the King of *Norway* in one Day ; when, according to the Historian there was a long Interval
of

of Time between these two Actions, in which several other Battles were fought.

It is not to be doubted but *Shakespear* followed *Hollingshed* in the Facts which compose this Play, as well as in many of his other historical Plays. In the History of *Macbeth*, where he found *Hollingshed's* Chronicle deficient, he probably consulted *Bellendon*, who translated *Boetius* in 1541.

“The Incongruity of all the Passages in which the Thane of *Cawdor* is mentioned (says the celebrated Author of the *Rambler* in a Pamphlet intitled, *Miscellaneous Observations on the Tragedy of Macbeth*) is very remarkable; in the second Scene the Thanes of *Rosse* and *Angus* bring the King an Account of the Battle, and inform him that *Norway*

Assisted by that most disloyal Traitor
The Thane of *Cawdor* 'gan a dismal Conflict.

“It appears that *Cawdor* was taken Prisoner, for the King says in the same Scene,

Go, pronounce his Death,
And with his former Title greet *Macbeth*.

“Yet, though *Cawdor* was thus taken by *Macbeth* in Arms against the King, when *Macbeth* is saluted in the fourth Scene Thane of *Cawdor* by the Weird Sisters, he asks,

N 5

How

How of *Cawdor*? The Thane of *Cawdor* lives ;

A prosperous Gentleman.

“ And in the next Line considers the Promises that he should be *Cawdor* and King as equally unlikely to be accomplished.

“ How can *Macbeth* be ignorant of the State of the Thane of *Cawdor* whom he has just defeated and taken Prisoner, or call him a *prosperous Gentleman*, who has forfeited his Title and Life by open Rebellion? Or why should he wonder that the Title of the Rebel whom he has overthrown should be conferred upon him?

“ He cannot be supposed to dissemble his Knowledge of the Condition of *Cawdor*, because he enquires with all the Ardour of Curiosity and the Vehemence of sudden Astonishment, and because nobody is present but *Banquo*, who had an equal Part of the Battle and was equally acquainted with *Cawdor*'s Treason.

“ However, in the next Scene his Ignorance still continues, and, when *Rosse* and *Angus* present him from the King with his new Title, he cries out,

The Thane of *Cawdor* lives :
Why do you dress me in his borrow'd Robes?

“ *Rosse*

“ *Rosse* and *Angus* who were the Messengers that in the second Scene informed the King of the Assistance given by *Cawdor* to the Invader, having lost, as well as *Macbeth*, all Memory of what they had so lately seen and related, make this Answer ;

Whether he was
Combined with *Norway*, or did line the Re-
bels
With hidden Help and Vantage, or with both
He labour'd in his Country's Wreck, I know
not.

“ Neither *Rosse* knew what he had just reported,
nor *Macbeth* what he had just done.

“ This seems not to be one of the Faults that are to be imputed to the Transcribers ; since, though the Inconsistency of *Rosse* and *Angus* might be removed by supposing that their Names are erroneously inserted, and that only *Rosse* brought the Account of the Battle, and only *Angus* was sent to compliment *Macbeth*, yet the Forgetfulness of *Macbeth* cannot be palliated, since what he says could not be spoken by any other.

“ *Shakespear*, by deviating from History in making *Banquo* loyal and virtuous, had not only in View the contrasting his Character with *Macbeth's*, but also a Compliment to King *James* the First, in whose Reign this Play was written, and was lineally descended from *Banquo*.

“ The Prophecy of the Witches in the first Act absolutely promises the Crown of *Scotland* to the Posterity of *Banquo*: Upon this Prophecy it is that *Macbeth* causes *Banquo* to be murdered; yet still the Escape of *Fleance* the Son of *Banquo* leaves *Macbeth* Room to suspect that the Kingdom would after his Death devolve to that Family; his Fears on this Occasion are so frequently and strongly inculcated in the Play, that though we have reason to conclude it is accomplished from the Words of *Macbeth* at the Sight of the Royal Apparitions with two-fold Balls and treble Scepters.

Mac. Horrible Sight! Nay, now I see 'tis true;
For the Blood-bolter'd *Banquo* smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.

“ Yet it is to be wished that *Shakespear* had made Use of the prophesying Witches to hint at the Means by which this Change in the Succession was to be made. Thus it is related in *Boetius*.”

“ *Fleance*, after the Murder of his Father, being protected by the Darkness of the Night, and having for some Time concealed himself in *Scotland*, escaped into *Wales*, where the Strength of his Judgment and Affability of his Temper recommended him very soon after his Arrival to the Protection and Favour of the Prince of that Country.

Prosperity

“ Prosperity raised his Ambition to an unpardonable Height ; he abused the Confidence reposed in him by secretly paying unlawful Addresses to the young Princess, the Daughter of his Benefactor : Those Addresses proved successful ; her Father discovered her Pregnancy, and that *Fleance* was her Paramour ; *Fleance* was put to Death ; and the Lady as soon as she was delivered of her Child, which proved to be a Son, and was named *Walter*, was condemned to pass the rest of her Life in the Character of a mean Domestic. Young *Walter*, by Order of his enraged Grandfather, was sent to a remote Part of *Wales* to be educated as a Rustic.

“ When he had attained his twentieth Year, the Blood which flowed in his Veins inspired him with Sentiments far nobler and more refined than those of his usual Companions ; he left the Country and threw himself boldly into the Protection of his Grandfather at Court. This noble Resolution was not entirely unsuccessful ; he was admitted to stay in the Palace, but in a mean and servile Station.

“ One of the Courtiers with whom he had quarrelled, reproached him with the Illegitimacy of his Birth ; *Walter* was transported with Fury at the Affront, and slew the Person who offered it to him.

“ He was too sensible of his Grandfather's Severity to venture the Effects of it on this Occasion, he fled immediately to *Scotland*, and implored Protection from his Relations there.

“ He

“ He met with a favourable Reception from them, and was particularly honoured and esteemed by some *English* Noblemen who were at that Time in the Court of *Scotland* upon an Embassy to *Margaret*, who was then Queen of that Nation.

“ He became afterwards General for that Princess in *Galloway* and the *Western Islands*; and having gained a compleat Victory over the Rebels of those Parts was made High Seneschall of the Kingdom, and Lord of several noble Manors, among which was that of *Stuart's-Islands*.

“ He left at his Death a Son, named *Allan Stuart*, who signalized his Valour on many Occasions against the *Saracens* in the *Holy Land*. *Alexander* his Son succeeded him, and was Founder of *Paisley-Abbey*. *Alexander* was followed by his Son *Walter*, surnamed of *Dundonald*, a famous General under *Alexander* the Third. *Walter* had two Sons, *Alexander* and *Robert* who married the Daughter of *Robert* of *Cruxtoun*, from which Marriage the Families of *Darnley* and *Lennox* are descended.

“ *Alexander*, the eldest Son of *Walter* of *Dundonald*, left two Sons, *James* and *John*; *James* died in his Infancy, and *John* having espoused the Heiress of *Boutell* had Issue by her *Walter Stuart*, who married *Margaret*, Daughter of King *Robert Bruce*, after the civil Dissentions of *Scotland* were entirely appeased. By this Princess he had *Robert Stuart*, afterwards King of *Scotland*; and from him the Royal Family of *Stuart* is lineally descended.”

This

This long Account of the Posterity of *Banquo* will I hope not seem unentertaining to the Admirers of *Shakespear*, who will thereby see with what Judgment that great Poet has deviated from History in giving Loyalty and Virtue to the Character of this Father of many Kings.

The Character of *Macbeth* is drawn after the Historians, yet *Shakespear* has softened a little some of the most rugged Features ; he shews him doubtful and irresolute about the Murder of the King, spurred on by Ambition to commit it, but restrained by his Abhorrence of the Action, and when by the Instigations of his Wife he is prevailed upon to do it, his Mind is afterwards filled with Remorse, and all the uneasy Sensations that attend repentant Guilt.

The Character *Macbeth* gives of *Duncan* in the Play is not inconsistent with that in the History, yet it is not the same ; *Macbeth* speaks only of his Virtues, and his Faults were those Virtues carried to Excess.

The Instigation used by Lady *Macbeth*, and the Fire of his Temper are touched upon by *Boetius*, but improved by *Shakespear* with all the Force of Words and Propriety of Character.

The Wife of *Macbeth*, says *Boetius*, inspired him with Ambition to the utmost of her Power ; she was ardently desirous of the royal Title, and was wicked and bold enough to undertake

undertake any Enterprize, and was impetuous in the Prosecution of it.

She prompted *Macbeth* to the Murder of the King by the most provoking Expressions, reproaching him with Cowardice and Sloth, as negligent to receive what Fate had directed to obtain.

That the Glory of Reigning had inspired many Men to pursue the empty Name of King without the actual Power, even at the Expence of their Lives.

The machinary Part of this Play is so beautifully defended and illustrated by the ingenious Mr. *Johnson*, in the above-mentioned Pamphlet, that I think I cannot confer a greater Obligation on the Reader than by transcribing those Passages here.

“ In order to make a true Estimate of the Abilities and Merit of a Writer, it is always necessary to examine the Genius of his Age, and the Opinions of his Contemporaries.”

“ A Poet who should now make the whole Action of his Tragedy depend upon Enchantment, and produce the chief Events by the Assistance of supernatural Agents, would be censured as transgressing the Bounds of Probability; he would be banished from the Theatre to the Nursery, and condemned to write Fairy Tales instead of Tragedies.”

“ But a Survey of the Notions that prevailed at the Time when this Play was written, will

will prove that *Shakespear* was in no Danger of such Censures, since he only turned the System that was then universally admitted, to his Advantage, and was far from overburthening the Credulity of his Audience."

"The Reality of Witchcraft or Enchantment, which though not strictly the same, are confounded in this Play, has in all Ages and Countries been credited by the common People, and in most by the Learned themselves."

"These Phantoms have indeed appeared more frequently in Proportion, as the Darkness of Ignorance has been more gross; but it cannot be shewn, that the brightest Gleams of Knowledge have at any Time been sufficient to drive them out of the World."

"The Time in which this Kind of Credulity was at its Height, seems to have been that of the Holy War, in which the Christians imputed all their Defeats to Enchantments or diabolical Opposition, as they ascribed their Success to the Assistance of their Military Saints. And the learned Mr. W ——— appears to believe (Supplement to the Introduction to *Don Quixote*) that the first Accounts of Enchantments were brought into this Part of the World by those who returned from their Eastern Expeditions."

"But there is always some Distance between the Birth and Maturity of Folly as of Wickedness: This Opinion had long existed, though perhaps the Application of it had
in

in no foregoing Age been so frequent, nor the Reception so general.

Olympiodorus, in *Photius's* Extracts, tells us of one *Libanius*, who practised this Kind of military Magic, and having promised to perform great Things against the *Barbarians* without Soldiers, was at the Instances of the Empress *Placidia* put to Death, when he was about to have given Proofs of his Abilities. The Empress shewed some Kindness in her Anger, by cutting him off at a Time so convenient to his Reputation.

“ But a more remarkable Proof of the Antiquity of this Notion may be found in *St. Chrysostom's* Book *de Sacerdotis*, which exhibits a Scene of Enchantments not exceeded by any Romance of the middle Age; he supposes a Spectator overlooking a Field of Battle, attended by one that points out all the various Objects of Horror, the Engines of Destruction, and the Arts of Slaughter. Let him then proceed to shew him in the opposite Armies, Horses flying by Enchantment, armed Men transported through the Air, and every Power and Form of Magic.

“ Whether *St. Chrysostom* believed that such Performances were really to be seen in a Day of Battle, or only endeavoured to inviven his Description, by adopting the Notions of the Vulgar, it is equally certain that such Notions were in his Time received, and that therefore they were not imported from the *Saracens* in a later Age; the Wars with the
Saracens

Saracens however gave Occasion to their Propagation, not only as Bigotry naturally discovers Prodigies, but as the Scene of Action was removed to a great Distance, and Distance either of Time or Place is sufficient to reconcile weak Minds to wonderful Relations.

“ The Reformation did not immediately arrive at its Meridian, and though the Day gradually encreased upon us, the Goblins of Witchcraft still continued to hover in the Twilight. In the Time of Queen *Elizabeth* was the remarkable Trial of the Witches of *Warbois*, whose Conviction is still commemorated in an annual Sermon at *Huntingdon*. But in the Reign of King *James*, in which this Tragedy was written, many Circumstances concurred to propagate and confirm this Opinion.

“ The King, who was much celebrated for his Knowledge, had before his Arrival in *England* not only examined in Person a Woman accused of Witchcraft, but had given a very formal Account of the Practices and Illusions of evil Spirits, the Compacts of Witches, the Ceremonies used by them, the Manner of detecting them, and the Justice of punishing them, in his Dialogues of *Dæmonologie*, written in the Scottish Dialect, and published at *Edinburgh*.

“ This Book was soon after his Accession, reprinted at *London*, and as the ready Way to
gain

gain King *James's* Favour was to flatter his Speculations, the System of *Dæmonologie* was immediately adopted by all who desired either to gain Preferment or not to lose it."

"Thus the Doctrine of Witchcraft was very powerfully inculcated, and as the greatest Part of Mankind have no other Reason for their Opinions than that they are in Fashion, it cannot be doubted but this Persuasion made a rapid Progress, since Vanity and Credulity co-operated in it's Favour, and it had a Tendency to free Cowardice from Reproach."

"The Infection soon reached the Parliament, who, in the first Year of King *James*, made a Law, by which it was enacted, *Ch.* 12. That if any Person shall use any Invocation or Conjurati-
 on of any evil or wicked Spirit. 2. Or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed, or reward any evil or cursed Spirit to or for any Intent or Purpose. 3. Or take up any dead Man, Woman, or Child out of the Grave, or the Skin, Bone, or any Part of the dead Person, to be employed or used in any Manner of Witchcraft, Sorcery, Charm, or Enchantment. 4. Or shall use, practise, or exercise any Sort of Witchcraft, Sorcery, Charm, or Enchantment. 5. Whereby any Person shall be destroyed, killed, wasted, consumed, pined, or lamed in any Part of the Body. 6. That every such Person being convicted shall suffer Death."

"Thus

“ Thus in the Time of *Shakespear* was the Doctrine of Witchcraft at once established by Law and by the Fashion, and it became not only unpolite, but criminal to doubt it, and as Prodigies are always seen in Proportion as they are expected, Witches were every Day discovered, and multiplied so fast in some Places, that Bishop *Hall* mentions a Village in *Lancashire*, where their Number was greater than that of the Houses.”

“ The Jesuits and Sectaries took Advantage of this universal Error, and endeavoured to promote the Interest of their Parties by pretended Cures of Persons afflicted by evil Spirits, but they were detected and exposed by the Clergy of the established Church.”

“ Upon this general Infatuation *Shakespear* might be easily allowed to found a Play, especially since he has followed with great Exactness such Histories as were then thought true; nor can it be doubted that the Scenes of Enchantment, however they may now be ridiculed, were both by himself and his Audience thought awful and affecting.”

The Note on the first Scene of the fourth Act explains the Nature of the Incantations and diabolical Ceremonies made Use of by the Witches, I shall therefore give the Reader the Pleasure of seeing it here.”

“ As this is the chief Scene of Enchantment in the Play, it is proper in this Place to observe with how much Judgment *Shakespear* has

has selected all the Circumstances of his infernal Ceremonies, and how exactly he has conformed to common Opinions and Traditions."

"Thrice the brinded Cat hath mewed."

"The usual Form in which familiar Spirits are reported to converse with Witches is that of a Cat. A Witch, who was tried about half a Century before the Time of *Shakespear*, had a Cat, named *Rutterkin*, as the Spirit of one of those Witches was *Grimalkin*, and when any Mischief was to be done she used to bid *Rotterkin* go and fly; but once when she would have sent *Rutterkin* to torment a Daughter of the Countess of *Rutland*, instead of going or flying she only cried *Mew*, from which she discovered that the Lady was out of his Power, the Power of Witches being not universal, but limited as *Shakespear* has taken Care to inculcate."

"Though his Bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be Tempest toft."

"The common Afflictions which the Malice of Witches produced was Melancholy, Fits, and Loss of Flesh, which are threatened by one of *Shakespear's* Witches."

"Weary Sev'nnights nine Times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine."

"It

“ It was likewise their Practice to destroy the Cattle of their Neighbours, and the Farmers have to this Day many Ceremonies to secure their Cows and other Cattle from Witchcraft; but they seem to have been most suspected of Malice against Swine.”

“ *Shakespeare* has accordingly made one of his Witches declare that she has been *killing Swine*, and Doctor *Harsenet* observes, that about that Time a Sow could not be ill of the Measles, nor a Girl of the Sullens, but some old Woman was charged with Witchcraft.”

“ Toad, that under the cold Stone,
Days and Nights has forty one;
Swelter'd Venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' th' charmed Pot.

“ Toads have likewise long lain under the Reproach of being by some Means accessory to Witchcraft, for which Reason *Shakespeare* in the first Scene of this Play calls one of the Spirits *Padocke*, or *Toad*, and now takes Care to put a Toad first into the Pot.”

“ When *Varinus* was seized at *Tholouse*, there was found at his Lodgings *ingens Bufo Vitro inclusus*, a great Toad shut in a Phial, upon which those who prosecuted him, *Vineficium exproabant*, charged him I suppose with Witchcraft.”

“ Fillet of a fenny Snake,
In the Cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of Neut, and Toe of Frog,
For a Charm, &c.

“ The

“ The Propriety of these Ingredients may be known by consulting the Books *de Veribus Animalium* and *de Mirabilibus Mundi*, ascribed to *Albertus Magnus*, in which the Reader, who has Time and Credulity, may discover very wonderful Secrets.”

“ Finger of birth-strangled Babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a Drab.”

“ It has been already mentioned in the Law against Witches, that they are supposed to take up dead Bodies to use in Enchantments, which was confessed by the Woman whom King *James* examined, and who had of a dead Body that was divided in one of their Assemblies, two Fingers for her Share.”

“ It is observable that *Shakespear* on this great Occasion, which involves the Fate of a King, multiplies all the Circumstances of Horror.”

“ The Babe, whose Finger is used, must be strangled in its Birth; the Grease must not be human, but must have dropped from a Gibbet, the Gibbet of a Murderer, and even the Sow whose Blood is used, must have offended Nature by devouring her own Farrow. These are Touches of Judgment and Genius.”

“ And now about the Cauldron sing,
Blue Spirits and white,
Black Spirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may,

“ And in a former Part,

Ward

Weird Sisters Hand in Hand,
Thus do go about, about
Thrice to mine, and thrice to thine,
And thrice again to make up nine.

“ These two Passages I have brought together, because they both seem subject to the Objection of too much Levity for the Solemnity of Enchantment, and may both be shewn by one Quotation from *Camden's Account of Ireland*, to be founded upon a Practice really observed by the uncivilized Natives of that Country.

“ When any one gets a Fall, says the Informer of *Camden*, he starts up, and turning three Times to the Right, digs a Hole in the Earth; for they imagine that there is a Spirit in the Ground; and if he falls sick in two or three Days, they send one of their Women that is skilled in that Way to the Place, where he says, I call thee from the East, West, North, and South, from the Groves, the Woods, the Rivers and the Fens, from the Fairies, Red, Black, and White.

“ There was likewise a Book written before the Time of *Shakespear*, describing among other Properties the Colours of Spirits.”

The learned and ingenious Mr. *Upton*, in his critical Observations on *Shakespear* has discovered a Beauty that has escaped all his other Commentators: “ The Apparitions, he says, who are introduced paltering with *Macbeth* in

a double Sense, and leading him on according to the common Notions of diabolical Oracles to his Confusion, are themselves symbolical Representations of what shall happen to him.

“ The armed Head who bids him beware of *Macduff*, represents symbolically *Macbeth*’s Head cut off, and brought to *Malcolm* by *Macduff*. The bloody Child, who assures him that none of Woman born should have Power to hurt him, is *Macduff* untimely ripped from his Mother’s Womb. And the Child with a Crown on his Head and a Bough in his Hand, who tells him he shall never be vanquished till *Bernam* Wood comes to *Dunfinane*, is the royal *Malcolm*, who ordered his Soldiers to hew them down a Bough, and bear it before them till they come to *Dunfinane*.”

Shakespear seems to have committed a great Oversight in making *Macbeth*, after he found himself deceived in the Prophecy relating to *Birnam* Wood, so absolutely rely upon the other, which he had good Reason to fear might be equally fallacious. When the Messenger tells him he saw *Birnam* Wood begin to move, and that it was coming towards *Dunfinane*, he falls into a Transport of Grief and Despair, and owns he doubts the Equivocation of the Fiend, yet carries his Reflexions no farther than the present Circumstance. Though it might naturally be expected from the Conviction of the Falsehood of one Prophecy, upon which he had built such solid Hopes, that the

Truth

Truth of another, which promised him Security from all Men of Women born, might be justly suspected by him; yet in the Field of Battle, a little after that, we find him as full of Confidence on that Prediction as if his Spirits had never deceived him.

“What’s he,
That was not born of Woman? such a one
Am I to fear or none.”

And again.

“Swords I smile at; Weapons laugh to
Scorn,
Brandish’d by Man that’s of a Woman born.”

And when challenged to Fight by *Macduff*,
he says:

“Thou lovest Labour;
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant Air
With thy keen Sword impress, as make me
bleed:
Let fall thy Blade on vulnerable Crests,
I bear a charmed Life, which must not yield
To one of Woman born.”

How inconsistent is this vain-glorious Boasting and extravagant Confidence in a Man, who having been just before told that the Wood was moving, makes the following Speech?

“If

“ If thou speak’st false,
 Upon the next Tree shalt thou hang alive,
 Till Famine cling thee: If thy Speech be
 sooth

I care not, if thou dost for me as much.—
 I pull in Resolution, and begin
 To doubt th’ Equivocation of the Fiend,
 That lies like Truth. Fear not, ‘till *Bernam*
 Wood

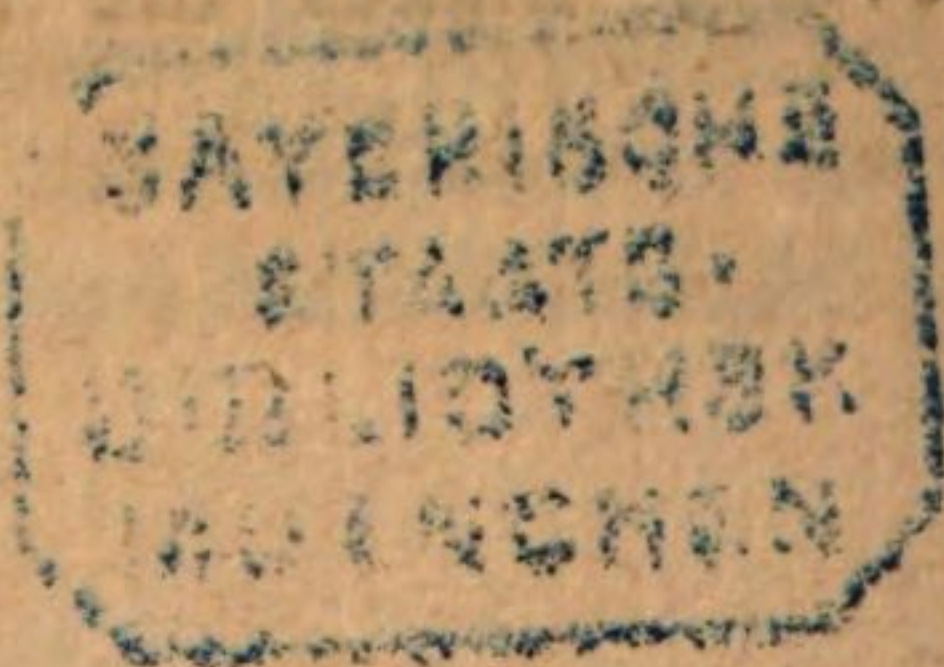
Comes to *Dunfinane*.—And now a Wood
 Comes towards *Dunfinane*. Arm, arm, and
 out!

If this, which he avouches, does appear,
 There is not flying hence, nor tarrying here;
 I ’gin to be a weary of the Sun;
 And with the State o’ th’ World were now un-
 done.

Ring the alarum Bell; blow Wind, come
 Wrack,
 At least, we’ll die with Harnefs on our Back.”

But this Play has fewer Faults of this Kind
 than any other of *Shakespear’s*, and is deserved-
 ly allowed to be a most beautiful Piece.

End of the First Volume.



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